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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1906

Christmas and the Literature of Disillusion

	SAMUEL McCORD CROTHERS	721
New National Forces and the Old Law	MELVILLE M. BIGELOW	726
A Motor-Flight through France. I	EDITH WHARTON	733
Life. A Poem	FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN	741
The Judgment Seat. A Story	JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS	742
The Measure of Greatness	N. S. SHALER	749
The Spirit of Present-Day Spain	HAVELOCK ELLIS	757
Thomas Love Peacock	H. W. BOYNTON	765
Nightfall. A Poem	JOHN B. TABB	774
The Laboratory in the Hills. A Story	ELIZABETH FOOTE	775
The House of Lords	WILLIAM EVERETT	790
Literature and the Modern Drama	HENRY ARTHUR JONES	796
The Ruin of Harry Benbow. A Story	HENRY RIDEOUT	807
Some Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick. II		
	Edited by GEORGE P. BAKER	813
In the Fens	ARTHUR C. BENSON	832
Onward. A Poem	FLORENCE EARLE COATES	835
The Man Who was Obstinate. A Fable	ALICE BROWN	836
The Keepsake	GELETT BURGESS	837
My Godchild. A Poem	EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN	841
A New Voice in French Fiction	HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK	841
The Spell of Whitman	M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE	849
The Contributors' Club		856
A Childish Chagrin.—Mount Vernon Revisited.—The Passing of the Bookmark.— A New Profession.—On Certain Things to Eat.—Of Autobiographies.—A Sin of Omission.		



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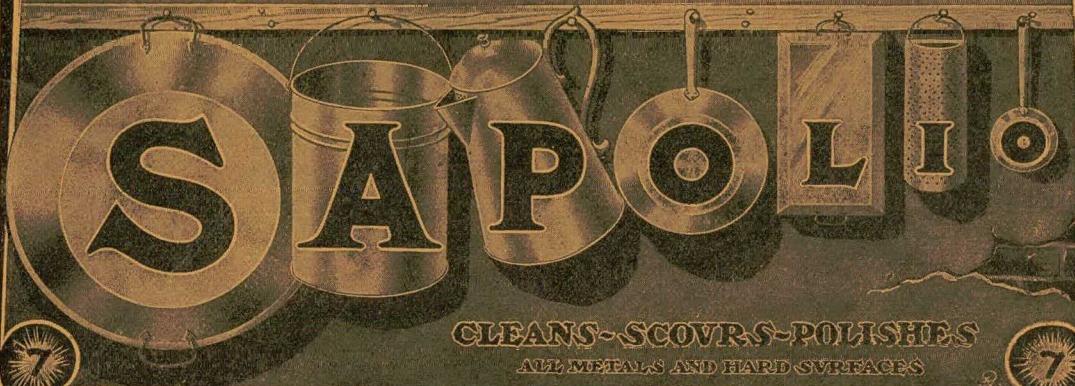
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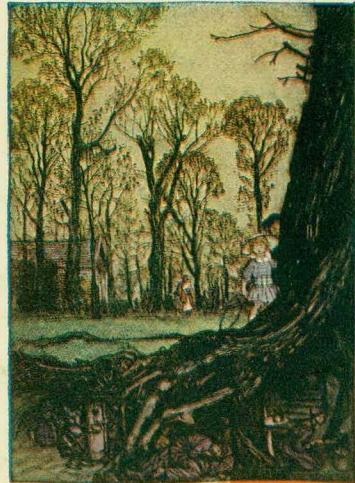
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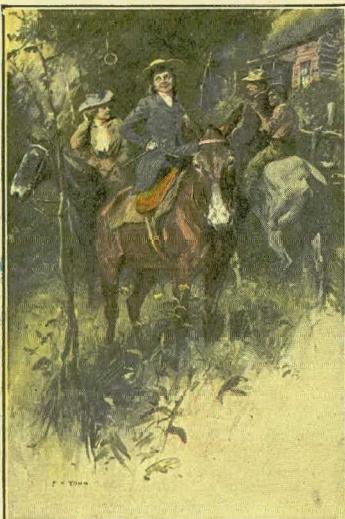
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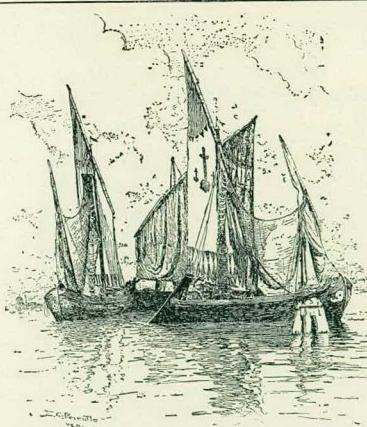
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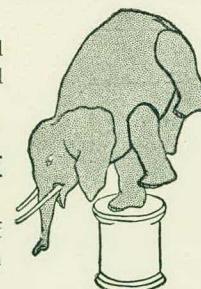
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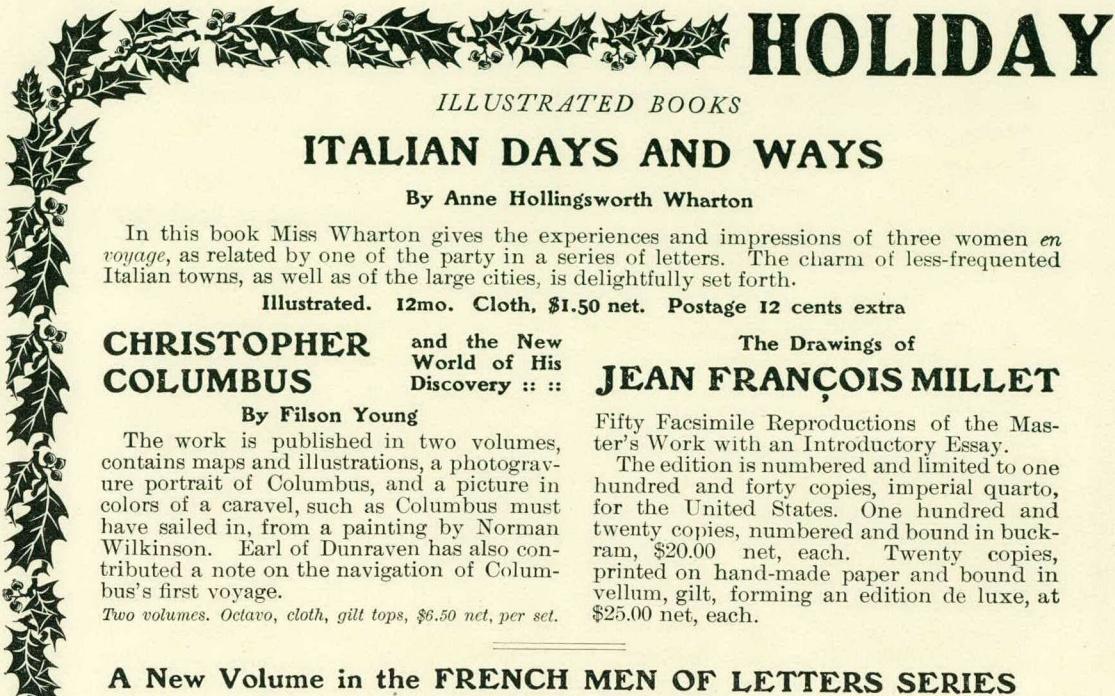
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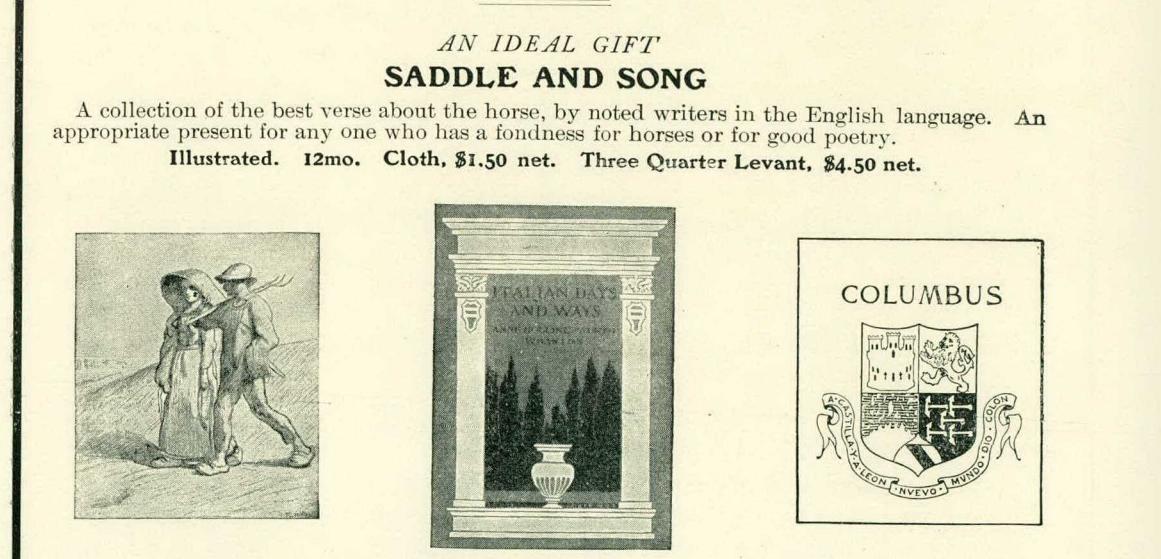
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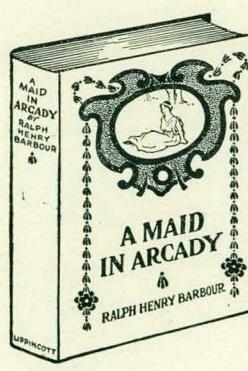
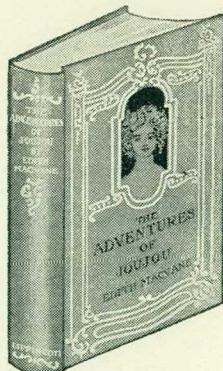
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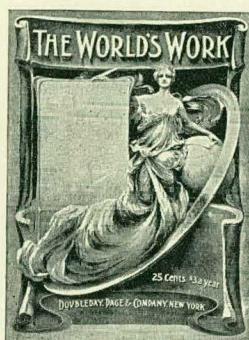
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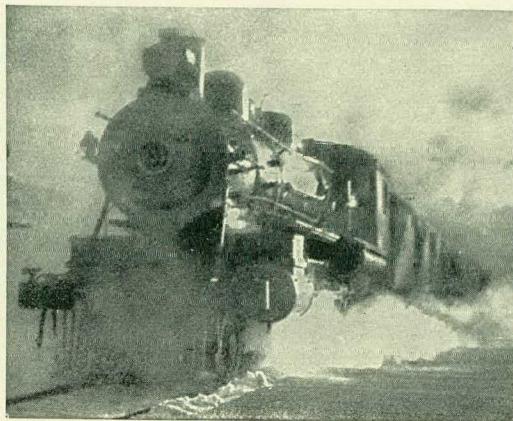
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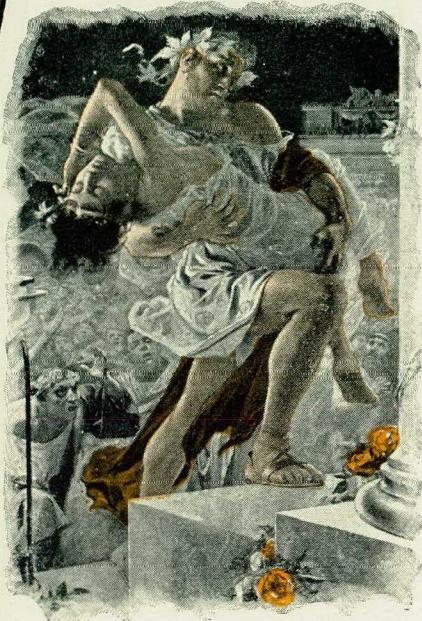
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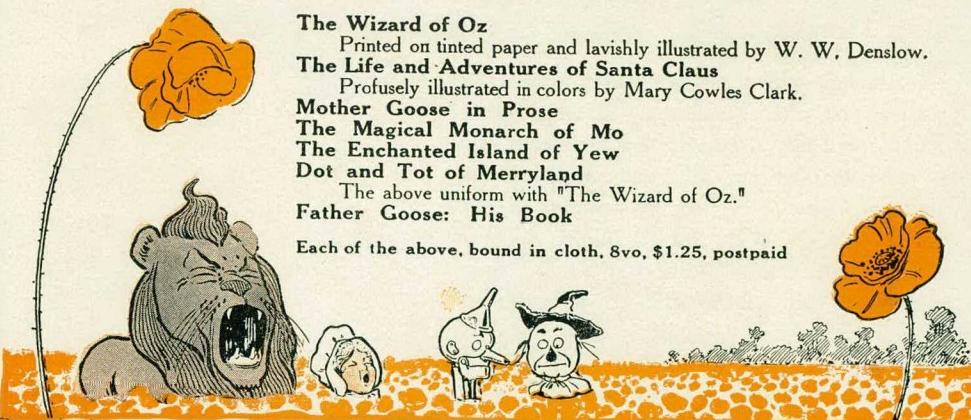
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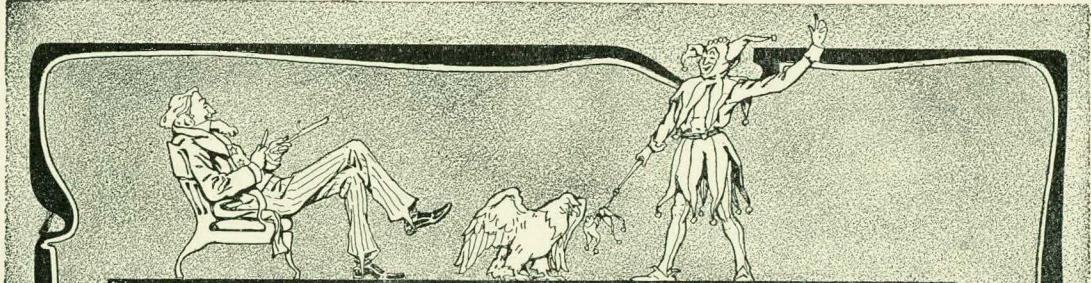
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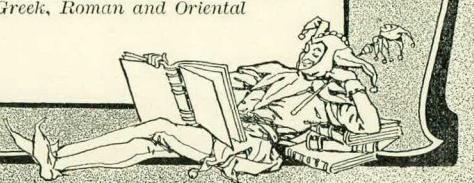
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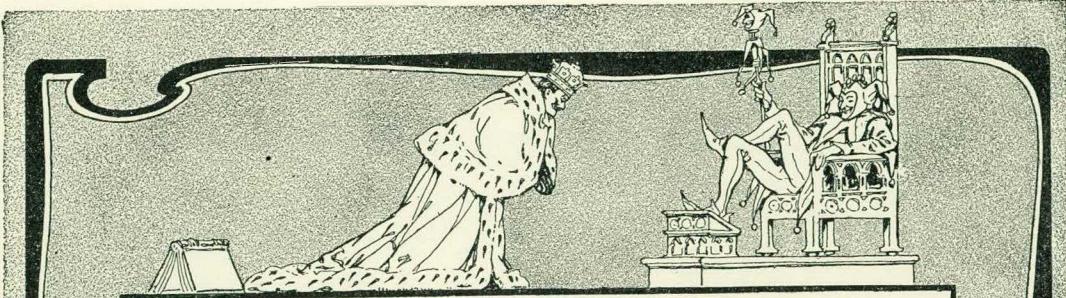
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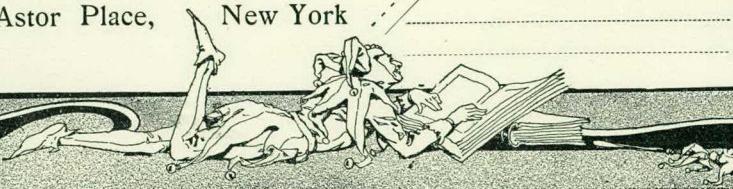
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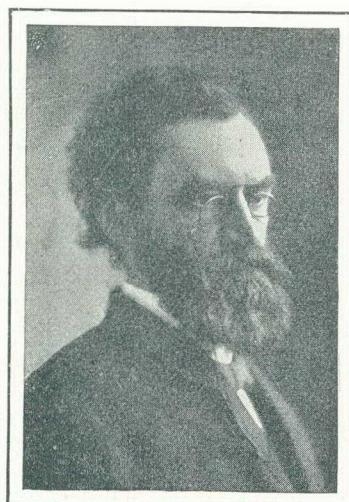
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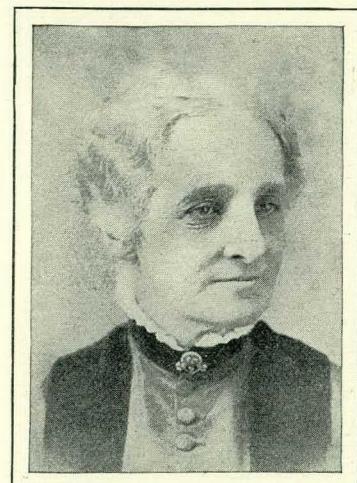
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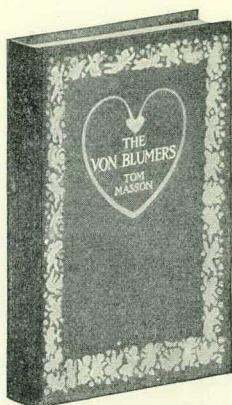
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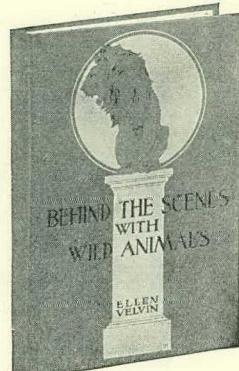
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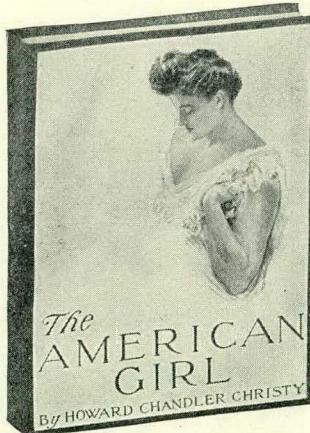
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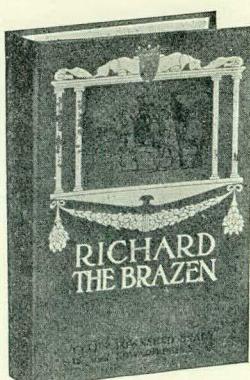
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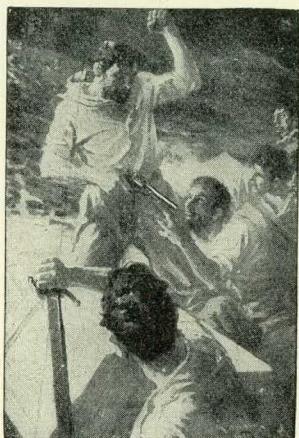
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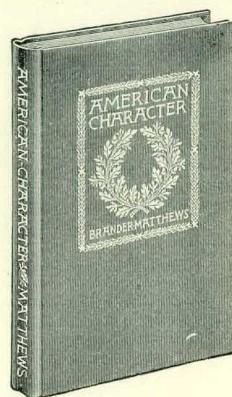
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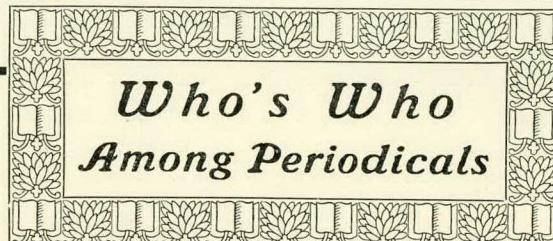
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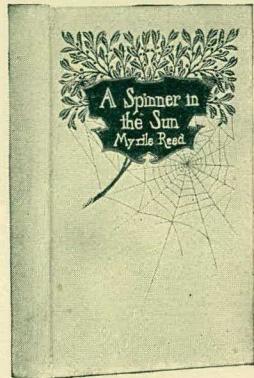
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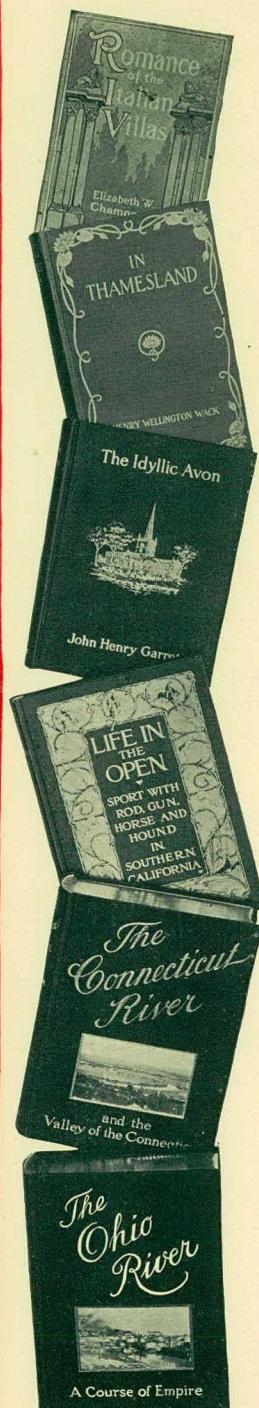
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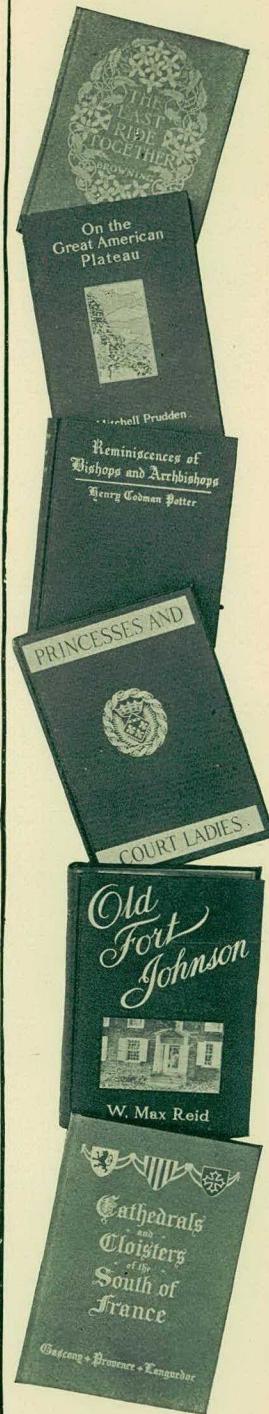
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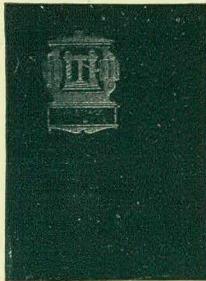
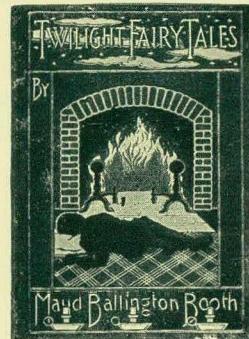
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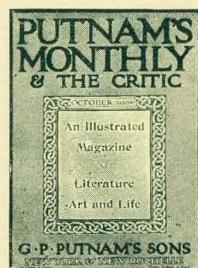
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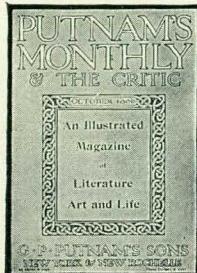
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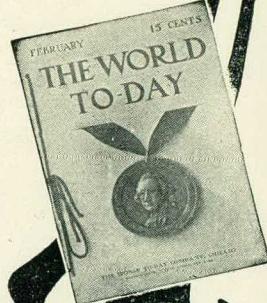
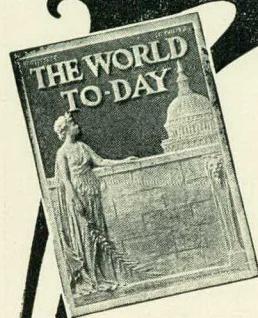
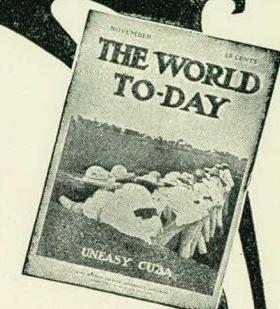
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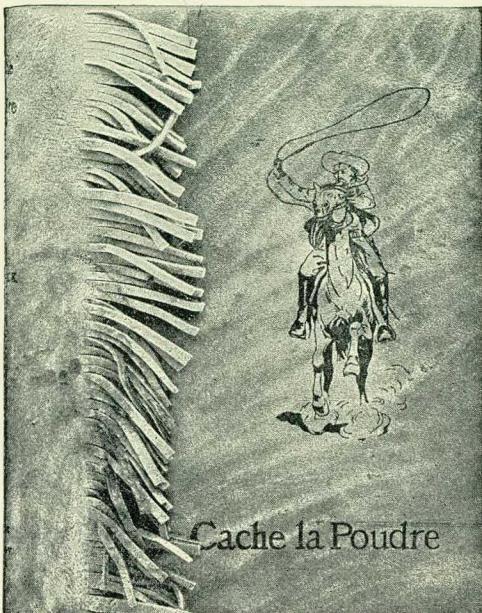
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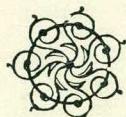
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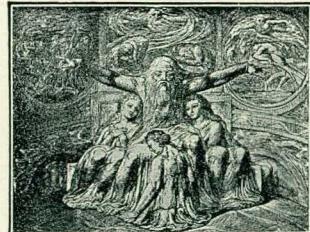
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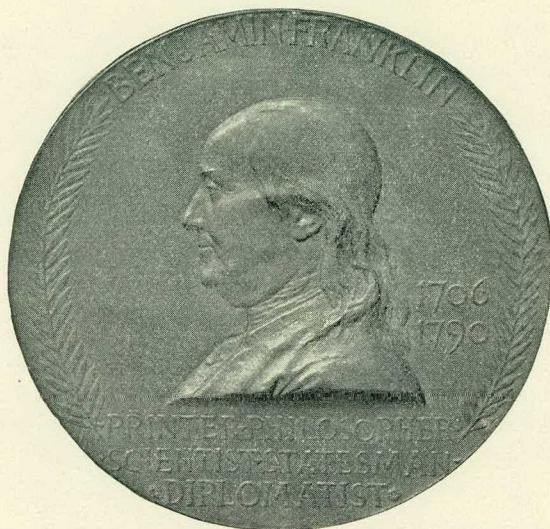
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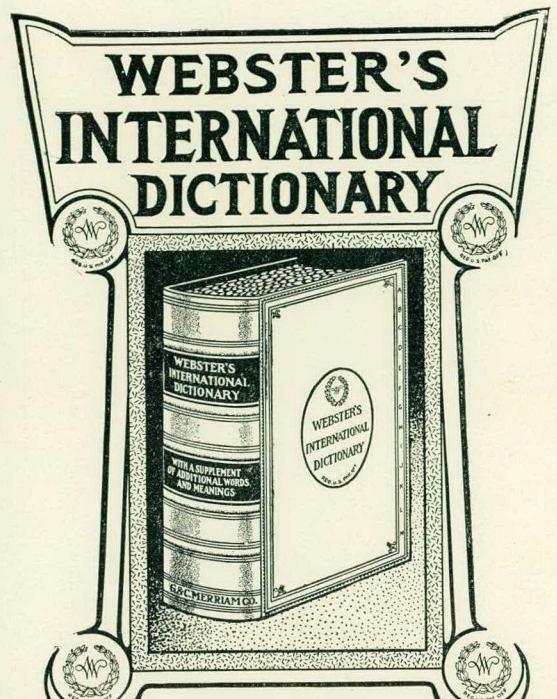


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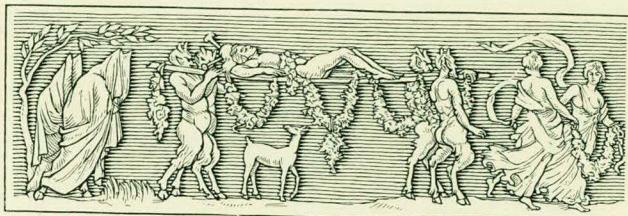
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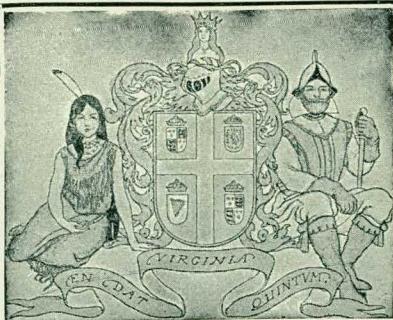
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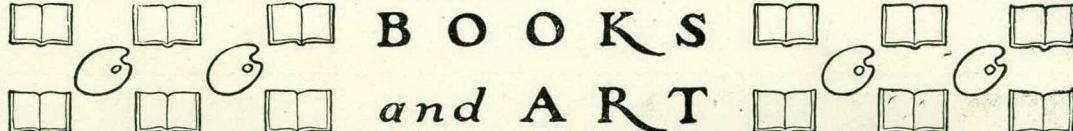
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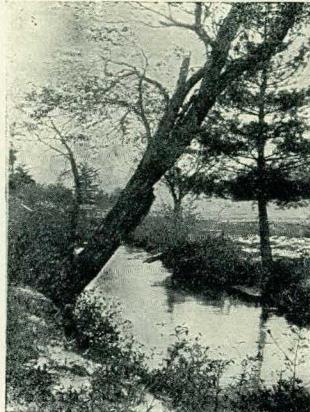
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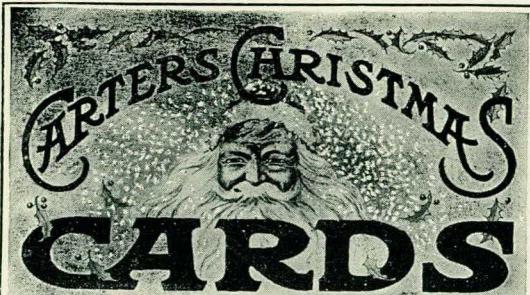
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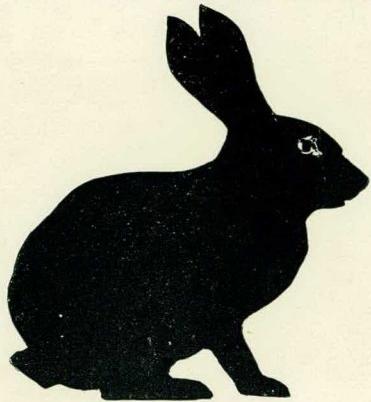
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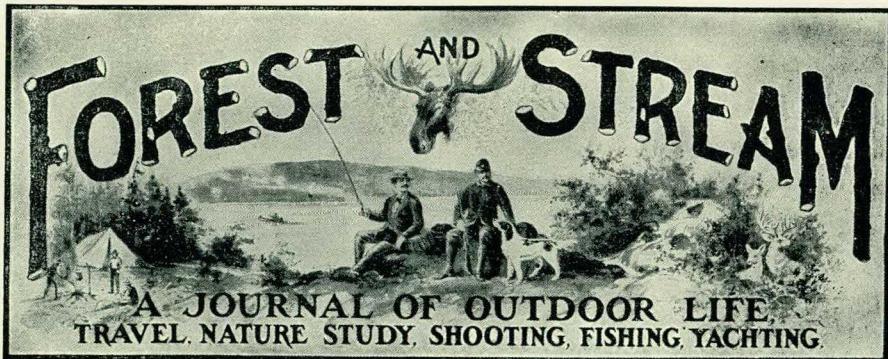


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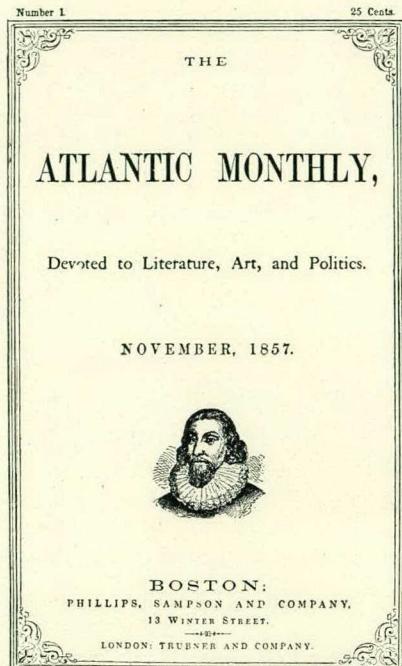
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The Semi-Centennial Year



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however, will be in no sense retrospective. The presentation and interpretation of history in the making, which has always been a special feature of the Atlantic, will have more attention than ever before, and it will be the aim of the editors to make the magazine constantly more attractive and telling.

The Atlantic prints more material and of more varied interest than any other magazine of its class; it follows, therefore, that this presentation of some of the distinctive and characteristic features that have been arranged for the anniversary year is but a partial and inadequate announcement of the good reading that will be found in its pages during the coming months. Most of the features announced will be printed in the early issues of the year, and other stories and other papers of equal attractiveness and importance will be arranged for from month to month.

(See pages following)

WITH 1907 the Atlantic completes its fiftieth year as the representative American monthly, at once a literary and political review of the highest standards and a magazine of good reading.

In commemoration of this fiftieth anniversary its editors and publishers have planned many special features which will make the coming year one of the most brilliant in its brilliant history. They include a series of papers by its living ex-editors, William Dean Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Walter H. Page, as well as by some of the earliest contributors, Charles Eliot Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and J. T. Trowbridge. These will constitute not only an intimate and entertaining history of the Atlantic, but also a unique summary of the vital movements in American literature, politics, science, and art for half a century.

The outlook of the magazine for the year,

The Atlantic Monthly—1907

THE HELPMATE

A New Novel by May Sinclair



MAY SINCLAIR

No novel in recent years has had such singular success in winning at once a wide popularity and the enthusiastic praise of the most discerning critics as Miss Sinclair's story of literary life in London, "The Divine Fire." Her new novel, "The Helpmate," will extend both her popularity and reputation. It is a powerful story of a most interesting group of people, tracing the development of character through passion and misunderstanding. No less remarkable than the engrossing interest of the plot is the color and full-bodied charm of the telling. The story will be printed in eight installments, beginning with the January number.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

By Morris Schaff



MORRIS SCHAFF

General Morris Schaff has written a series of delightful reminiscences entitled "The Spirit of Old West Point." They present a lively picture of the life at West Point before the days of new buildings and crack football teams, in the momentous years just preceding the Civil War. They have, moreover, a wide significance as perhaps the most vivid embodiment that has yet been seen in prose of the spirit of patriotism that fired young American manhood in the days of our great national struggle. The series will prove both a valuable historical document and a notable piece of literature. It will begin in an early number.

Popular Amusements

The "human interest" papers of the Atlantic have been for fifty years a type by themselves in magazine literature. They are studies of the infinite variety of contemporary life by writers who have perspective,—who see below the surface of things,—who write with both understanding and vivacity. Early in 1907 will be published an attractive series dealing with

THE AMUSEMENT PARK, by Rollin Lynde Hartt.

THE MELODRAMA, by Harry James Smith.

THE DIME NOVEL, by Charles M. Harvey.

Some other papers that have been scheduled for prompt publication are

THE NUDE IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by W. A. Gill.

THE CRIMINALOID, by Edward A. Ross.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR OF TO-DAY, by Charles M. Harger.

The Atlantic Monthly—1907

Literature and Scholarship

Literary and historical scholarship—the scholarship that is ripe and sound, but not pedantic, which constantly regards learning in its relation to life—finds a place in the Atlantic.

For the coming year, Edward Dowden, one of the foremost of English scholars and critics, has written two notable studies, "Elizabethan Psychology" and "Cowper and William Hayley,"—the first account of a most curious episode in literary biography. Among the other papers of this type to appear soon, the following are noteworthy:—



EDWARD DOWDEN

SHAKESPEARE OF WARWICKSHIRE, by Theodore T. Munger.

MEN AND EFFECTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, by Goldwin Smith.

THE PRESENT RELEVANCY OF BYRON, by J. F. A. Pyre.

THE FOREST PHILOSOPHY OF INDIA, by Paul Elmer More.

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Short Stories

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Here are a few of the stories to be published during the coming months:—

THE VOYAGE OF THE BRIG "DECEMBER," by George S. Wasson.

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THE RUNAWAYS, by Margaret Sherwood.

LOVE AND THE MACHINE, by Arthur Stanwood Pier.

THE QUIET WOMAN, by Mary Heaton Vorse.

LANDLESS MEN, by E. S. Johnson.

LOUISE, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

THE TALL MAN, by S. Carleton.

ANGELO AND ANGELA, by Grace H. Bagley.

The Atlantic Monthly—1907

World-Wide Interests

THE Atlantic has always been in the best sense a cosmopolitan magazine. It presents to its readers alert and authoritative discussions of momentous international affairs.

"THE NEW JAPAN" will be the subject of three papers by K. Asakawa, one of the most brilliant of Japanese contemporary historians. The first to appear will be upon CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

SPAIN, the land of old romance, is just now in one of the most interesting phases of her long history. The new temper of the Spanish people, as it is reflected in both their life and their art, will be shown in three notable papers,—THE SPIRIT OF PRESENT DAY SPAIN, by Havelock Ellis, MODERN SPANISH FICTION, by William Wistar Comfort, THE SPANISH DRAMA OF TO-DAY, by Elizabeth Wallace.

NORWAY. Herbert H. D. Peirce, U. S. Minister to Norway, will write upon the arts and amusements of that interesting country.

THE annual Letter from *Paris* will be by Stoddard Dewey, that from *Berlin* by W. C. Dreher, that from *St. Petersburg* by I. N. Hourwich.

"History in the Making"

Among American monthlies the Atlantic has a record unapproached for the effectiveness of its virile, clear-sighted, often prophetic treatment of contemporary affairs. Articles of this type must be arranged for from month to month, and can rarely be announced in an annual prospectus. The following, which are about to be printed, will show their calibre:

THE FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, by Edward M. Shepard.

JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, by James A. LeRoy.

GOVERNMENT BY IMPULSE, by Samuel P. Orth.

Economic Studies

FRANCES A. KELLOR, General Director of the Inter-Municipal Committee on Household Research, has been making a searching first-hand study of The Immigrant Woman in American Life. Her striking discoveries and suggestions will appear in the Atlantic in two installments.

Criticism

Illuminating critical appreciation of the literature that is classic or becoming classic will be found in every issue of the Atlantic. In coming numbers Bradford Torrey will write upon Charles Lamb and Cowper's Letters, Bliss Perry on Whittier and Longfellow on the occasion of the centenary of their births, H. W. Boynton on Thomas Love Peacock, Henry Copley Greene on George Meredith, and Ferris Greenslet on Lafcadio Hearn.

Contemporary literature is treated in the Atlantic with a just sense of proportion. Books of the first importance are made the subject of special articles by writers of eminence; interesting books in the various fields of literature are treated by writers of special competence in their respective fields; books of neither importance nor interest are disregarded.

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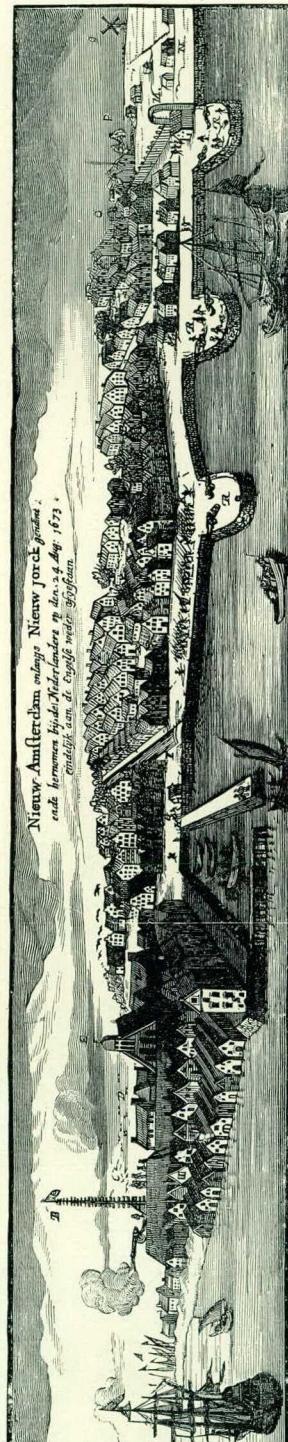
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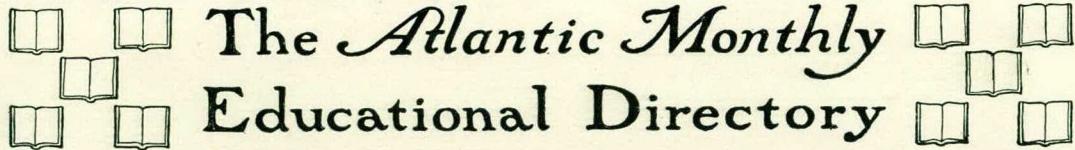
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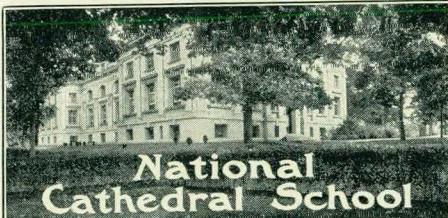
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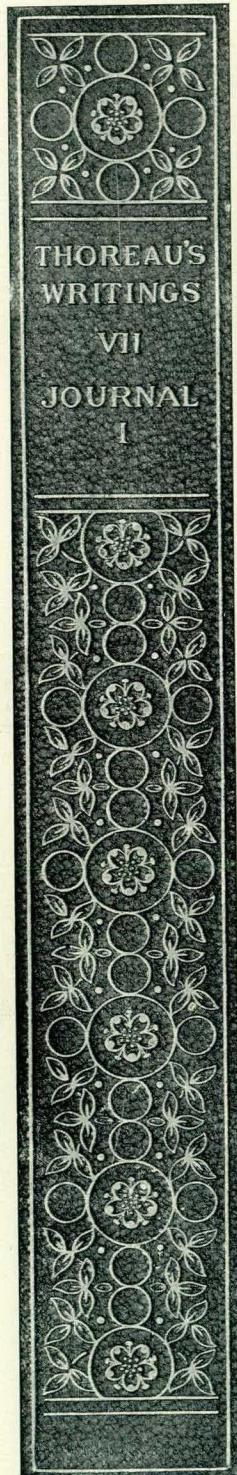
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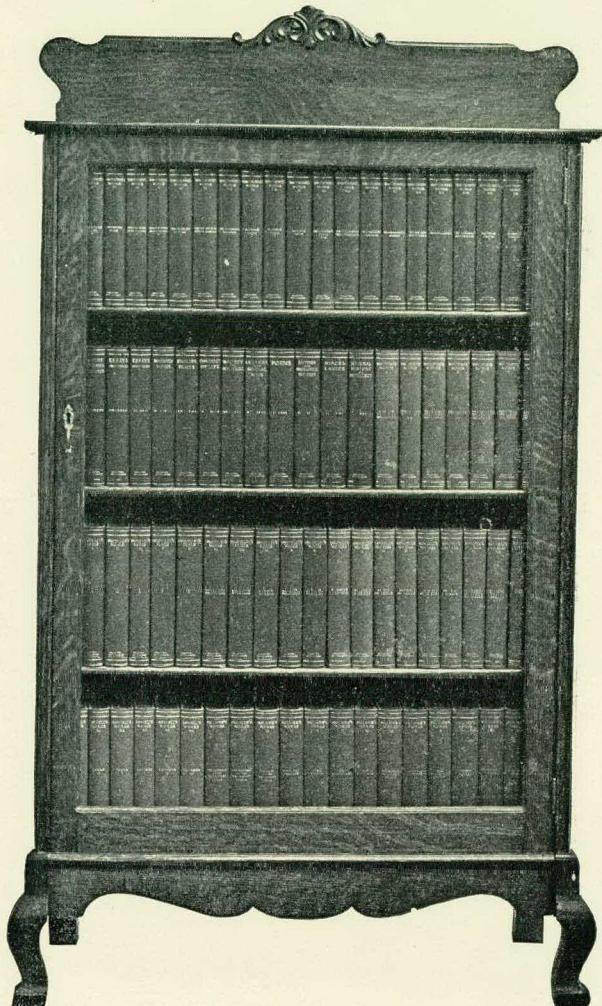
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Articles, Political and General

Melville M. Bigelow is Dean of the Boston University Law School, and a prominent New England lawyer. He is the author of a number of books dealing with various historical and technical aspects of the law. *Havelock Ellis*, one of the leading authorities in the psycho-medical field, has combined to an unusual degree the pursuit of scientific interests with those of literature. He was the editor of the Mermaid Old Dramatist Series at its inception, and has frequently contributed to English periodicals essays in literary criticism from new and individual points of view. The late *N. S. Shaler*, who was Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School and Professor of Geology at Harvard, had the uncommon distinction of being a scientist of international reputation, a philosopher, and a poet. Among his books are *The Individual: a Study of Life and Death*; *The Neighbor*; and *Elizabeth of England*, a dramatic poem. To the Atlantic he contributed in February, 1906, a notable article upon Exploration. *William Everett* is an Atlantic contributor of long standing. His earlier paper upon The United States Senate (February, 1906) will be recalled in connection with the present discussion of The House of Lords. *Henry Arthur Jones* is one of the three leading English playwrights of the day. Among his most successful productions in America have been *The Liars* and *Mrs. Dane's Defense*; while his latest play, *The Hypocrites*, has been received this year with unusual favor by both critics and public in New York.

Serial Features

Edith Wharton has been recognized since the publication of *The House of Mirth* as the "novelist laureate" of America; but with the earlier publication of her volumes upon *Italian Gardens* she established a reputation of another order for her brilliant and interpretative descriptions and criticism in art matters. *George P. Baker*, Professor of English in Harvard University, is the foremost authority upon many historical and personal aspects of the English drama.

Poems

Frank Dempster Sherman is Professor of Graphics in Columbia. His most recent volume of poems is *Lyrics of Joy*. *John B. Tabb* is a member of the faculty of St. Charles College in Maryland. *Poems Grave and Gay* is his latest collection. *Florence Earle Coates* has for years been among the favorite contributors of poetry to the Atlantic. *Mine and Thine* is her latest published collection. *Edmund Clarence Stedman*, though his name may be more generally associated to-day with his work as critic, editor, and compiler, has long held a distinctive and eminent rank among American poets.

Contributors to the Christmas Atlantic

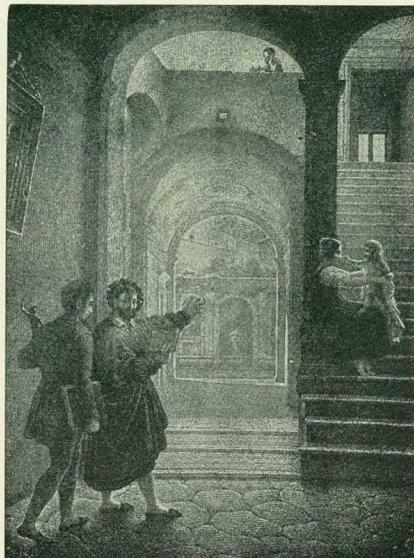
Essays

Samuel McChord Crothers is perhaps the leading exponent of the genial essay in contemporary letters. Two collections of his essays have appeared in book form, *The Gentle Reader* and *The Pardoner's Wallet*. His most recent contribution to the Atlantic, *The Ignominy of Being Grown-Up*, appeared in the July issue of the current year. *H. W. Boynton* has for several years been a regular contributor of reviews to the magazine. The poetic drama, *Guenever*, of which he is the author, is being produced this season by E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. *A. C. Benson* is one of the best known English critics in belles-lettres. The most recent volumes from his pen are lives of Rossetti, Fitzgerald, and Pater in the English Men of Letters Series; and a collection of miscellaneous essays, *From a College Window*. In the Atlantic he has already appeared (August, 1907) as the author of an essay on Vulgarity. *Gelett Burgess* is probably best known for his unique humorous poems and drawings, especially in the world of "Goops;" but he has had short stories in the leading magazines, and has recently published a novel, *A Little Sister of Destiny*, which has attracted much favorable notice. The recent essay in this magazine by *H. D. Sedgwick* upon Mrs. Wharton and her work has been widely recognized as a notable piece of criticism. A collection of Mr. Sedgwick's literary essays was published two years ago under the title *Essays on Great Writers*. *M. A. DeW. Howe* is well known to Atlantic readers for his frequent articles upon local and literary subjects. His *Chapters of Boston History* will be recalled, and his annual reviews of current books in American biography.

Stories

Elizabeth Foote, one of the most promising of the younger story-writers, has appeared heretofore in the Atlantic as the author of *A Girl of the Engineers*, in March, 1905, and *The Music-Makers*, in July, 1906. *Juliet Wilbor Tompkins* has met with an enviable success in the magazine field. To the Atlantic for July, 1903, she contributed the story *A Boy's Love*. *Henry M. Rideout's* unusual and spirited tales of seafaring life have been among the most successful which the Atlantic has published. Three of them have recently appeared in book form under the title *Beached Keels*. The stories of *Alice Brown* are too well known and widely admired to need comment. In 1905 the Atlantic published two contributions from her, *The Pilgrim Chamber*, in August, and *Flowers of Paradise*, in December.

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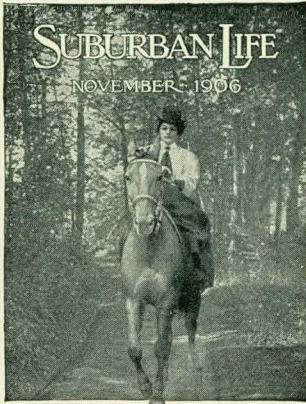
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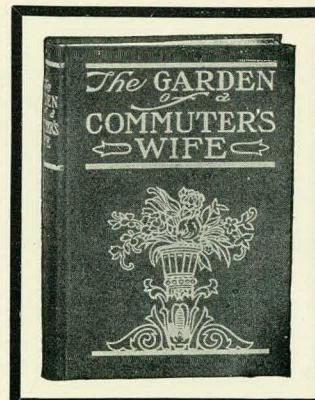
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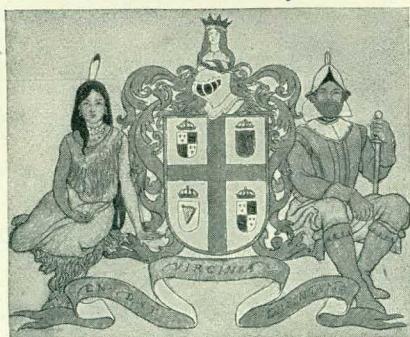
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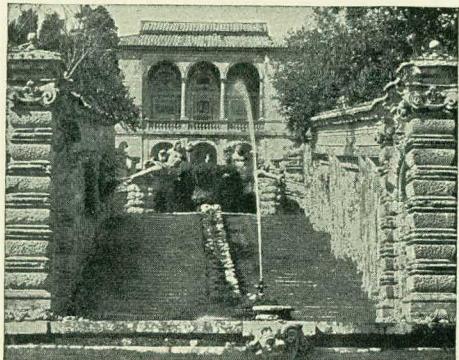
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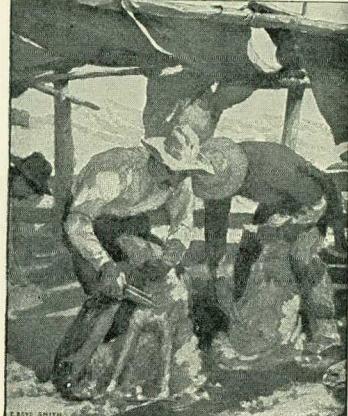
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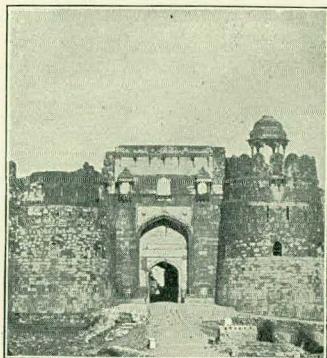
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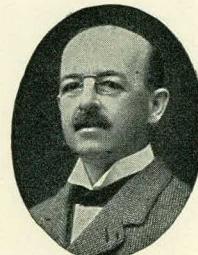
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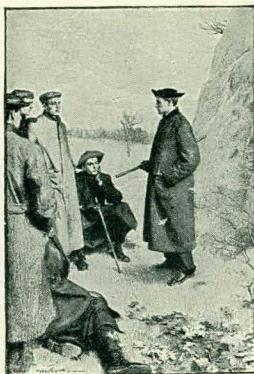
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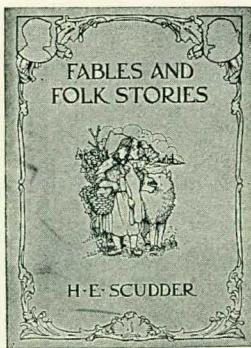
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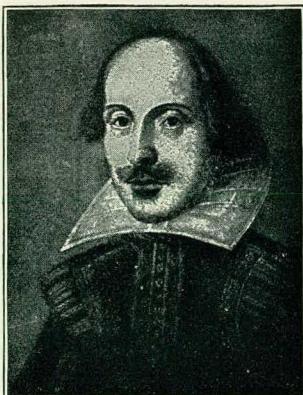
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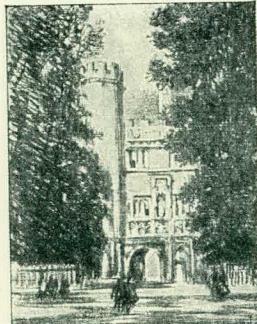


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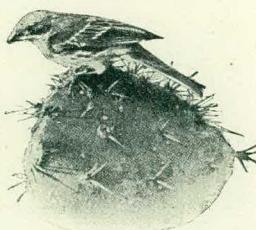
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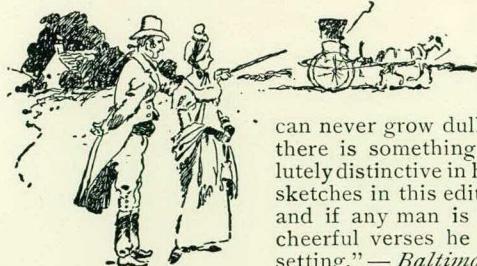
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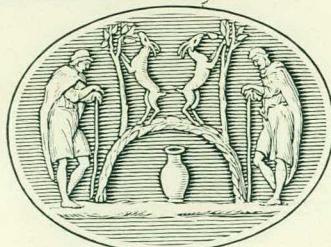
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Page Index of Books in this Bulletin

- American Anthology, An, 18.
American Hero Stories, 8.
Atonement in Literature and Life, 11.
Beached Keels, 5.
Books, Culture, and Character, 10.
Borrowed Sister, A, 8.
Boston Town, 8.
Breakfast-Table Series, The, 14.
Brothers and Sisters, 8.
Browning's Works, 16.
Cambridge Poets Series, 18.
Cape Cod, 17.
Castilian Days, 16.
Chaucer, The Poetry of, 12.
Child-Life, 8.
Children, Favorite Books for, 21.
Christ and the Human Race, 11.
Clammer, The, 6.
College Man and the College Woman, The, 11.
County Road, The, 5.
Court of Love, The, 6.
Ecclesiastes in the Metre of Omar, 12.
English Hours, 15.
English Patents of Monopoly, The, 13.
Evasion, The, 6.
Fiction that has Stood the Test of Time, 20.
Fiske's Histories, 17.
Flock, The, 2.
Franklin, Benjamin, The Autobiography of, 4.
Friends on the Shelf, 9.
From Old Fields, 18.
Gilpin, John, The Diverting History of, 2.
Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome, The, 2.
Harding of St. Timothy's, 7.
Harvard Economic Studies, 13.
Harvard Psychological Studies, 14.
Hearn, Lafcadio, Life and Letters of, 2.
Hebrew Lexicon, A, 18.
Hebrew Literature of Wisdom in the Light of To-day, The, 12.
Herbert's Works, 16.
Her Letter, 14.
Hiawatha, The Song of, 14.
Higher Study of English, The, 12.
Hill Towns of Italy, 16.
Howell's Letters, 19.
Huntington, Frederic Dan, Memoir and Letters of, 3.
In Our Convent Days, 15.
In the Levant, 17.
In the March and Borderland of Wales, 15.
Italian Journeys, 16.
- Kristy's Rainy Day Picnic, 7.
Leland, Charles Godfrey, 3.
Lincoln: Master of Men, 4.
Literature and Life in School, 19.
Little Sister of Destiny, A, 6.
Little Tour in France, A, 17.
Lodging-House Question in Boston, The, 13.
Log of a Sea Angler, The, 14.
Man in the Case, The, 5.
Marching against the Iroquois, 7.
Mayor of Warwick, The, 6.
Montlivet, 5.
Moral Overstrain, 10.
My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East, 4.
Nelson, the Adventurer, 7.
Noah's Ark, The Story of, 15.
One-Hoss Shay, The, 17.
Opened Shutters, The, 5.
Organized Democracy, 10.
Our Old Home, 17.
Pardoner's Wallet, The, 16.
Pastores, Los, 19.
Plutarque de Montaigne, Le, 13.
Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, The Story of, 1.
Polly and the Aunt, 8.
Practice of Diplomacy, The, 9.
Progress in the Household, 10.
Realities of Christian Theology, 12.
Riverside Juvenile Classics, 9.
Roland, The Song of, 19.
Shakespeare's Complete Works, 9.
Sherman, John, 3.
Sill, E. R., Complete Poems of, 10.
Snow-Bound, 1.
Story of a Child in Old Chester, The, 6.
Struggle for a Free Stage in London, The, 13.
Studies in Philosophy and Psychology, 13.
Talks on Teaching Literature, 13.
Tennyson's Works, 16.
Their Wedding Journey, 17.
Theocritus, The Idyls of, 19.
Through Man to God, 11.
Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico, 15.
Two Compton Boys, 8.
Victorian Anthology, A, 18.
Whitman, Walt, 3.
Wolsey, Cardinal, The Life and Death of, 4.

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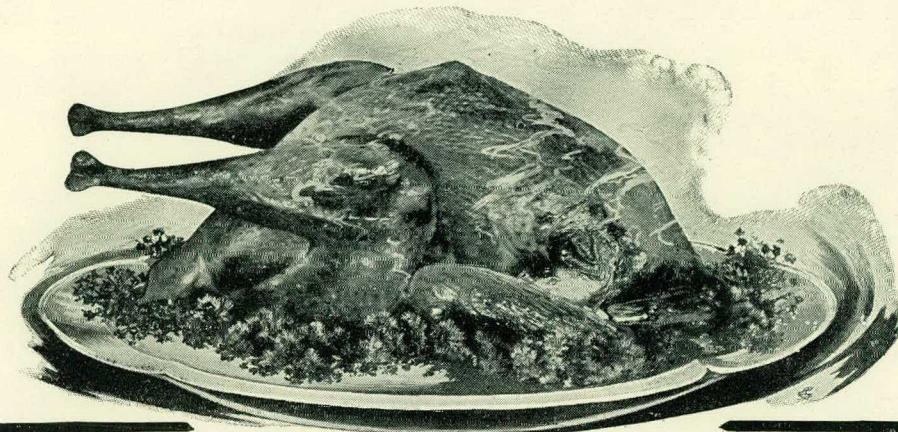
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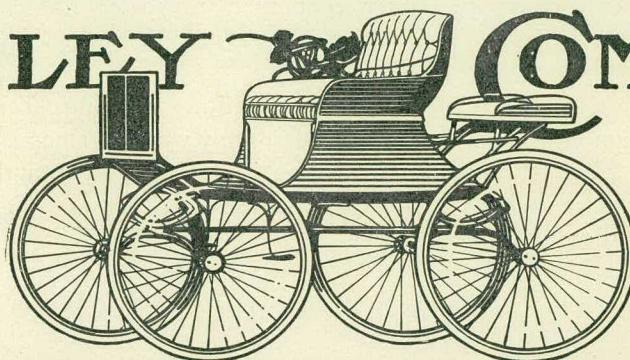
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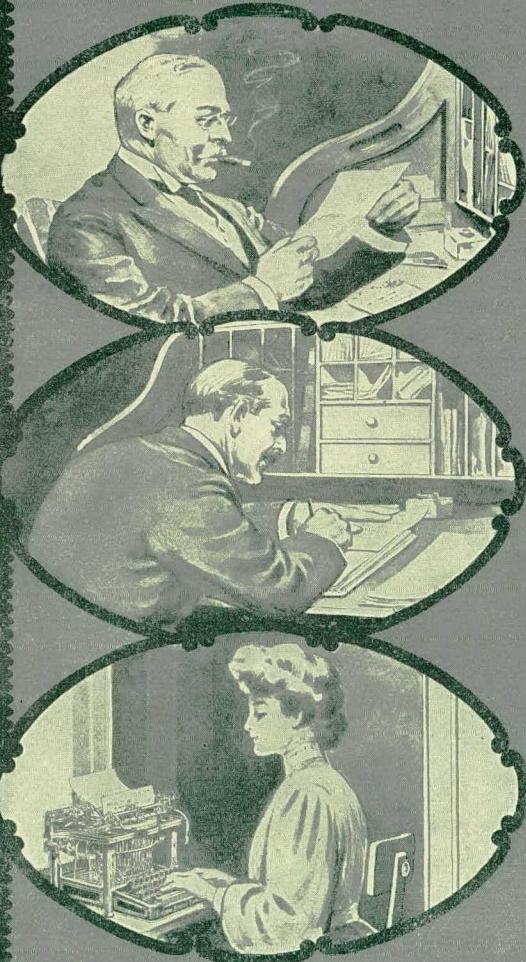


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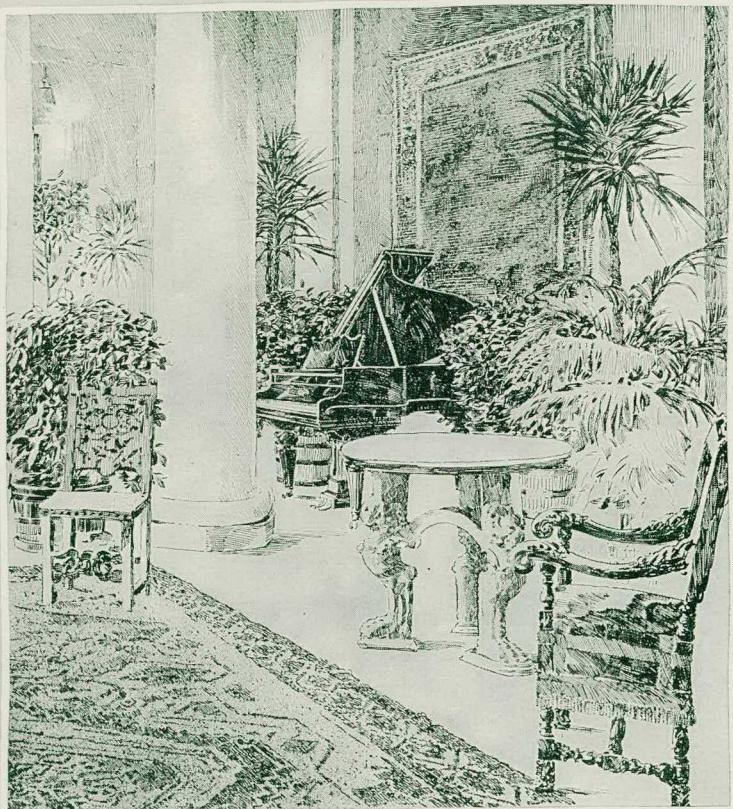
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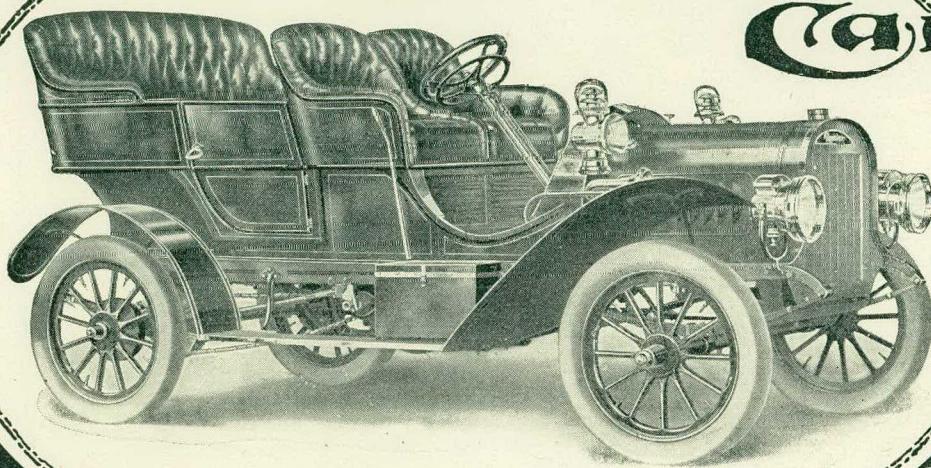
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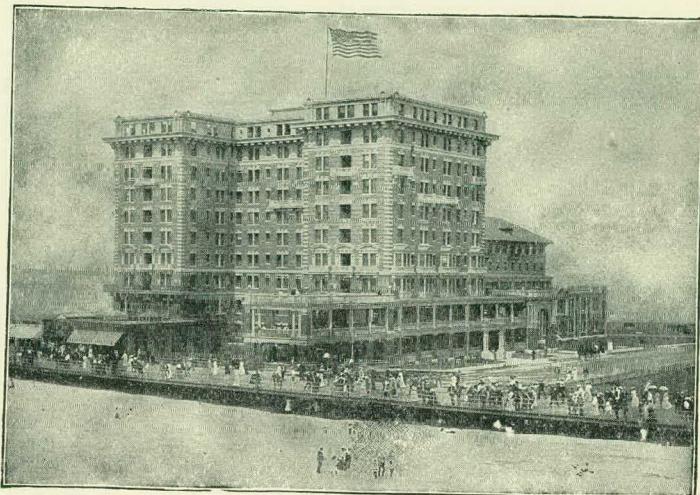
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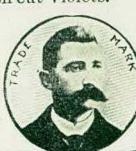
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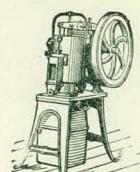
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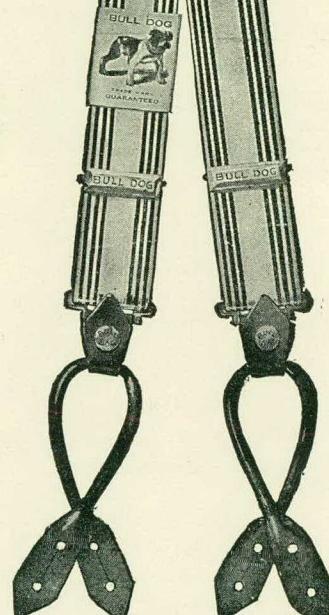
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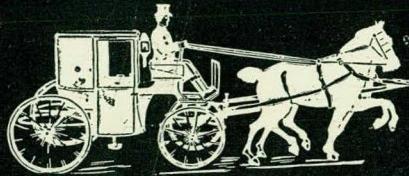
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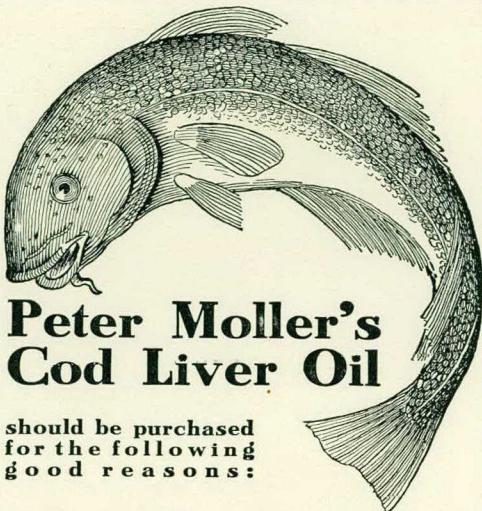
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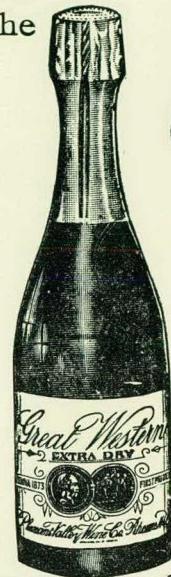
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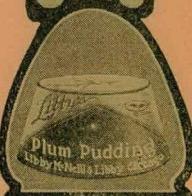
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1906

**CHRISTMAS
AND THE LITERATURE OF DISILLUSION**

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

"WHAT makes the book so cross?" asked the youngest listener, who had for a few minutes, for lack of anything better to do, been paying some slight attention to the reading that was intended for her elders.

It was a question which we had not been bright enough to ask. We had been plodding on with the vague idea that it was a delightful book. Certainly the subject was agreeable. The writer was taking us on a ramble through the less frequented parts of Italy. He had a fine descriptive power and made us see the quiet hill towns, the old walls, the simple peasants, the white Umbrian cattle in the fields. It was just the sort of thing that should have brought peace to the soul; but it did n't.

The author had the trick of rubbing his subject the wrong way. Everything he saw seemed to suggest something just the opposite. When every prospect pleased, he took offense at something that was n't there. He was himself a favored man of leisure; and could go where he pleased and stay as long as he liked. Instead of being content with a short Pharisaic prayer of thanksgiving that he was not as other men, he turned to berate the other men, who in New York were, at that very moment, rushing up and down the crowded streets in the frantic haste to be rich. He treated their fault as his misfortune. Indeed, it was unfortunate that the thought of their haste should spoil the serenity of his contemplation. His fine sense for the precious in art led him to

seek the untrodden ways. He indulged in bitter gibes at the poor taste of the crowd. In some far-away church, just as he was getting ready to enjoy a beautifully faded picture on the wall, he caught sight of a tourist. He was only a mild-mannered man with an apologetic air, as one who would say, "Let me look too. I mean no harm."

It was a meek effort at appreciation, but to the gentleman who wrote the book it was an offense. Here was a spy from "the crowd," an emissary of "the modern." By and by the whole pack would be in full cry and the lovely solitude would be no more. Then the author wandered off through the olives, where under the unclouded Italian sky he could see the long line of the Apennines, and there he meditated on the insufferable smoke of Sheffield and Pittsburg.

The young critic was right, the author was undoubtedly "cross." In early childhood this sort of thing is well understood, and called by its right name. When a small person starts the day in a contradictory mood and insists on taking everything by the wrong handle, — he is not allowed to flatter himself that he is a superior person with a "temperament," or a fine thinker with a gift for righteous indignation. He is simply set down as cross. It is presumed that he got up the wrong way, and he is advised to try again and see if he cannot do better. If he is fortunate enough to be thrown into the society of his contemporaries, he is subjected to a course of salutary discipline.

No mercy is shown to "cross-patch." He cannot present his personal grievances to the judgment of his peers, for his peers refuse to listen. After a while he becomes conscious that his wrath defeats itself, as he hears the derisive couplet:

"Johnny's mad,
And I am glad."

What's the use of being unpleasant any longer if it only produces such unnatural gayety in others. At last, as a matter of self-defense, he puts on the armor of good-humor which alone is able to protect him from the attacks of his adversaries.

But when a person has grown up and is able to express himself in literary language, he is freed from these wholesome restraints. He may indulge in peevishness to his heart's content, and it will be received as a sort of esoteric wisdom. For we are simple-minded creatures, and prone to superstition. It is only a few thousand years since the alphabet was invented, and the printing press is still more recent. There is still a certain Delphic mystery about the printed page which imposes upon the imagination. When we sit down with a book, it is hard to realize that we are only conversing with a fellow-being who may know little more about the subject in hand than we do, and who is attempting to convey to us not only his life-philosophy, but also his aches and pains, his likes and dislikes, and the limitations of his own experience. When doleful sounds come from the oracle, we take it for granted that something is the matter with the universe, when all that has happened is that one estimable gentleman, on a particular morning, was out of sorts when he took pen in hand.

At Christmas time, when we naturally want to be on good terms with our fellow-men, and when our pursuit of happiness takes the unexpectedly genial form of plotting for their happiness, the disposition of our favorite writers becomes a matter of great importance to us. A surly, sour-tempered person, taking ad-

vantage of our confidence, can turn us against our best friends. If he has an acrid wit he may make us ashamed of our highest enthusiasms. He may so picture human life as to make the message "Peace on earth, good will to men" seem a mere mockery.

I have a friend who has in him the making of a popular scientist, having an easy flow of extemporaneous theory, so that he is never closely confined to his facts. One of his theories is that pessimism is purely a literary disease and that it can only be conveyed through the printed page. In having a single means of infection it follows the analogy of malaria, which in many respects it resembles. No mosquito, no malaria; so no book, no pessimism. Of course you must have a particular kind of mosquito and he must have got the infection somewhere; but that is his concern, not yours. The important thing for you is that he is the middleman on whom you depend for the disease. In like manner, so my friend asserts, the writer is the middleman through whom the public gets its supply of pessimism.

I am not prepared to give an unqualified assent to this theory, for I have known some people who were quite illiterate who held very gloomy views in regard to the world in general. At the same time it seems to me there is something in it.

When an unbookish individual is in the dumps, he is conscious of his own misery, but he does n't attribute it to all the world. The evil is narrowly localized. He sees the dark side of things because he is so unluckily placed that that alone is visible, but he is quite ready to believe that there is a bright side somewhere.

I remember several pleasant half-hours spent in front of a cabin on the top of a far western mountain. The proprietor of the cabin, who was known as "Pat," had dwelt there in solitary happiness until an intruder came and settled near by. There was incompatibility of temper, and a feud began. Henceforth Pat had a grievance, and when a sympathetic traveler

passed by, he would pour out the story of his woes; for like the wretched man of old he meditated evil on his bed against his enemy. And yet, as I have said, the half-hours spent in listening to these tirades were not cheerless, and no bad effects followed. Pat never impressed me as being inclined to misanthropy; in fact, I think he might have been set down as one who loved his fellow-men, always excepting the unlucky individual who lived next to him. He never imputed the sins of this particular person to Humanity. There was always a sunny margin of good-humor around the black object of his hate. In this respect Pat was angry and sinned not. After listening to his vituperative eloquence I would ride on in a hopeful frame of mind. I had seen the worst and was prepared for something better. It was too bad that Pat and his neighbor did not get on better together. But this was an incident which did not shut out the fact that it was a fine day, and that some uncommonly nice people might live on the other side of the range.

But if Pat had possessed a high degree of literary talent, and had written a book, I am sure the impression would have been quite different. Two loveless souls, living on top of a lonely mountain, with the pitiless stars shining down on their futile hate! What theme could be more dreary. After reading the first chapter I should be miserable.

"This," I should murmur, "is Life. There are the two symbolic figures,—Pat and the Other. The artist, with relentless sincerity, refuses to allow our attention to be distracted by the introduction of any characters unconnected with the sordid tragedy. Here is human nature stripped of all its pleasant illusions. What a poor creature is man!"

Pat and his neighbor, having become characters in a book, are taken as symbols of humanity, just as the scholastic theologians argued that Adam and Eve, being all that there were at the time, should be treated as "all mankind," at least for purposes of reprobation.

The author who is saddest when he writes takes us at a disadvantage. He may assert that he is only telling us the truth. If it is ugly that is not his fault. He pictures to us the thing he sees, and if we could free ourselves from our sentimental preference for what is pleasing we should praise him for his fidelity.

"You doubtless," says the cross writer, "would like to have us turning out endless Christmas carols, and at regular intervals call out 'God bless Us, Every One.' It would be agreeable to you to have us adopt permanently the point of view of Scrooge when, after his melodramatic transformation, 'he went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up into the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure.' If you think we are going to supply you with that sort of thing you are mistaken. If you want something 'strong,' or 'sincere,' or heart-rending or disillusioning we are prepared to meet you. But no more Chirstmas caroling, — that has gone out."

In all this the author is well within his rights. If he prefers unmitigated gloom in his representations of life, we on our part have the right of not taking him too seriously. Speaking of disillusion, two can play at that game. We must get over our too romantic attitude toward literature. We must not exaggerate the significance of what is presented to us, and treat that which is of necessity partial as if it were universal. When we are presented with a poor and shabby world, peopled only with sordid self-seekers, we need not be unduly depressed. We take the thing for what it is, a fragment. We are not looking directly at the world but only at so much of it as has been mirrored in one particular mind. The mirror is not a very large one, and there is an obvious flaw in it which more or less distorts the image. Still let us be thankful for what is set before us and make allow-

ance for the natural human limitations. In this way one can read almost any sincere book, not only with profit but with a certain degree of pleasure.

Let us remember that only a very small amount of good literature falls within Shelley's definition of poetry as "the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." For these rare outpourings of joyous, healthy life we are duly thankful. They are to be received as gifts of the gods, but we must not expect too many of them. Even the best minds often leave no record of their happiest moments, while they become garrulous over what displeases them. The cave of Adullam has always been the most prolific literary centre. Every man who has a grievance is fiercely impelled to self-expression. He is not content till his grievance is published to the unheeding world. And it is well that it is so. We should be in a bad way if it were not for these inspired Adullamites who prevent us from resting in slothful indifference to evil.

Most writers of decided individuality are incited by a more or less iconoclastic impulse. There is an idol they want to smash, a conventional lie which they want to expose. It is the same impulse which moves almost every right-minded citizen, once or twice in his life, to write a letter of protest to the newspaper. Things are going wrong in his neighborhood and he is impatient to set them right.

There are enough real grievances, and the full expression of them is a public service. But the trouble is that any one who develops a decided gift in that direction is in danger of becoming the victim of his own talent. Eloquent fault-finding becomes a mannerism. The original grievance loses its sharp outlines; it, as it were, passes from the solid to the gaseous state. It becomes vast, pervasive, atmospheric. It is like the London fog, enveloping all objects and causing the eyes of those who peer through it to smart.

This happened, in the last generation,

to Carlyle and Ruskin, and in a certain degree to Matthew Arnold. Each had his group of enthusiastic disciples who responded eagerly to their master's call. They renounced shams or machine-made articles or middle-class Philistinism as the case might be. They went in for sincerity, or Turner, or "sweetness and light," with all the ardor of youthful neophytes. And it was good for them. But after a while they became, if not exactly weary in well-doing, at least a little weary of the intermittent tirades against ill-doing. They were in the plight of the good Christian who goes to church every Sunday only to hear the parson rebuke the sins of the people who are not there. The man who dated his moral awakening from *Sartor Resartus* began to find the *Latter Day Pamphlets* wear on his nerves. It is good to be awakened; but one does n't care to have the rising bell rung in his ears all day long. One must have a little ease, even in Zion.

Ruskin had a real grievance and so had Matthew Arnold. It is too bad that so much modern work is poorly done; and it is too bad that the middle-class Englishman has a number of limitations that are quite obvious to his candid friends,—and that his American cousin is no better.

But when all this has been granted why should one talk as if everything were going to the dogs? Why not put a cheerful courage on as we work for better things? Even the Philistine has his good points and perhaps may be led where he cannot be driven. At any rate he is not likely to be improved by scolding.

I am beginning to feel the same way even about Ibsen. Time was when he had an uncanny power over my imagination. He had the word of a disenchanter. Here, I said, is one who has the gift of showing us the thing as it is. There is not a single one of these characters whom we have not met. Their poor shifts at self-deceit are painfully familiar to us. In the company of this keen-eyed detective we can follow human selfishness and cowardice through all their disguises. The

emptiness of conventional respectabilities and pieties, and the futility of the spasmodic attempts at heroism are obvious enough.

It was an eclipse of my faith in human nature. The eclipse was never total because the shadow of the book could not quite hide the thought of various men and women whom I had actually known. This formed the luminous penumbra.

After a while I began to recover my spirits. Why should I be so depressed? This is a big world and there is room in it for many possibilities of good and evil. There are all sorts of people, and their existence is no argument against the existence of quite another sort.

Let us take realism in literature for what it is and no more. It is, at best, only a description of an infinitesimal bit of reality. The more minutely accurate it is, the more limited it must be in its field. You must not expect to get a comprehensive view through a high-powered microscope. The author is severely limited, not only by his choice of a subject but by his temperament and by his opportunities for observation. He is doing us a favor when he focuses his attention upon one special object and makes us see it clearly.

It is when the realistic writer turns philosopher and begins to generalize that we must be on our guard against him. He is likely to use his characters as symbols, and the symbolism becomes oppressive. There are some businesses which ought not to be united. They hinder healthful competition and produce a hateful monopoly. Thus in some states the railroads that carried coal also went into the business of coal-mining. This has been prohibited by law. It is held that the railroad, being a common carrier, must not be put into a position in which it will be tempted to discriminate in favor of its own products. For a similar reason it may be argued that it is dangerous to allow the dramatist or novelist to furnish us with a "philosophy of life." The chances are that, instead of impartially

fulfilling the duties of a common carrier, he will foist upon us his own goods and force us to draw conclusions from the samples of human nature he has in stock. I should not be willing to accept a philosophy of life even from so accomplished a person as Mr. G. Bernard Shaw; not because I doubt his cleverness in presenting what he sees, but because I have a suspicion that there are some very important things which he does not see.

It is really much more satisfactory for each one to gather his life philosophy from his own experience rather than from what he reads out of a book or from what he sees on the stage. "The harvest of a quiet eye" is, after all, more satisfying than the occasional discoveries of the unquiet eye that seeks only the brilliantly novel.

At Christmas time those of us who in our journey through the world have found some things which seem to us to be good, and which encourage us to hope for more good farther on, need not be greatly troubled by what is continually being written against our creed. For, after all, the Christmas creed is a reasonable one and keeps close to the every-day facts. It is not the assertion that there is no evil, but it is the assertion that we may overcome evil with good. Good-will is not a bit of weak sentimentalism; it is a force actively engaged in righting the wrongs it sees. A great fight has been going on; it calls for courage and endurance; but it is a good fight and we are glad that we are in it. Though it has looked desperate at times, we have the conviction that the good cause is going to win out.

When one whose business it is to report the varying phases of the world struggle describes the forces of evil with an intimacy of knowledge that is convincing, while the good is far in the background, we need not share his despondency. "What an excellent war correspondent," we say; "how faithfully he tells what he sees! What a pity it is that he follows the wrong army!"

NEW NATIONAL FORCES AND THE OLD LAW

BY MELVILLE M. BIGELOW

GREAT centralizing movements are of two kinds: political or legal, and social or economic. There is no necessity for pointing out at great length the forced march of the latter; science, invention, skill and will have made a new world around us, undreamt a generation ago, and economic movements have gone forward with a rapidity and effect unknown before to history.

The most striking phase of material progress is seen in the discoveries revealed to mankind that might in many cases be properly called creations,—creations in the sense that no knowledge before attainable was equal to the direction of the new forces; the means used to reach the end have not merely taken hold of things already in use and developed them to higher efficiency; they have actually given us new ideas and agencies which at most were yesterday's dreams and mysteries,—they have given us a new beginning of things. It is not necessary to deny that men came to modern uses of existent forces by steps; enough that a result was reached which was a discovery, as if of something before not present in the world.

The extraordinary phenomena of material progress have been followed by no less extraordinary manifestations of social and economic change. Of these manifestations, one above all others has become conspicuous. We may look with admiration while we tremble before this powerful force which man has set in motion, a force proceeding from the wit of man and yet threatening to outwit him, the force of economic and social centralization.

If we are to prevent this force of centralization from working us evil, it must be by bending our energies and skill toward making legal and political progress keep up to the pace set by social and eco-

nomic advance. The former must be capable of harnessing the latter, if we are to proceed safely along the line of evolution and thus avoid ultimate anarchy, revolution, and chaos, inevitable when a people have become convinced that law and organization no longer can restrain social and economic excesses.

The social movement has now proceeded with such rapidity and energy that it has left behind, almost out of sight, the law of the nineteenth century, so far as that related to the new social conditions, and because of material progress that affects almost everything pertaining to life and well-being.

It is well to present definite illustrations and choose those which seem specially significant. Toward the end of the eighteenth century the Benthamites raised the cry of freedom for the individual, a cry heard from one end of England to the other and then across the Atlantic. Freedom of contract followed status; status gave way to freedom of contract. The idea suited perfectly the rising civilization of America, and was adopted without so much as a thought of anything else. The social and economic condition, being one of substantial equality, was in keeping with the legal idea of freedom of contract, and all went well accordingly. Decisions and statutes, state and federal, accumulated on the line of freedom of contract and of equality touching the opportunities and benefits of life in a land of limitless extent and promise.

That was an age in which freedom of contract flourished in freedom of territory and opportunity; but freedom of contract within the period of a single life proved its own overthrow in the serious sense that it led to economic conditions which broke it down in substance and

effect. For freedom of contract means freedom of competition, and competition unrestricted drives the weaker competitor to the wall,—drives him over the wall and out of the field altogether, and results in monopoly. If freedom of contract worked badly in this country alone, it might be suspected that there was something wrong with ourselves; but they are finding the same trouble in England. "Among the existing evils which threaten the soundness of our national life to-day," said a well-known member of Parliament, speaking to Englishmen, a few months ago, "may be included the continuance of an industrial system based upon unrestricted competition." The difficulty with freedom of contract, which was to be the ally and buttress of equality, is that it has produced inequality and deposited privilege with the few.

In other words, the social movements have rushed on ahead of the law of the nineteenth century, until now there is a gap which no one knows how to bridge. It is often said that the common law, the general current of law which has been accumulating under the decisions of our courts, is expansive, that its principles, as they are called, have within them a promise and a potency equal to the emergency, equal to all emergencies. Experience throws more doubt upon this than the historians declare; the latter have dwelt too much on the continuity of history, legal, social, and political. Of course all history is continuous, but is all history unbroken,—that is, is every period of history an outgrowth of what went before? Surely there was no relation other than the continuity of time between English feudalism and the mercantile age which followed and prevails to-day. Even less can a relation be found on the legal side: law merchant, the legal counterpart of the mercantile age in business, had nothing whatever to do with the English common law, except to insist upon recognition.

The emphasis laid upon the teaching of history is justified because of its bearing upon the true conception of law. Within a

particular period, law, like its social counterpart, is indeed mainly a development of certain doctrines or principles. But that period may come to an end by a breaking up, by a conquest, or only by a new era supplanting the old as if by a new creation. The accumulation of social and economic knowledge may not be equal to new questions of the day; all the law stored up in the previous period may be unable to meet the new conditions. Both history and the experience of our own generation as well as the helplessness of the present law, moving in the paths of yesterday to meet the new social and economic growth, show the inability of the common law to continue master of the situation. To overcome this inadequacy something more than merely resting on the old conception of law is necessary. Just as there have been new creations and new conquests in social and economic movements, so must there be new creations and conquests in law.

We have come to a moment when new innovating social or economic energy has promised to supplant the old in the sense of becoming dominant over the laws of the State. The movement has already gone far enough to create a deadlock with the old estate, and neither is dominant; but the old law may be unequal to the new economic and social problems.

Here then to-day is a deadlock between the old era of equality and the new, innovating energy of privilege growing out of the freedom of contract. And deadlock of such a kind is a thing not to be contemplated with indifference; on the contingency of the result hangs too much, hangs everything—the nature and the stability of government itself. If privilege wins, the nature of the government will be changed, and the stability of the State must be provided for in new and resolute ways. The issue is fundamental and the situation therefore serious in the extreme. That is equally true without looking forward to the possible outcome; the situation meantime and now, with reference to the deadlock itself, is momentous. The

law of the nineteenth century is not equal to the occasion; nothing yet has been devised to take its place, and privilege virtually defies the powers of the state. In other words, touching the most vital of all things, for all things depend upon it, we are, in relation to the social innovation, without the operation of effective law and control. We may go on in other respects with the implements furnished by the old régime; but we must go on in peril of what we ought to face and realize in all its possibilities.

The trust movements have brought — or are understood to be bringing — within their embrace oil, coal, iron, steel, copper, lead, rubber, paper, asphalt, and food stuffs, such as sugar, meat, crackers, and, in localities, milk; with wheat, corn, and other grains and commodities left only as subjects for the cornering of the market; and then, to complete the situation, the agencies for distributing these and nearly all other necessities or conveniences of life — the railways — are welded into the greatest monopoly of all.

Then consider labor. There is no question now of sympathy, antipathy, or indifference: we are considering simply a fact. Labor never joined in the economists' cry of freedom of contract; it has never been democratic in that sense; it has always, and naturally enough, been for labor, — that is to say, it has always been in favor of monopoly. Freedom of contract was never a workable doctrine for either side; and labor was right in opposing it. It was a delusion. And so labor went on centralizing its forces as capital increased in power, following capital in the more recent and sweeping concentration of the latter, with the result we see today throughout the land. Between the centralization of capital and the centralization of labor we are tied up in a Gordian knot no man can untie and few men dare cut. Everything we eat, drink, or wear is burdened with a tax levied at the will of power. Monopoly, as a matter of law as well as of fact, is taxation, — taxation not upon any natural basis of supply and de-

mand and the ordinary incidents of trade, but at the will of men who themselves control the market both in regard to prices and supply, — at the will of men who in imposing taxes have taken upon themselves a function of government. There is neither freedom nor equality of contract; the gates of opportunity to the promises of life open only to a golden key.

The result of the combination of capital is that we have a very small class, numbering less, it is said, than a score, who within the very terms of the law, within the favorite legal idea of the nineteenth century, have ridden to the foremost place of privilege and assumed one of the highest functions of sovereignty, the power of taxation.

In another way, organized labor has been about the same business. It has insisted upon being treated as constituting a class by itself, with privileges peculiar to its own aims. Organized labor denies in effect that responsibility should go along with power; it rejects the injunction where the injunction is the only effective remedy against disturbances in the management of business, putting itself virtually on the footing of the state, or at least of the public; it refuses to permit its funds to be reached to answer its defaults. It has in England gained a notable victory on this line. The court of last resort had decided in the famous Taff Vale Railway Case that, according to the law of England, responsibility went with power, that labor, even under the fostering statutes of that country, was entitled to no privilege in that respect; but now, by an overwhelming majority, the House of Commons decides that the judiciary is wrong, and provides for complete immunity for the funds of the labor unions. The Prime Minister declares that the object of the government in this action is "to place the rival powers of capital and labor on an equality, so that in the event of a fight it should be a fair one."

That is the view and determination of labor in this country also; labor refuses with us to incorporate by legislation, for

fear in large part that by so doing it would expose its funds to process of the law.

Both capital and labor are raised or are in the way of rising, under the protection of the law itself, to the place of sovereignty, — sometimes at the same moment and with regard to the same object, as in the case of the coal strike, where each side plainly said, "Let the public be still, for I am Sovereign." It was said by a prophet before our civil war, that the country could not endure half slave and half free. The only difference between the application of that declaration to the state of things which called it forth, and its application to the present, is that that was a humanitarian cry of the North, and that there was indeed a condition in which, by an actual line of demarcation, half the country was free and half slave; whereas now the case is that the public everywhere is under subjection, and not merely one privileged class, but two are our masters.

And what is nineteenth-century law in face of such a state of things? Civil liability in damages is welcomed — and derided — by the offender; it amounts to nothing but permission for a small price. The injunction and the criminal law fall short. Labor makes the use of the injunction a peril to the judge whose tenure, under nineteenth-century law, is subject to the popular will, as it is in the greater part of the country; and capital has found a hundred ways of evading the danger of such process in the inadequacy of existing law to meet it on its chosen ground.

Illustrations of the inadequacy of the law are recent enough. The Supreme Court of the United States decides that a corporation cannot hide itself behind the plea of self-incrimination, when called upon to produce its letters and documents. This no doubt is gain; there are lawyers who think it doubtful if the question would have been so decided a few years ago. The judicial indicator is beginning to turn to the pressure of the greater social force, the public. But aside from

that, how much has been gained? What can you do to a corporation, to punish it for violating the law? You cannot imprison a "fiction;" if the incorporeal person has funds, you may get at these by a fine; but that will not stop the business if the business is profitable. You may take away the company's charter and so destroy its legal life, if you are able to prove your case, which is not likely; but the men who managed the business will go on with the work, for they are exempt by the Constitution from giving evidence to incriminate themselves.

The case of the Beef Trust showed how completely the old law ties the hands of the government, and how futile the efforts of the government are, under existing law, to put an end to violations of the Sherman Act. Armed with full authority for the purpose, the government makes elaborate preparation, proceeds to investigate the facts, and obtains evidence against the managers, who are now duly indicted; and what is the result? All the investigation goes for nothing, so far as the individual defendants are concerned; the evidence is involuntary, and the court is bound to rule that it cannot be used, — the accused are protected by the constitutional provision that a person shall not be compelled to incriminate himself. The court is now at liberty to proceed constitutionally against the corporation, with such prospect as that already indicated, and the play proceeds.

The Constitution, framed in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century, turns the prosecution into a mock suit. And so we have it again; law provided for one state of things being invoked under a state of things unheard of when it was adopted. Two facts should be noticed, as having their bearing upon the old criminal law and the constitutional protection of the accused. Prosecution of political offenses was common, and often became persecution of the worst kind in England; and it was highly important that it should be made clear that nothing of that sort should take place in the new

Republic. It should be observed that the provision that a person accused of crime shall not be compelled to give evidence against himself is found in one of the amendments submitted to the first Congress as a virtual condition to the acceptability of the Constitution. It may well be doubted whether such a provision would have been made but for the danger of political proscription.

The other fact is that the newer crimes of combination in restraint of trade appear to give us a complete change in the point of view of crime. It is well to speak with reserve, for the subject is new and remains to be dealt with clearly and finally. Let the matter be put thus: The old crimes certainly turn on the act; the new ones seem to turn on the mental attitude, one long step further back. If it be said that proof of a crime cannot be required to turn on states of mind, the answer is then that all the legislation making criminal these combinations is futile in its own nature, and not merely because of some legal handicap. It would hardly do to say that the crime may be made to turn on the tendency of the combination to work restraint of trade. That would be going too far; it would apply to almost every combination of capital, and perhaps of labor, and so operate against union admittedly proper. If the change defeats the legislation altogether, so much the more serious the situation.

Consider further this change in the point of view. A man commits an assault with "intent" to kill, or commits murder, which equally turns upon "intent." He is said in the indictment to have committed the act with malice aforethought, the legal way of stating intent in such cases; but the allegation may be proved, and usually is proved, by the overt acts committed, together with any train of facts connected with them; no other proof is needed,—no proof of the actual attitude of mind as a fact distinct from the external manifestation, is required or was ever thought of. So the criminal law operates simply enough in theory, and generally

in practice, in relation to the sort of crime for which it was framed.

How is it with the crimes of our day, these combinations of capital or of labor in restraint of trade? These do not turn upon the overt act, though of course that must be proved; proof of that fact cannot establish the offense. Railways may combine and adjust their rates in the combination without any violation of the statute; nothing done merely in pursuance of the bargain would be illegal. The question would be of the object of the combination: if the purpose was to crowd competition off the field, the combination would be unlawful, otherwise it might be within the law. A combination to buy up all the potatoes to be found, to send them to starving people in Japan, or a combination of ranchmen, after a season disastrous to cattle, to send buyers East to buy up cattle for restocking their ranches, would be lawful; while to buy up the potatoes or the cattle to corner the market or to drive out competition would be unlawful. So of combinations of labor: entered into to raise the price of employment, — if that were all, — combination would be lawful; but if combination is inspired, wholly or in part, by a purpose to monopolize labor, it is illegal so far as that purpose leads to action.

The nature of the defense of motive, set up in the prosecution of Mr. Perkins of the New York Life Insurance Company, under the ordinary criminal law, is far-reaching. That defense, which is supposed by some good lawyers to be sound, goes to the very roots of the whole subject of criminal liability. Putting aside the question whether the offense, if any, was larceny or embezzlement, the question raised is whether any crime at all has been committed where the accused believed that the object was a proper and just one, on a mistaken idea of the law honestly entertained,—where, in a word, he had a good motive in doing what he did. This is a controverted question; but it is a most serious matter, touching everywhere the well-being of society; and

if the defense is held good, the doctrine of pious pilfering or other vice will provide speedy exit from our criminal courts for the smooth-tongued clients of Snap, Gammon, and Quirk. Indeed, there is much other indication that the old criminal law is being punctured with difficulties similar to those suggested by the defense in the Perkins case, arising from the complications of our later society. Mistake of law is a prolific source of uncertainty.

So also in crimes of combination. The prosecution has to prove, not intent in the sense of the old law,—that is, as the necessary effect of an act,—but a state of mind as a thing distinct from the combination and the external acts following. That must be so unless the tendency of the combination is to be taken as establishing the crime. How prove the state of mind, except by an admission or by acts capable of no other explanation than the alleged purpose? How get an injunction—how convict the defendants—if we are shut up in this way in regard to proof? Labor unions may not be able to control men not skilled in concealing their purposes, until they are sufficiently trained; but when they become skillful enough to conceal, what are you going to do about it? As for unlawful combinations of capital, playing, as capital usually is, for great stakes, and skilled as it has become in all the arts of concealment, how are you going to establish the guilt of individuals beyond a reasonable doubt? The Constitution will not permit you to call for books and letters except on terms of immunity; without admissions or significant acts, you can only call on the employees, whose living depends upon their faithfulness to the service.

No, measures suited to a different age will not do; if we are to control the trusts through law we must find new remedies, and perhaps new methods of obtaining evidence. The trusts go on without legal control, notwithstanding all the nineteenth-century law and methods; everybody knows what all the legal ingenuity

of the day founded on the past is unequal to establish. The situation calls for all the skill of the present at its highest level. To fail will be to surrender a function of government, and establish the rule of inequality. How far such a thing might affect the body of our law cannot be foreseen. It may be a difficult thing for the government to keep the peace in such an event; but keep the peace it must,—whatever social force may dominate the state, peace and order must be preserved.

Constitutions and legislation, moulded under the same influences, have served of course to make matters worse, because they prevail over judge-made law and are not easily changed. Instead of one direct path to justice, constitutions and statutes have given us numberless cross-sections, operating as so many barriers to the protection of legal rights. Montesquieu, with his checks and balances, was admirable in theory; he took possession of the imagination at a peculiar time, and theory was, as so often is the case, carried to an extreme. It is well to divide the departments of state; but to make the divisions water-tight is pushing logic beyond its limits and causing more trouble than it prevents; and when this is repeated by forty odd jurisdictions, each a barrier to every other, the difficulty comes to what we see to-day. Alexander Hamilton saw the trouble; he would have had one perfect line of jurisdiction for the federal government, without the cross-cutting and impeding sections of state authority.

All the remedies tried in recent years to meet this situation have broken down. The Sherman Act against the trusts, the Interstate Commerce Act, state expulsion acts, all have failed of their purpose. They have not been useless; but they have not accomplished the purposes for which they were passed. They have indeed been useful; they have shown to those who take the pains to see, that expansion of the nineteenth century conceptions of law cannot be made to reach the difficulties. The remedies run merely

on old lines of the common law, on the notion which had taken possession of the law makers that the common law of the nineteenth century, in its principles, was for all time. The lesson has been worth learning, hard as the process may have been, that each social age is a distinct era in law as well as in its pursuits; that it must be so in the former, or the latter will come to a standstill. Laws conceived as applicable to one particular condition of society cannot apply, or be expected to apply, to conditions radically different, and not contemplated when those laws were made. As your social movement carries you away from old conditions, your law must move on to keep pace with it, or there will be trouble such as we are now witnessing.

The centralizing legal movements of the federal government are accordingly regarded by a large part if not by most of the public with approval. The social movement which has gone forward with such energy and rapidity is having its natural effect. It has been having its effect — the indicator has been responding to the pressure — for more than twenty years, following as closely as could be expected the social movement, but here-

tofore in an inadequate way. Now at last there is indication that the lesson has been learned, that new measures must be tried. Experiment accordingly is on foot; freedom of contract as a basis of commercial life is being abandoned in law as it has been overthrown in fact, and equality, in a new form, different from that of the nineteenth century, is in course of taking its place. Equality in railway rate-making, equality as regards localities, equality between shipper and railway, — that is the idea on which the President and his supporters are proceeding. Without questioning whether equality or monopoly can give us the better government, if the public is to succeed generally against monopoly the President's idea may be prophetic.

Social and economic centralization is now being met with a tendency to political centralization and legal initiative. The world about us, full of new creations and forces, demands for its control new conceptions and new ideas of politics and law. Freedom of the individual must, under these new creations and conceptions, give way in part; a practicable equality, social and economic, legal and political, is the word of our to-morrow.

A MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

BOULOGNE TO AMIENS

THE motor-car has restored the romance of travel.

Freeing us from the irritating compulsions and contacts of the railway, the bondage to fixed hours and the beaten track, the approach to each town through the area of ugliness and desolation created by the railway itself, it has given us back the wonder, the adventure and the novelty which enlivened the way of our posting grand-parents. Above all these recovered pleasures must be ranked the delight of taking a town unawares, stealing on it by back ways and unchronicled paths, and surprising in it some intimate aspect of past time, some silhouette hidden for half a century or more by the ugly mask of railway embankments and the glass and iron bulk of a huge station. Then the villages that we missed and yearned for from the windows of the train — the unseen villages have been given back to us! — and nowhere could the importance of the recovery be more delightfully exemplified than on a May afternoon in the Pas-de-Calais, as we climbed the long ascent beyond Boulogne on the road to Arras.

It is a delightful country, broken into wide waves of hill and valley, with hedge-rows high and leafy enough to bear comparison with the Kentish hedges among which our motor had left us a day or two before; and the villages, the frequent, smiling, happily-placed villages, will also meet successfully the more serious challenge of their English rivals — meet it on other grounds and in other ways, with paved market-places and clipped lime-walks instead of gorse-fringed commons,

with soaring belfries instead of square church towers, with less of verdure, but more, perhaps of outline — certainly of line.

The country itself — so green, so full and close in texture, so happily diversified by clumps of woodland in the hollows, and by streams threading the great fields with light — all this, too, has the English, or perhaps the Flemish quality — for the border is close by — with the added beauty of reach and amplitude, the deliberate gradual flow of level spaces into distant slopes, till the land breaks in a long blue crest against the seaward horizon.

There was much beauty of detail, also, in the smaller towns through which we passed: some of them high-perched on ridges that raked the open country, with old houses stumbling down at picturesque angles from the central market-place; others tucked in the hollows, among orchards and barns, with the pleasant country industries reaching almost to the doors of their churches. In the little villages the deep delicious thatch of Normandy overhangs the plastered walls of cottages espaliered with pear-trees, and ducks splash in ponds fringed with hawthorn and laburnum; and in the towns there is almost always some note of character, of distinction — the gateway of a seventeenth century *hôtel*, the triple arch of a church-front, the spring of an old mossy apse, the stucco and black cross-beams of an ancient guild-house — and always the straight lime-walk, square-clipped or trained *en berceau*, with its sharp green angles and sharp black shade acquiring a value positively architectural against the high lights of the paved or gravelled *place*. Everything about this rich juicy land bathed in blond light is characteristically Flemish, even to the

slow-moving eyes of the peasants, the bursting red cheeks of the children, the drowsy grouping of the cattle in flat pastures; and at Hesdin we felt the architectural nearness of the Low Countries in the presence of a fine town-hall of the late Renaissance, with the peculiar "movement" of volutes and sculptured ornament—lime-stone against warm brick—that one associates with the civic architecture of Belgium: a fuller, less sensitive line than the French architect permits himself, with more massiveness and exuberance of detail.

This part of France, with its wide expanse of agricultural landscape, disciplined and cultivated to the last point of finish, shows how nature may be utilized to the utmost clod without losing its freshness and naturalness. In some regions of this supremely "administered" country, where space is more restricted, or the fortunate accidents of water and varying levels are lacking, the minute excessive culture, the endless ranges of *potager* wall, and the long lines of "useful" fruit-trees bordering straight interminable roads, may produce in the American traveller a reaction toward the unkempt, a momentary feeling that ragged road-sides and weedy fields have their artistic value. But here in northern France, where agriculture has mated with poetry instead of banishing it, one understands the higher beauty of land developed, humanized, brought into relation to life and history, as compared with the raw material with which the greater part of our own hemisphere is still clothed. In France everything speaks of long familiar intercourse between the earth and its inhabitants; every field has a name, a history, a distinct place of its own in the village polity; every blade of grass is there by an old feudal right which has long since dispossessed the worthless aboriginal weed.

As we neared Arras the road lost its pleasant windings and ran straight across a great plateau, with an occasional long dip and ascent that never deflected it

from its purpose, and the villages became rarer, as they always do on the high wind-swept plains of France. Arras, however, was full of compensations for the dullness of the approach: a charming old gray town, with a great air of faded seventeenth century opulence, in which one would have liked to linger, picking out details of gateway and courtyard, of sculptured masks and wrought-iron balconies—if only a brief peep into the hotel had not so promptly quenched the impulse to spend a night there.

To Amiens therefore we pressed on, passing again, toward sunset, into a more broken country, with lights just beginning to gleam through the windows of the charming duck-pond villages, and tall black crucifixes rising ghostly at the cross-roads; and night was obliterating the mighty silhouette of the Cathedral as we came upon it at length by a long descent.

It is always a loss to arrive in a strange town after dark, and miss those preliminary stages of acquaintance that are so much more likely to be interesting in towns than in people; but the deprivation is partly atoned for by the sense of adventure with which, next morning, one casts one's self upon the unknown. There is no conjectural first impression to be modified, perhaps got rid of: one's mind presents a blank page for the town to write its name on.

At Amiens the autograph consists of one big word: the cathedral. Other, fainter writing may come out when one has leisure to seek for it; but the predominance of those mighty characters leaves, at first, no time to read between the lines. And here it may be noted that, out of Italy, it takes a town of exceptional strength of character to hold its own against a cathedral. In England, the chapter-house and the varied groupings of semi-ecclesiastical buildings constituting the close, which seem to form a connecting link between town and cathedral, do no more, in reality, than enlarge the skirts of the monument about which they are clustered; and even at Winchester, which has its college and

hospital to oppose to the predominance of the central pile, there is, after all, very little dispersal of interest: so prodigious, so unparalleled, as mere feats of human will-power, are these vast achievements of the middle age. In northern France, where the great cathedrals were of lay foundation, and consequently sprang up alone, without the subordinate colony of monastic buildings of which the "close" is a survival — and where, as far as monuments of any importance are concerned, the architectural gap sometimes extends from Louis the Saint to Louis the Fourteenth — the ascendancy of the diocesan church is necessarily even more marked. Rouen alone, perhaps, opposes an effectual defense to this concentration of interest, will not for a moment let itself be elbowed out of the way by the great buttresses of its cathedral; and at Bourges — but Bourges and Rouen come later in this itinerary, and meanwhile here we are, standing, in a sharp shower, under a *notaire's* doorway, and looking across the little square at the west front of Amiens.

Well! No wonder such a monument has silenced all competitors. It would take a mighty counter-blast to make itself heard against "the surge and thunder" of that cloud of witnesses choiring forth the glories of the Church Triumphant. Is the stage too crowded? Is there a certain sameness in the overarching tiers of the stone hierarchy, each figure set in precise alignment with its neighbors, each drapery drawn down within the same perpendicular bounds? Yes, perhaps — if one remembers Reims and Bourges; but if, setting aside such kindred associations, one surrenders one's self uncritically to the total impression produced, if one lets the fortunate accidents of time and weather count for their full value in that total — for Amiens remains mercifully unscrubbed, and its armies of saints have taken on the richest *patina* that northern stone can acquire — if one views the thing, in short, partly as a symbol and partly as a "work of nature" (which all ancient monuments by grace of time become),

then the front of Amiens is surely one of the most splendid spectacles that Gothic art can show.

On the symbolic side especially it would be tempting to linger; so deeply does the contemplation of the great cathedrals fortify the conviction that their chief value, to this later age, is not so much æsthetic as moral. The world will doubtless always divide itself into two orders of mind: that which sees in past expressions of faith, political, religious or intellectual, only the bonds cast off by the spirit of man in its long invincible struggle for "more light"; and that which, while moved by the spectacle of the struggle, cherishes also every sign of those past limitations that were, after all, each in its turn, symbols of the same effort toward a clearer vision. To the former kind of mind the great Gothic cathedral will be chiefly interesting as a work of art and a page of history; and it is perhaps proof of the advantage of cultivating the other — the more complex — point of view, in which enfranchisement of thought exists in harmony with atavism of feeling, that it permits one to appreciate these archæological values to the full, yet subordinates them to the more impressive facts of which they are the immense and moving expression. To such minds, the rousing of the sense of reverence is the supreme gift of these mighty records of mediæval life: reverence for the persistent, slow-moving, far-reaching forces that brought them forth. A great Gothic cathedral sums up so much of history, it has cost so much in faith and toil, in blood and folly and saintly abnegation, it has sheltered such a long succession of lives, given collective voice to so many inarticulate and contradictory cravings, seen so much that was sublime and terrible, or foolish, pitiful and grotesque, that it is like some mysteriously preserved ancestor of the human race, some Wandering Jew grown sedentary and throned in stony contemplation, before whom the fleeting generations come and go.

Yes — reverence is the most precious

emotion that such a building inspires: reverence for the accumulated experiences of the past, readiness to puzzle out their meaning, unwillingness to disturb rashly results so powerfully willed, so laboriously arrived at—the desire, in short, to keep intact as many links as possible between yesterday and to-morrow, to lose, in the ardor of new experiment, the least that may be of the long rich heritage of human experience. This, at any rate, might seem to be the cathedral's word to the traveller from a land which has undertaken to get on without the past, or to regard it only as a "feature" of æsthetic interest, a sight to which one travels rather than a light by which one lives.

The west front of Amiens says this word with a quite peculiar emphasis, its grand unity of structure and composition witnessing as much to constancy of purpose as to persistence of effort. So steadily, so clearly, was this great thing willed and foreseen, that it holds the mind too deeply subject to its general conception to be immediately free for the delighted investigation of detail. But within the building detail asserts itself triumphantly: detail within detail, worked out and multiplied with a prodigality of enrichment for which a counterpart must be sought beyond the Alps. The interiors of the great French cathedrals are as a rule somewhat gaunt and unfurnished, baring their structural nakedness sublimely but rather monotonously to eyes accustomed to the Italian churches "all glorious within." Here at Amiens, however, the inner decking of the shrine has been piously continued from generation to generation, and a quite extraordinary wealth of adornment bestowed on the choir and its ambulatory. The great sculptured and painted frieze encircling the outer side of the choir is especially surprising in a French church, so seldom were the stone histories lavished on the exterior continued within the building; and it is a farther surprise to find the same tales in bas-relief animating and enriching the west walls of the transepts. They are full of crowded

expressive incidents, these stories of local saints and Scriptural personages; with a Burgundian richness and elaborateness of costume, and a quite charming, childish insistence on irrelevant episode and detail—the reiterated "And so," "And then" of the fairy-tale calling off one's attention into innumerable little side-issues, down which the fancy of fifteenth century worshippers must have strayed, with oh! what blessedness of relief, from the unintelligible rites before the altar.

Of "composition" there is none: it is necessarily sacrificed to the desire to stop and tell everything; to show, for instance, in an interesting parenthesis, exactly what Herod's white woolly dog was about while Salome was dancing away the Baptist's head. And thus one is brought back to the perpetually recurring fact that all northern art is anecdotic, and has always been so; and that, for instance, all the elaborate theories of dramatic construction worked out to explain why Shakespeare crowded his stage with subordinate figures and unnecessary incidents, and would certainly, in relating the story of Saint John, have included Herod's "Tray and Sweetheart" among the *dramatis personæ*—that such theories are but an unprofitable evasion of the ancient ethnological fact that *the Goth has always told his story in that way*.

II

BEAUVAINS AND ROUEN

The same wonderful white road, flinging itself in great coils and arrow-flights across the same spacious landscape, swept us on the next day to Beauvais. If there seemed to be fewer memorable incidents by the way—if the villages had less individual character, over and above their general charm of Norman thrift and cosiness—it was perhaps because the first impression had lost its edge; but we caught fine distant reaches of field and orchard and wooded hillside, giving a general sense that it would be a good

land to live in — till all these minor sensations were swallowed up and lost in the overwhelming "experience" of Beauvais.

The town itself — almost purposely, as we felt afterward — failed to put itself forward, to arrest us by any of the minor arts which Arras, for instance, had so seductively exerted. It maintained an attitude of blank aloofness, of affected ignorance of the traveller's object in visiting it — suffering its little shuttered non-committal streets to lead us up, tortuously, to the drowsiest little provincial *place*, with the usual lime-arcades, and the usual low houses across the way; where suddenly there soared before us the great mad broken dream of Beauvais choir — the cathedral without a nave — the Kubla Khan of architecture. . . .

It seems in truth like some climax of mystic vision, miraculously caught in visible form, and arrested, broken off, by the intrusion of the inevitable Person from Porlock — in this case, no doubt, the panic-stricken mason, crying out to the entranced creator, "We simply can't keep it up!" And because it literally could n't be kept up — as one or two alarming collapses soon attested — it had to check there its great wave of stone, hold itself forever back from breaking into the long ridge of the nave and the flying crests of buttress, spire and finial. It is easy for the critic to point out its structural defects, and to cite them in illustration of the fact that your true artist never seeks to wrest from their proper uses the materials in which he works — does not, for instance, try to render metaphysical abstractions in stone and glass and lead; yet Beauvais has at least none of the ungainliness of failure; it is like a great hymn interrupted, not one in which the voices have flagged; and to the desultory mind such attempts seem to deserve a place among the fragmentary glories of great art. It is, at any rate, an example of what the Gothic spirit, pushed to its logical conclusion, strove for: the utterance of the unutterable; and he who condemns

Beauvais has tacitly condemned the whole theory of art from which it issued. But shall we not have gained greatly in our enjoyment of beauty, as well as in serenity of spirit, if, instead of saying "this is good art," or "this is bad art," we say "this is classic" and "that is Gothic" — this transcendental, that rational — using neither term as an epithet of opprobrium or restriction, but content, when we have performed the act of discrimination, to note what forms of expression each tendency has worked out for itself?

Beyond Beauvais the landscape becomes so deeply Norman that one seemed, by contrast, not to have been in Normandy before — though, as far as the noting of detail went, we did not really get *beyond Beauvais* at all, but travelled on imprisoned in that tremendous memory till abruptly, from the crest of a tedious hill, we looked down a long green valley to Rouen shining on its river — all its belfries and spires and great arched bridges drenched with a golden sunset that seemed to shoot skyward from the long illuminated reaches of the Seine. I recall only two such magic descents on famous towns: that on Orvieto, from the Viterbo road, and the other — pitched in a minor key, but full of a small ancient majesty — the view of Wells in its calm valley, as the Bath road gains the summit of the Mendip Hills.

The poetry of the descent to Rouen is, unhappily, dispelled by the long approach through sordid and interminable outskirts. Orvieto and Wells, being less prosperous, do not subject the traveller to this descent into prose, which leaves one reflecting mournfully on the incompatibility, under our present social system, between prosperity and beauty. As for Rouen itself, as one passes down its crowded tram-lined quays, between the noisy unloading of ships and the clatter of innumerable cafés, one feels that the old Gothic town one used to know cannot really exist any more, must have been elbowed out of place by these spreading

commercial activities; but it turns out to be there, after all, holding almost intact, behind the dull mask of modern streets, the surprise of its rich mediævalism.

Here indeed the traveller finds himself in no mere "Cathedral town:" with one street leading to Saint Ouen, another to Saint Maclou, a third to the beautiful Hôtel de Ville, the Cathedral itself has put forth the appeal of all its accumulated treasures to make one take, first of all, the turn to its doors. There are few completer impressions in Europe than that to be received as one enters the Lady Chapel of Rouen, where an almost Italian profusion of color and ornament have been suffered to accumulate slowly about its central ornament — the typically northern monument of the Cardinal of Amboise. There could hardly be a better example of the aesthetic wisdom of "living and letting live" than is manifested by the happy way in which supposedly incompatible artistic ideals have managed to make *bon ménage* in this delicious corner. It is a miracle that they have been allowed to pursue their happy experiment till now, for there must have been moments when, to the purist of the Renaissance, the Gothic tomb of the Cardinal seemed unworthy to keep company with the Commandant de Brézé's monument, in which the delicate note of classicism reveals a France so profoundly modified by Italy; just as, later, the great Berniniesque altar-piece, with its twisted columns and exuberance of golden rays, must have narrowly escaped the axe of the Gothic reactionary. But there they all are, blending their supposed discords in a more complex harmony, filling the privileged little edifice with an overlapping richness of hue and line through which the eye perpetually passes back to the great central splendor of the Cardinal's tomb.

A magnificent monument it is, opposing to the sober beauty of Germain Pilon's composition its insolence of varied detail — the "this, and this, and this" of the loquacious mediæval craftsman — all

bound together by the new constructive sense which has already learned how to bring the topmost bud of the marble finials into definite relation with the little hooded mourners bowed in such diversity of grief in their niches below the tomb. A magnificent monument — and to my mind the finest thing about it is the Cardinal's nose. The whole man is fine in his sober dignity, humbly conscious of the altar toward which he faces, arrogantly aware of the purple that flows from his shoulders; and the nose is the epitome of the man. We live in the day of little noses: that once stately feature, intrinsically feudal and aristocratic in character — the *maschio naso* extolled of Dante — has shrunk to democratic insignificance, like many another fine expression of individualism. And so one must look to the old painters and sculptors to see what a nose was meant to be — the prow of the face; the evidence of its owner's standing, of his relation to the world, and his inheritance from the past. Even in the profile of the Cardinal Nephew, kneeling a little way behind his uncle, the gallant feature is seen to have suffered a slight diminution: its spring, still bold, is less commanding, it seems, as it were, to have thrust itself against a less yielding element. And so the deterioration has gone on from generation to generation, till the nose has worn itself blunt against the increasing resistances of a democratic atmosphere, and stunted, atrophied and amorphous, serves only, now, to let us know when we have the influenza.

With the revisiting of the Cardinal's nose the first object of our visit to Rouen had been accomplished; the second led us, past objects of far greater importance, to the well-arranged but dull gallery where Gerhard David's "Virgin of the Grapes" is to be seen. Every wanderer through the world has these pious pilgrimages to perform, generally to shrines of no great note — how often, for instance, is one irresistibly drawn back to the Transfiguration or to the Venus of Milo? — but to lesser works, first seen, perhaps, at a for-

tunate moment, or having some special quality of suggestion and evocation that the perfect equilibrium of the masterpieces causes them to lack. So I know of some who go first to "The Death of Procris" in the National Gallery; to the little "Apollo and Marsyas" of the Salon Carré; to a fantastic allegorical picture, subject and artist unknown, in an obscure corner of the Uffizi; and who would travel more miles to see again, in the little gallery of Rimini, an Entombment of the school of Mantegna, than to sit beneath the vault of the Sistine.

All of which may seem to imply an unintentional disparagement of Gerhard David's picture, which is, after all, a masterpiece of its school; but the school is a subordinate one, and, save to the student of Flemish art, his is not a loud-sounding name: one does not say, for instance, with any hope of general recognition — "Ah, yes; that reminds me of such and such a bit in The Virgin of the Grapes."

All the more therefore, may one enjoy his picture, in the empty room of the Rouen gallery, with that gentle sense of superiority and possessoryship to which the discerner of obscure merit is surely entitled. How much of its charm this particular painting owes to its not having become the picnic ground of the art-exursionist, how much to its own intrinsic beauty, its grave serenities of hue and gesture — how much, above all, to the heavenly translucence of that bunch of grapes plucked from the vines of Paradise — it is part of its very charm to leave unsettled, to keep among the mysteries whereby it draws one back. Only one trembles lest it should cease to shine in its own twilight heaven when it has become a star in Baedeker. . . .

III

FROM ROUEN TO FONTAINEBLEAU

The Seine, two days later, by the sweetest curves, drew us on from Rouen to Les Andelys, past such bright gardens

terraced above its banks, such moist poplar-fringed islands, such low green promontories deflecting its silver flow, that we continually checked the flight of the motor, pausing here, and here, and here again, to note how France understands and enjoys and lives with her rivers.

With her great past, it seems, she has partly ceased to live; for, ask as we would, we could not, that morning, learn the way to King Richard's Château Gaillard on the cliff above Les Andelys. Every turn from the Route de Paris seemed to lead straight into the unknown; "mais c'est tout droit pour Paris" was the invariable answer when we asked our way. Yet a few miles off were two of the quaintest towns of France — the Little and Great Andely — surmounted by a fortress marking an epoch in military architecture, and associated with the fortunes of one of the most romantic figures in history; and we knew that if we clung to the windings of the Seine they must lead us, within a few miles, to the place we sought. And so, having with difficulty disentangled ourselves from the Route de Paris, we pushed on, by quiet by-roads and unknown villages, by *manoirs* of gray stone peeping through high thickets of lilac and laburnum, and along shady river-reaches where fishermen dozed in their punts, and cattle in the meadow-grass beneath the willows — till the soft slopes broke abruptly into tall cliffs shaggy with gorse, and the easy flow of the river was forced into a sharp twist at their base. There is something fantastic in this sudden change of landscape near Les Andelys from the familiar French river-scenery to what might be one of Piero della Francesca's backgrounds of strangely-fretted rock and scant black vegetation; while the Seine, roused from its progress through yielding meadows, takes a majestic bend toward the Little Andely in the bay of the cliffs, and then sweeps out below the height on which Cœur-de-Lion planted his subtly-calculated bastions.

Ah — poor fluttering rag of a ruin, so thin, so time-worn, so riddled with storm and shell, that it droops on its rock like a torn banner with forgotten victories in its folds ! How much more eloquently these tottering stones tell their story, how much deeper into the past they take us, than the dapper weather-tight castles — Pierrefonds, Carcassonne, and the rest — on which the arch-restorer has worked his will, reducing them to mere Museum specimens, archaeological toys, from which all the growths of time have been ruthlessly stripped ! The eloquence of the Château Gaillard lies indeed just there — in its telling us so discursively, so plaintively, the *whole* story of the centuries — how long it has stood, how much it has seen, how far the world has travelled since then, and to what a hoarse cracked whisper the voice of feudalism and chivalry has dwindled. . . .

The town that once cowered under the protection of those fallen ramparts still groups its stout old houses about a church so gray and venerable, yet so sturdily planted on its ancient piers, that one might fancy its compassionately bidding the poor ghost of a fortress come down and take shelter beneath its vaultings. Commune and castle, they have changed places with the shifting fortunes of the centuries, the weak growth of the town outstripping the arrogant brief bloom of the fortress — Richard's "fair daughter of one year" — which had called it arbitrarily into being. The fortress itself is now no more than one of the stage-properties of the Muse of History; but the town, poor little accidental offshoot of a military exigency, has built up a tiny life for itself, become an abiding centre of human activities — though, by an accident in which the traveller cannot but rejoice, it still keeps, in spite of its sound masonry and air of ancient health, that almost unmodernized aspect which makes some little French burghs recall the figure of a lively centenarian, with all his "faculties" still active, but wearing the dress of a former day.

Regaining the Route de Paris, we passed once more into the normal Seine landscape, with smiling rustic towns close-set on its banks, with lilac and wistaria pouring over high walls, with bright little cafés on sunny village squares, with flotillas of pleasure-boats waiting under willow-shaded banks for their holiday freight.

Never more vividly than in this Seine country does one feel the amenity of French manners, the long process of social adaptation which has produced so profound and general an intelligence of life. Every one we passed on our way, from the canal-boatman to the white-capped baker's lad, from the *marchande des quatre saisons* to the white dog curled philosophically under her cart, from the pastry-cook putting a fresh plate of *brioches* in his appetizing window to the curé's *bonne* who had just come out to drain the lettuce on the curé's doorstep — all these persons (under which designation I specifically include the dog) took their ease or pursued their business with that cheerful activity which proceeds from an intelligent acceptance of given conditions. They each had their established niche in life, the frankly-avowed interests and pre-occupations of their order, their pride in the smartness of the canal-boat, the seductions of the show-window, the glaze of the *brioche*, the crispness of the lettuce. And this admirable *fitting into the pattern*, which seems almost as if it were a moral outcome of the universal French sense of form, has led the race to the happy, the momentous discovery that good manners are a short cut to one's goal, that they lubricate the wheels of life instead of obstructing them. This discovery — the result, as it strikes one, of the application of the finest of mental instruments to the muddled process of living — seems to have illuminated not only the social relation but its outward, concrete expression, producing a finish in the material setting of life, a kind of amiable conformity in inanimate things — forming, in short, the background of the spectacle

through which we pass, the canvas on which it is painted, and expressing itself no less in the trimness of each individual garden than in that insistence on civic dignity and comeliness so miraculously

maintained, through every torment of political passion, every change of social conviction, by a people resolutely addressed to the intelligent enjoyment of living.

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

LIFE, — what is it?
Ah, who knows!
Just a visit,
I suppose:
Joy and sorrow
For a day,
Then to-morrow
We're away.

Youth, and morning;
Manhood, noon;
Age, — the warning, —
Night comes soon:
Shines a star to
Light us; then
'T is not far to
Home again.

THE JUDGMENT SEAT

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

"*THIS is good, Walter!*" Mrs. Pender's little, withered, jewelled hands were lifted to his shoulders as he kissed her. "But why did n't you bring Alice?"

"Alice had rather a headache to-night: she wanted to be quiet, so I thought I'd come to you," Walter explained restlessly. "You can throw me out if you don't want me. You've done it before."

"Ah, that was when I was a spoiled old woman, and had you whenever I wished." The bright little eyes were kind and candid, quite satisfied with his explanation. Mrs. Pender knew everything about everybody, but she never seemed to be in process of finding it out. "I am glad you did not warn me, for now you will get your beloved lamb and mint sauce," she went on. "If I had expected you, I should have sent out for chickens. You don't like them so well, but in my bringing up company was company and had chickens; and I can't change my customs at seventy-nine." Walter's wandering attention came back with a start at the last words.

"Seventy-nine! My dear, you are not!"

Mrs. Pender smiled blandly. "It sounds better than sixty-nine, my dear. I put it ten years back as long as it was plausible! Now I find ten years ahead more effective."

"Do you call that living up to the best and the highest that is in you?" He seemed to be gloomily quoting. "I am glad you're a wicked old lady," he added impulsively, putting his arm over her minute shoulders as they turned to the dining-room. "That is why you're so lovable."

She patted his big hand.

"It *is* nice to have you," she repeated. "Cast your boys upon the waters of mat-

rimony, and after many days they will return to you."

"But not 'buttered.'" Walter's laugh had a grim meaning of its own.

He was spasmodically gay at dinner, with lapses into periods of vagueness wherein he seemed to be carrying on some inner conversation: his lips shaped silent phrases, and once his fist came down on the table with a quick rap of decision or exasperation. He glanced up guiltily, and met Mrs. Pender's smiling, comprehending look. It seemed to impel confidences. He leaned his elbows on the table, pushing aside his coffee cup.

"My dear," he began, "did you know that I was on the whole rather a failure as a character?"

"No, I did not," she said stoutly; "and you will have hard work proving it to me."

"Well, it has been proved pretty thoroughly to me;" and Walter lapsed into frowning silence.

"You were a good boy when I had you." Her tone was delicately detached and she did not look at him. "You can't have gone down hill very far in seven months."

He shook his head. "I have n't: it is just that I was down hill all the time. Only you and I did n't know it." He laughed resentfully. "We do now!"

"Well, I knew you were human, and a man," Mrs. Pender admitted. "Beyond those two fundamental defects —"

"Oh, they are nothing to my other failures! We've got the judgment seat established in our house now. We keep it in the back parlor and spend the evening gathered round it. I am even learning to use it myself, — it's a contagious habit." He finished his coffee and rose. "Don't mind if I'm grumpy," he added, with an

apologetic smile, and they went back to the drawing-room in intimate silence. When he had pulled her chair to the fire, he took his privileged position full length on the hearth-rug, with his hands under his head.

"It's good to be here," he said. Presently he tipped his head back so that he might look into her face. "Do you know, I used to think I was a fairly good sort?" he began. "I was truthful, and decent, — kind to my mother and all that, and people liked me: in fact, I thought I came rather high. Well, it's something of a shock to have it proved to me that my ideals are second-rate and my ambitions petty. It is, honest."

Mrs. Pender looked down thoughtfully into the sincere, worried eyes. "One says things, in anger, — so many things!" she murmured.

"Oh, we don't quarrel," the barriers had suddenly dropped, leaving them deep in confidence. "We simply point out to each other, very affectionately and with the highest motives, just where we fail. We don't have any hurt vanity or petty resentment in our house, — we want to develop ourselves to the highest possible point, and only entire frankness with each other can get us there. We're always warm and kind, but we spend the day analyzing each other, then come together at night to report. And meanwhile" — he laughed ironically, then sighed. "She's right, you know, absolutely. I am not being misjudged, — only found out. I can't deny anything enough to really mitigate it." He laid his hand for a moment on her little slippers foot. "Why did n't you bring me up better?" he accused her.

"Well, if I had caught you when I was Alice's age, I might have," she admitted. "But you see you did n't come under my eye until I was old — old enough to be humbly thankful that you were no worse!" Her glance seemed to turn back for a troubled moment to others who had been worse; then she returned to him with a smile. "If you love

each other enough, criticism won't hurt you," she added.

"Oh, I can take a licking all right. But should n't there be intervals wherein one is merely loved and admired?"

"One should be loved and admired every moment of the twenty-four hours. I rather fancy one is!" she added, with a humorous lift of her eyebrows. He turned his face back to the fire.

"All roads lead to the judgment seat, in our house," he said. Then he began to talk of other things, as though rather ashamed.

When, at ten o'clock, he rose to go, he stood hesitating before her for a moment.

"I have n't meant to be — disloyal," he said. "I would n't have let out so to any one else on earth. You believe that, don't you?"

She pulled him down and kissed him. "I know it. Hold on tight, dear boy, and wait, — just wait!"

Alice's door was shut when he reached home, and her light out, so he went softly to his own room. It was a fragrantly sweet, well-kept little room: the purity of Alice's ideals showed in linen and silver and brass as clearly as in words and actions. His book-shelf had been filled with the same earnest fastidiousness: there were Amiel and Maeterlinck and Pater, Tolstoi and Browning, with a touch of Meredith and Mrs. Wharton for lighter moods. Walter had read such books with Alice devotedly during their brief engagement: he would have read Confucius in the original for the privilege of being beside her, — happily and with no consciousness of guile: but that sort of thing could not go on indefinitely. He grew restless under Nietzsche after their marriage, fell asleep over *Marius*, and finally came to open rebellion after three nights of Plato.

"It's awful: I can't stand it," he protested. "Do let's have some good human reading for once in our lives. There's a ripping story in the new *Munsey*, — lie down here and I'll read it to you."

Alice's quiet refusal and the dismayed

look in her eyes made him feel as if he had been gross.

"But no one could listen indefinitely to that Plato stuff; and it *is* a good story," he muttered in bewildered self-justification when, a few minutes later, she rose and left the room. From that night dated the judgment seat: Alice had looked up from her dream and, for the first time, had seen him.

There was a pile of magazines now on the table by his bed, as well as twenty-six automobile circulars. Walter read for a while, paying scant attention. At last he threw down a half-finished story, rose, and softly opened his wife's door. A movement showed that she was awake.

"How is your head, Alice?" he asked, cheerfully ignoring the conversation on which they had parted.

"Better, dear, I think. I shall be all right in the morning;" her voice tried in vain to hide the fact that she had been crying, and Walter felt a rush of irritation. "If I drank or stole!" flashed through his mind in angry protest.

"Well, I hope so. Good-night," he said coldly, and closed the door. He lay awake a long time, half hoping that she would call him back; but there was no sound from the other room.

Some of Walter's natural cheerfulness of spirit reasserted itself during the course of the next day's work. The bewildered resentment that had been daily bringing him nearer and nearer to what he grimly called the breaking-point — he did not define it further — seemed relieved by his outburst to his old friend, and her hopeful, "Wait — just wait!" stayed by him comfortingly. After all, there was no real, tangible trouble between Alice and himself: and every one knew that young couples had struggles their first year. A vision of her face, — childishly rounded, brown-cheeked, wholesome, with wide, eager eyes always a little lifted, as if she were used to talking with tall people or to sitting at the feet of things: devout eyes that seemed to look through a faint mist when they were

turned down to what Walter called the ordinary facts of life, — made his heart warm. Dear, dear soul! Asking a little too much of man, perhaps: but deserving far more than she asked. Dear girl! He must not let himself forget the big whole of their marriage in the little struggles of the moment.

He left his office in time for a game of squash, followed by a shower and a rub-down. Encountering a twenty-seventh automobile circular, he read it absorbedly on the way home, and entered his house buoyant with health and cheer. Alice, who was bending over an Italian dictionary, pushed it away and went quickly to meet him. Evidently the day had had its warnings for her, too, for she clung to him with silent intensity. He sat down with her in his arms, talking great folly, "Old sweetness and light! Walter's bad girl!" being as sensible as any of it. After they had emerged into commonplace language again, he brought out the automobile circular.

"This really seems to be a little beauty," he explained, "and not so very expensive, either. Look here, it's got" — he revelled in technicalities, comparing it favorably with the favorites of the twenty-six previously examined. Her face had clouded, and she drew away from him: she had never shown any especial response to his automobile enthusiasm; but to-night the disapproval was too marked to be ignored.

"I'm not really going to get one, dear," he reassured her. "I may be extravagant in spots; but I am not quite so rash as all that. I am just amusing myself, honest." She rose, under pretext of rearranging the fire.

"It is n't that," she said, with her back to him. "I would almost rather you bought one, and got it over with."

"You mean I bore you," said Walter quietly, returning the circular to his pocket.

"Oh, no, no! It is only" — she hesitated, then took it up as eagerly as she would have put her hand into the fire if

she had believed that demanded of her; "it troubles me to see you spending all that enthusiasm and time on what is, after all, a — grown-up toy. I want your life to count, Walter!" She was facing him now, exalted by her own high desires. "There are so many fine, big things to care about, so much that means growth! Think what they are doing for the city and for science and for the poor and the sick, — the men who count! Think what there is to read and study, — dearest, dearest, there is so little time. How can you spend your leisure and enthusiasm over a toy?"

Walter had risen and stood with eyes on the ground, the brightness gone from his boyish face.

"The truth is, Alice," he said, after a pause, the words coming with a physical effort that made her sensitive hands clench, "the truth is, you have married the wrong man. I'm just a commonplace chap, like a million others. I have n't any vast ambitions, and I can't pump them up, — I have tried, but I can't. My ideal has been to do well by my wife and — and children, to get on in my profession, and keep a decently clean record, and to have as much fun as I could on the side. To satisfy you I'd like to come higher, but I can't, honest. Now, what are we going to do about it?"

There was a new hardness in his voice, a hint of a growing intention, that made her press against a chair for steadiness. The mist seemed to gather between him and the wide, candid eyes that could see only high things.

"But you could be so much more, Walter," she pleaded. "You have all the weapons, — courage and brains and judgment. I don't want you to be what you are not, — only to use what you have. You waste yourself, dearest, — undervalue your own bigness. And it is just because you have never been with people who cared for big things." She came close to him and took his arm between her hands. "Oh, can't you see how much more *fun* it is even, to count, to make

your life matter in some one definite way? To belong to the world's great movement?"

He drew away from her with quiet hardness. "I am sorry, Alice, but I don't see life as a mission. I work fairly hard in my office: the rest of the time I want recreation. And we can't go on like this, you know."

"Ah, don't, don't!" Her look was that of one who faces a physical blow.

"I must. I can't stand this sort of thing another hour." He pulled out his watch, looked at it unseeing and put it back. "I am going to do the only decent and dignified thing under the circumstances, — which is to clear out." The mist seemed to be blinding her altogether: she put out her hand as though in the dark.

"To leave me!" The words were so faint that he could ignore them.

"I shall remove myself to Mrs. Pender's for a few weeks," he went on steadily. "She will understand without asking questions, and she won't misjudge you in any way. If you decide in that time that you want me as *I am*, if you will give up judging and love what you can in me, send me word. I will come back at any minute. Otherwise" — He turned abruptly to the door. "Good-by."

She shrank into a chair, looking white and stricken and crumpled. She could hear him moving about the room overhead, but she did not stir until his determined tread sounded on the stairs: then she bent forward, listening with strained intentness. She heard him put a bag down in the hall, then, after a horrible pause, his steps turned back and the door opened.

He stood over her a moment in silence.

"Alice, can't you take me just as I am?" he asked sadly. For all her terror, her eyes, lifted to him now, were as steady as his.

"It is you as you really are that I want! I can't compromise on the boy when the man is there. I want you, the big you." She caught his hand in both hers. "You can if you only will!"

He stooped and kissed her. "Good-by," he said.

The closing of the front door jarred and broke her restraint; but through all her desperate sobbing she whispered, "It's for his sake, for his sake!"

Mrs. Pender took Walter in with unquestioning sympathy, and for a few days the peace of her unexacting affection closed about him like relief: he believed that he was glad to be away from Alice. Then, creeping upon him like a sickness, his longing for her came back, stronger day by day. His face took on an old, tragic look under its boyishness, and he gave up trying to talk, sure of his friend's understanding. Sometimes it seemed to him that an impassable sea had rolled between him and Alice; and again he would wonder what the trouble was all about, and why he did not simply go home to her.

He did go to her after two weeks, without warning, almost without intention. She was sitting with her books about her, but she was not reading. Except for a deep breath at sight of him, she did not move or speak: the face lifted to him was all one poignant question.

"I will take up any pursuit you choose," he began, standing doggedly in front of her: "politics, religion, sanitation, Italian literature, — anything whatever. They would all be an equal bore to me and I think it's rot; but I'm willing to meet you half way." The flush that had risen in her brown cheeks died out and he saw with deepened exasperation how thin she had grown. "Wait!" he added, as she started to speak. "That is my half: I will do it on condition that you drop all this analyzing and judgment now and forever, that you take me as I am, with as much love as possible, and with no comments."

If she had flashed into anger it might have been better for them both; but she was too eager for the great issue to care about her own wounds. She answered him with an unconscious forbearance that stung.

"What sort of a marriage would that

be, Walter, — without frankness and truth? I have to say what I think and feel: anything else would be unworthy of us both. My dear love, you don't know what you are asking."

"And you don't know what you are throwing away," he said shortly, and left her.

Until that hour Alice's faith had been strong: the big aspect must dominate the little aspect, in time; man, seeing the good thing, must inevitably choose it; she had waited in sorrow and desolation, but she had not once doubted the issue. With his last words and his last look, despair opened before her like a cleft in the solid earth, a cleft that widened daily as the ground crumbled under her, and the giant convictions rooted in her twenty-three years of life seemed to bend like twigs under her clutch. "And you don't know what you are throwing away:" the rough words bruised her afresh every hour. "It is right, it is for the truth," she cried over and over; but the words seemed to have lost their resonance.

She went painfully through every step of their trouble, trying to find herself arrogant, self-righteous, narrow-minded; but she was none of these things, and her clear mind would not let her deceive herself into the passionately desired, "I was wrong." No: she had cared loyally for what was best and biggest, she had been true to the creed of the world's greatest. Her reasoning was inexorable; but over and above it, night after night, sounded the old, primitive cry, — "I want him! Oh, I want him!"

The days of her torment went by blindly; she scarcely knew evening from morning, held helpless in her anguish by the single straightness of her creed. She did not consciously rebel against her own decisions; she only crouched down under them and suffered. She might have died that way, like a martyr to whom the word "recant" conveys no meaning, but for a trivial announcement in a morning paper. Two clubs, the St. Swithin's and the Pilgrim, were to meet each other at base-

ball that afternoon, for the amusement of their friends and the benefit of a day nursery. The Pilgrim being Walter's club, she read the announcement for the momentary sense of nearness to him, even scanning the list of players for his friends.

"Left field, Walter L. Richmond —"

"Oh, no, no!" she breathed, and read it over and over, trying not to believe. Their whole life together was at stake, — and he could play amateur baseball while he waited. The agony, then, was all hers. She was utterly alone.

She spent the morning buttonholing a flannel sacque for a friend's child. One of the few violent acts of her life was to burn it, several weeks later, on sight. After a pretense of lunching, she dressed and went out into a glare of early spring sunshine. Wind was whirling the dust at the corners into flapping banners that closed round her chokingly. The world was as bald and empty as a white plate. Crowded cars went past, bearing advertisements of the charity baseball game: she tried to ignore them, but she had known all along that she must go to it. She had to see him.

She bought a reserved seat, but a glance at the crowd already installed there dismayed her: it was sure to hold friends and acquaintances. Even as she hesitated, she saw little Mrs. Pender, bright and elaborate, being helped devotedly to her place by several youths. She turned away to an uncovered stand opposite, where a crowd of another sort was cushioning the benches with newspapers, and dense clumps of little boys seemed to be chewing gum in unison. They obligingly made room for her, with a glance or two of curiosity, for well-dressed, tragic-looking young women, unescorted and evidently oblivious of the fact, were not a usual sight in the bleachers. Then the teams came out, with a pretense of being very seriously in earnest, and she was forgotten.

"There he is!" she said suddenly, as the Pilgrim team spread out on the field beneath.

"Ma'am?" said the youth beside her. She sent him a dim smile of apology and bent down again, her whole hungry, lonely soul in her gaze. Walter came past talking to a comrade, a little grave and thin, perhaps, but present-minded, ready for the occasion. Presently, when the game had begun, the old boyish gayety began to show in his movements: he ran valiantly to second, and joined in the universal chuckle when he was put out on third in spite of a dramatic slide. His voice came to her once or twice, spontaneous and alert. The loneliness closed on her like a shroud.

"I am only one element of his life," she thought; then realized into what stale old paths her bitter discovery had led her, and repeated, "a woman's whole existence!" with a new and crushing understanding.

She knew nothing of baseball, and followed the game only as it concerned Walter. The crowd seemed to watch him, too: he was often applauded, generally with friendly laughter. The game was nearly over when a ball, crackling soundly on the bat, went swinging high in his direction: Walter ran back, sprang wildly into the air and caught it. A single voice shot out from the grandstand, — "Good old Walter!" and the cry was repeated in a roar of applause; even the bleachers took it up in joyous familiarity, "Good old Walter!" while he stood laughing, and the attendant Pilgrims ran to pound congratulations on his back. They were all with him, laughing, stamping, cheering: all the world was with him. Only his wife seemed to sit apart in her stifling shroud of loneliness.

"I really cannot stand it," she said quietly.

"Ma'am?" repeated the youth beside her.

She rose, and they made a path out for her, thinking by her pallor that she was ill. One or two people were already leaving the grandstand opposite, and among them she saw Mrs. Pender. Alice followed her to her carriage.

"May I go home with you? May I talk with you?" She was as oblivious of greetings as a man with a bullet in his side might have been, and Mrs. Pender met her as simply. If, beneath her courtly surface, some lack of sympathy was concealed, it was gone by the time the silent drive was ended.

Alice followed her to the drawing-room with the same stricken unconsciousness of externals and sat down facing her.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "I thought he would come back, that he must; but he seems to go farther and farther away. I would n't mind its killing me,—but it is not saving him. I don't know what to do."

The expression, "saving him," brought back a touch of sharpness to the withered, alert little face.

"My dear Alice!" the protest came briskly, "if Sir Galahad and Savonarola and Ralph Waldo Emerson could have been rolled into one good-looking young man, you would have made him a perfect wife. But you have married Walter. Now it is n't a matter of saving him: the question is, are you going to save your marriage?"

"But it is just that that I have been trying and waiting and suffering to save," Alice broke in eagerly. "I want it to be a big and beautiful marriage, as it must be if we take it right, if we live up to what we know is highest!"

"As it won't be—" but Mrs. Pender's irritation was now plainly assumed, "if you keep on driving Walter crazy with judgments and ultimatums. Girls like you," she went on more gently under the frightened look that was searching hers, "expect a man to be entirely composed of heart and intellect; but there is a good big tract of plain man in Walter,—or just plain boy. You have been trying to do in a few weeks something that in ten years—with infinite tact and patience—you might begin to accomplish. Or say twenty years. Things are as they are, Alice, not as they ought to be. You

must take Walter as he is—or lose him."

"You mean I must compromise;" the girl's voice trembled; "keep my ideals to myself, put aside the big things to humor toys and games,—deny in my life every day what I know is the truth?"

"If you had a son, dear,"—the old voice had grown wholly gentle,—"would n't you do very much that? Keep things till he could understand them, hide your criticisms of him under your love in nine cases out of ten, hold his heart close to yours, and so guide it when you could without wounding?"

"With a child, yes; but that is n't marriage."

Mrs. Pender rose and went to her, laying her little jeweled hands on the drooping shoulders. "My dear, that is all the marriage a woman like you can have with a man like Walter. Put away your ideal of marriage as something you have missed: take him as your son, love him, help him; above all, be his comrade,—love the game because he loves it, as you would your son's. Perhaps, this way, in time he will grow nearer to the things you care about: perhaps he never will. But it is all you have left. Take him in your secret heart—your very secret heart—as your oldest son; and, Alice dear,"—she bent down and kissed her with a tremulous smile,—"don't keep him an only child a minute longer than you can help!"

She went out of the room, and Alice sat for a long time motionless, staring ahead with wide, misty eyes; all that life meant to her pitted against the pain in her heart. Then the front door closed and a step sounded in the hall. She sprang to her feet, still irresolute, her face drawn with struggle.

"Alice!" Walter's voice was quick, warm, ready for overwhelming gladness. The shadows fled and she ran to him.

"Oh, my little boy!" she cried over and over, her arms about him. "My boy, my little boy!" He smiled, well content with her new name for him, hearing in it only her tenderness.

THE MEASURE OF GREATNESS

BY N. S. SHALER

DEBATE as to the relative greatness in men may be said to be characteristic of our genus. We find it in the most primitive tribes, where the temporary ruler has authority because he is judged to be abler than his fellow-tribesman in those actions on which the common safety depends, as in hunting or war. As the society develops and occupations become varied and equalized to particular groups of citizens, the question as to relative greatness becomes ever more complicated, so that we now have to ask ourselves which of the successes in human endeavor is the worthiest of admiration. Is it to the soldier, the statesman, the prophet, the maker of literature, or the economist, that we shall award the foremost place in our intellectual hierarchy, when he has surpassed his fellows in these several fields of endeavor?

At first sight it may seem to be a matter of no particular importance how we rank our leaders in thought and action. They do their work: they pass on, and time alone can determine the value of their deeds. Save for the literary effect of his life Alexander has gone to the air, while the work of the unknown inventor who devised the magnifying glass penetrates the life of all civilized societies, and is to influence the fate of man to his last day. With this doubt as to the relative efficiency of our actions, why is it worth while to strive for a measure as to the merit or dignity of the men who do them? Is it not better to accept the democracy of deeds, and to judge men alone by the sufficiency with which they perform their duty,—be it spinning or leading hosts? The answer to this is that men cannot be democratic in their appreciation of their fellows; the aristocratic motive in them is primitive and fundamental. We may in

time succeed in limiting the scope of this motive; but whenever it is barred from its earlier and louder manifestations it quickly finds some other opportunity to assert itself. We get rid of the ancient aristocracy of birth to find ourselves confronted by that of wealth. We can in a way make men equal before the bar of the written law; but we cannot give them equality before that primitive obdurate aristocrat, the mind of man.

Not only is this judgment as to the essential worth of their fellows inevitable; but it is the basis of moral advancement; it is the prime ideal which is to determine whether a society is to go up or down. Each generation steers by it; those of us who would form or reform it can do no better work than to examine into these ideals of station, and set forth their value on some profitable scale. So far such endeavors, and they have been many, have been developed on two lines. In the one it is assumed that a particular kind of work such as warfare or religion is of supreme importance, and the measure of greatness is determined by accomplishment in that field. In the other, that followed by Galton in his studies of genius, the aim is to determine the range and scope of the various forms of mental labor, to ascertain what may be termed the dynamic value of the work done by the leaders of thought and action. In this writing I propose to approach the problem from another side, to try, in a word, for a measure of this value on the scale of man's needs in the way of advancement. The plan of this may be set forth as follows:—

We may assume that the mainmost purpose of man is the advance of his kind. So far as we can discern anything like purpose in this world it is to attain this

end. Whether in our deeds we are collaborators in the purpose of the realm or whether we strive alone as men, there can be no doubt that the largest of all duties is to work for this advance. This is, or should be, a commonplace in morals; yet it is well to set it clearly before our minds. Taking it as true, it is evident that the highest form of endeavor is that which most effectively serves to lead man onward in the direction in which his evolution can profitably be attained. Thus all that makes for the enlargement of human nature in body and mind is good, and that which makes against such growth is evil, both alike being measured against the sum of good and ill that affects our kind.

In gauging the merits of action, as we do in measuring the greatness of men, we have to make our judgment as we make it in the course of a great battle where many commanders and men unite their efforts in the common endeavor to win forward. Those who merely hold their place against assault do well; those who win ground are the better, each in the grade of his doing: but to him who so fits thought and action to all the conditions of the events, and gains the campaign, is given the foremost place in the work. So men have ever and fitly judged the relative merit of men in that brutal but most illustrative of all human work. We have to recognize that there is an essential likeness between this primitive struggle of war and the work of our kind in pushing back the limits which hamper the ongoing of humanity. In both men set themselves against the restraints of their environment in the search for widened fields: in both successes are paid with fame and whatever else men have to give as reward. All that the student of the situation can do is to show, if

reasons why the valuation put upon different kinds of leadership should be other than are now assigned.

In the tangle of actions which we can trace in the moral and intellectual development of man, we can see that the germs

of the greater part of his impulses were derived from his ancestors of infra-human grade. Curiosity, timidity, quick-wittedness, love of offspring, and the wider affection for his kind, are all from the lower life in his simian kindred. So too some little trace of his hand-craftiness, for those remote ancestors use their arms as do no other brutes. Even the experimental and rational qualities of our minds seem to be foreshadowed, though dimly, in the monkeys. There are other motives, however, which seem to originate in man, for we cannot discern a trace of them in the series of mammals whence he derives his life. Two of these concern the problem in hand and need to be well observed.

First of the forms of mental development above referred to as apparently originating in man after he had passed out of the old order is the sense of beauty. This æsthetic sense appears to have been essentially lacking in the series through which our life was derived from the fishes upward to mankind. The shapes of these creatures, as indicated in those of their collateral living kindred, are singularly lacking in beauty; they are almost the ungainliest of the brutes. Their hairy covering which in many other series of mammals is by sexual selection brought to be ornamental in color and shape, never gains beyond grotesque effects; it is generally hideous, sometimes obscene. In a measure found nowhere else in the suck-giving species, the insensibility of the ancestors of man to beauty is such as would have led a naturalist to deny the possibility of its development in their descendants. Again, while the vocal organs of these brutal predecessors of man are powerful, they do not,—with the possible exception of certain species of howling

monkeys, which are said to compass an octave,—give any sign of a musical utterance. But this defect can be charged to all the mammals, who show no trace of sensibility to accords. It is thus evident that the rapid development of the æsthetic motives in

man can in no wise be attributed to the enlargement of the motive which was founded in his lower kindred.

Another, and for the matter we are considering a more important development of guiding motive in man, is that which leads him to accept the mastery of chieftains. There is a distinct trace of this impulse in the species which mark the path of his evolution. Among the apes there are certain evidences of clanship, and some indications that the older and stronger of the society lead in their moments of flight and chase; yet if there be such trace of subordination to a leader, it is distinctly less than what we find in many other groups of mammals. In men this instinct for the leader very quickly develops, and almost at the outset of his human history we find the motive so well-advanced that it forms the very centre of growth of the communities, expressing itself even in the lower societies in a gradation of men as to their importance.

Another of the sudden developments of human quality, that which is most independent of man's animal history, is his inventiveness and devising power in face of unusual conditions. In very many animals below man we find exceedingly perfect adjustment of action to circumstances, even when these be of much complexity. The spider in fitting its web to the topography of the supports which are to hold it, the beaver in adjusting its dam to the site it is to occupy, have to express a certain kind of discretion in their work; but the fundamental motive is not ingenuity, for the essentials of what they do are in-born; but in man the contriving in no wise rests on inherited concepts of shapes of things, as where the guidance is instinctive; he has to picture the thing he desires to build individually, without the help of inheritances. In the lower life all constructive work is evolved in the development of a species or born of many successive species. In man, one individual savage may go farther in inventing than all the other mammals in the ages since the group began to exist. To this

work he brings from the antecedent life no help whatever, for there personal invention is practically unknown. All the contrivances of the constructive kind are the result of variations which owe their origin to something else than rationality.

A most important result of the sudden and exceedingly varied intellectual development of man is that in this field of his qualities he lacks the control of inheritances. In his physical life he is absolutely under such guidance for all his varied activities; he has not changed his body in any structural feature, every organ, bone and muscle is what his ancestry led them to be. The control here is so absolute that we cannot hope that he will ever be able to attain to any innovations in his frame; but in the mental field, because in it there is no controlling past, that past having given him a big unused brain, he has a freedom that no other kind of life has enjoyed. The lower species have their round of action most narrowly circumscribed by what has been sent on from the past. We see how limiting these hampers are in our bodies.

One of the results of the marvelously swift, absolutely free development of man's spirit is that there has as yet been insufficient time for it to become organized as are the conditions of the body. Working in the instinctive manner in which the lower species do their complicated work through the fore-determined mental processes we term instincts, there are always gauges and standards for the endeavors in the mind as there are in the bodily frame. With us, however, all kinds of thinking are still a hurly-burly, a confusion, to which time and culture may possibly bring something like the order it has in the lower life, but which probably is ever to remain in its present uncontrolled shape save as it may be qualified by criticism of our thought. Applying this criticism, we note certain features which bear upon our problem.

One of these is that the inheritance of

fear is very strong in our species. Coming as he does through thousands of species of a timorous nature, perhaps the most inefficient combatant for his task in the animal kingdom, man has ever been largely shaped by his fears; it is, therefore, most natural that he has from the beginning of his estate as man been prone to worship the leader who has managed to avoid this ancient ill, or at least to act independently of it. Inheriting from the brutes some measure of disposition to adopt leaders, particularly when moved by fear, we find the first distinct sign of the chieftainship motive in the early stages of the war lord. It may be that there was a beginning of the process in the nascent family relation of the primitive tribes of man; but so far as we can see, this relation was too obscure to afford the foundation for the system.

Even in its simplest form the human tribe reacts more vigorously and more variedly on its environment than any other society of animals except those of the insects. The result of this is that it is normally at war with other tribes as well as with the predatory brutes. For this business of fighting man is, save for his rational quality, singularly ill provided. His body, with its long limbs and slightly built extremities, is the least fitted for battle of any animal of like size; it took its shape for service in nimble springing and clinging movements in the boughs. The claws which once armed the digits were, at the beginning of the ape series, converted into the flat nails that entirely lack the lethal efficiency they have in the predatory beasts. The teeth once relatively efficient as rending instruments, with the shortening of the jaw in man, and the reduction in the size of the canines, were likewise put out of use for combat. Add to these disabilities an inheritance of chronic fear and we see man in the primal helplessness, save for the intelligence with which he began his long struggle with adversity. We see most clearly that he had to make his wits serve in lieu of armor and arms, and to do this he had to

make the boldest and ablest in combat his leaders; that course alone could bring him safety.

It is eminently probable that the process of selection for a long time played an important part in fixing this habit of subjection to war lords. We know, it is true, little concerning the condition of man in the first stages of his new estate, but we gather enough to make it certain that for many thousand years he existed in terror of small warring tribes. It is evident that of these little societies those would be apt to survive in the struggle for existence which adopted the plan of applying their strength through leaders chosen for their intelligence and valor. It is also clear that such leaders would be more likely to have successful progeny than the commoner sort, so that in their way there would be a tendency to develop courage as well as physical power and intelligence in the stock. In this way we can account for the institution of valiant strains of blood in the genus of man, which clearly inherited little of them from the lower life.

The first competitor with the primitive war lord was the prophet, — the divinator. His station was the first of the purely human leaderships, for the leader in battle was invented in the lower life. The station of the prophet or the diviner appears to have been established some time after men entered on their brutal life. At the outset of the ongoing, if we may judge it by the lowest existing groups, men questioned the realm about them little more than did the beasts whence they came. Gradually the problems of how and whence took shape and led to the conception of unseen powers like enough unto mankind to need propitiation; so that the function of leadership in this field became affirmed, with a conception of the importance of the work those overlords could do which gave them a place just below that of the successful warrior. Here and there we find these two leaders conjoined, but there is very generally and

naturally a separation of these relations and functions.

Farther on in the series of social development, after the war-chief and the medicine man had won their place, when the society was sufficiently advanced to make the need of fixed rules of conduct clear, the latest of what we may term the primitive chieftainships, that of the law-giver, was shaped. We find this function often associated with the other chieftainships; but the great principle of the division of labor, organic in its scope, leads by the beginning of civilization,—if it be not the sign of its approach,—to the concept of enduring law and of a dignitary who is to shape and enforce it. So appears the judge and legislator, the last of the men to be set on high before the higher culture begins.

When men, escaping the narrow brutal limits, begin to extend their range of thought and action in the wider fields of civilization, many new fields of activity are cultivated: first among these are the aesthetic,—those which embody concepts of beauty. Of all the marvelous unfoldings of the germ of the human soul which came over from the lower life, the most wonderful are those which embody the sense of beauty. As above noted, little or nothing of this came up from below. It is safe to say that no species of brute, in the tens of thousands through which our gathering life was sent on, did anything to express an emotion of beauty,—doubtful indeed if it ever felt any form of that motive. But as soon as the hand of man begins to shape, his soul is moved to do the shaping beautifully. With the higher exercise of the motive for the division of labor, so apparent in all the developments of civilization, the production of beautiful things gave in time the skillful aesthetic artisan, and later the painter, the sculptor, and, in time, the poet and the men of varied letters, each with his esteem from his fellows and his station in the hall of fame they keep in their arts. Last of all comes inquiring science, with its ample provision of sta-

tions where there is a diverse adjudgment of action according to the changing opinion of generations.

Thus, in the enlargement of activities which comes about with the advancing complexity of civilization we have a host of new stations contending for recognition with those of primitive origin. With the progressive democratization of society, the conflict between these diverse appreciations of the men in the several places of leadership is bringing about certain evident changes in the measure of esteem in which they are severally held. This is perhaps the most striking in the case of the soldiers. In a time of war, when a civilized folk for a time reverts to the primitive savage motives, we see them revert to the primitive savage worship of the conquering chief, often in a measure that may fairly be called insane. When they return to their habitual peaceful motives, they may turn from their idols as if with disgust for their aberrations.

The unhappy trifling contest between the United States and Spain afforded admirable instances to show how unstable is this hold of the war lord on a modern folk of modern democratic motives. For a few months, while our people were back on the savage plane, the men who won those easy but astounding victories on the sea were the subjects of frantic adulation; but as soon as the fit had passed they were effectively forgotten. In monarchical countries, where by the organization of the state the people are kept nearer in motive to the original savagery, the ancient measure of those who lead by might,—war lords and their semblances in the form of kings,—hold their place better than in democracies; yet the change is observable there, for the attitude of men is now that of tolerance rather than that of blind devotion, as it was of old. It is evident, even for a decade, that the soldier is losing his place as the highest figure of our societies; at the rate at which the change is making, a century is likely to see him accorded the lower, yet dignified, station now allotted to a skillful head of

a large fire department or an able chief of police.

In lesser degree yet evidently, the stations of the other primitive dignitaries, the priests and lawgivers, are being shorn of their ancient prestige. In the case of the priests, the august station which once was theirs because of their position as intermediaries between the masses of men and the Creator, is disappearing,—has in fact gone. In place of that vanished dignity, the priesthood is acquiring a more enduring one by becoming teachers of the art of sound living; if they win that place it is not likely to be assailed. The decline in the esteem accorded to the law-giver in his successor the statesman is as evident as in the case of his ancient coadjutors, the soldier and the priest. It appears to be due to the substantial completion of his work, which has now been to a great extent passed over to the interpreter of the law, the judge, who has won in large part the station which the legislator has lost. We no longer look for men to make constitutions and bills of rights, we are rather doubtful about their meddling with those we have learned to endure. This loss of reverence for the statesman's office is indeed one of the most curious features of our modern life. The explanation is probably far more complicated than is here suggested; something of the change is doubtless due to the recent growth of individualism.

Seeing as we do all about us a swiftly advancing change in the estimation of the dignity of human accomplishments, a change already great, which is certain within a few decades to be profound, let us see if there can be any forecasting of the results, so that we may know even approximately the future of our ideals of station. It may be assumed that the new order will be founded, as was the old, on a sense of the relative value of the contributions that men make to their fellow-men; the difference being that, in well-ordered civilizations informed by a modern sense of values, when the judgment

relates to many fields of action each will be judged critically, with little reference to its traditional importance. Looked at from this point of view it seems likely that the distribution of honor for achievement will be groupable on the following principles.

As men now see the fields of action they are evidently divisible into two realms,—the internal, which concerns the space of man's nature, and the external, which includes the *else* of the universe. In the present state of the human mind, what is looked upon by the highest spirits—those who show us whereto our kind is tending—as the highest leadership relates to explorations in one or the other of these realms, the amplitude of which is beginning to be seen. It is a mark of advancement above the stage of barbarism when the explorer begins to be valued. At first he was only a seeker of unknown lands; he is now the seeker of the undiscovered in any of the spaces, and has an esteem that grows continually. It does not matter what the form of truth may be that he brings back,—provided it be truth, we trust to its enriching value. What Darwin and the other evolutionists won from the unknown was on the whole painful to most men, for it broke up ancient belief; yet the leaders in this new view of life quickly and permanently gained a high place in the esteem of men, even of those who contended against them. Again, we note that the explorers of the human mind, those who are seeking to penetrate into the newly revealed depths of the unconscious parts of our intelligence, the so-called subliminal regions, though they are forced to deal with the generally despised tenets of spiritualism, are looked upon, and deservedly, as path-breakers in a great wilderness.

In this widening of the canons of greatness which is coming in our enlarged and democratized societies, we may assume that the measure of greatness to be applied to those who help to our understanding of the two realms will be determined by the share of truth they bring to their

fellows, and the value of that truth to the art of living. As regards the external world, we may well believe that when the conviction is brought home to men, that the body of observable truth in that realm is essentially fathomless, — that we may endlessly bring its facts to knowledge, until those of any science far transcend the power of any life, however able and devoted, to comprehend, — we shall find men turning back from the incomprehensible universe to the vast but less unlimited realm of human nature, looking to the depths of their own souls and their relations to their neighbors as the nobler field of inquiry, and giving recognition to successes in its exploration as the greatest within the field of accomplishment. The rewards of esteem have ever been higher in the heart of the race for deeds which immediately relate to the souls of men; the prophets who go to them in the religious way, the divinators who approach them by the path of literature, have always had and probably always will have a higher place than the explorers in any part of the unhuman realm. Shakespeare is certain of his glory when that of Newton or of Darwin will be dimmed by the host who are to win to like eminence in the limitless field of natural learning.

The result of what may be called the progressive advancement of the soul is that already in the animals below man it is clear that the creatures begin to appreciate their eminent isolation, and seek in all possible ways to relieve their solitariness by sympathetic relations with their kindred. All the flocks and herds show their affection for their fellows; even in the most solitary predaceous forms it is traceable. When man comes with his vast enlargement of quality, and in proportion as he rises above the level of the brutes, this need of sympathy increases until it becomes the leading motive in his life. He seeks it in the understanding of his fellows, of the phenomenal world about him, and of the realm of his own depths and of the over all. Often through activi-

ties in great periods of action, of discovering and invention, he is turned for a time aside from his interest in the mystery of his kind, and of the unseen which he feels akin to it; but he comes back inevitably to those supreme quests. At present, we are in the midst of a period when the external realm mostly commands the attention of men. The revelations from that side of the universe are so startling, they have such immediate relation to power, that men are occupied with action as upon a battlefield; but if we give value to experience we must believe that they will soon be wearied — if they are not affrighted — by that infinite of entangled actions, and turn back to that human side of nature which is akin to them because it is always friendly. If this return of the body of educated mankind to the field of human nature is, as it seems, inevitable, then their concern with the inventor and discoverer, the shapers of trade and other men who are breaking and shaping the ways of our material advancement, will be lessened, and the human realm will again claim the foremost place in the minds of men.

There can be no question that the material universe will always command the interest of a limited group of the abler men; but the most of our kind are not naturalists but humanists: we see clear evidence of this in the fact that, while any empiricist may win a high place in public esteem by discoveries that have an important bearing on the technical arts, astronomers of many times the ability, who solve the problems of the far-off spheres, rarely win station in the esteem of the public, though their researches are many times as important to science. Their measure of greatness is taken only by their few companions in inquiry. As this work of discovery in the physical realm passes farther out into the depths of the great and the minute, into space and time, it will inevitably become more and more recondite. There will be fewer of the conquests that seem to adorn the triumphs of the conquerors in the public gaze. Men

are and ever will be interested in the tides of the sea; but when it comes to the tides in the fluid masses of the outer stars, their interest naturally, and from the point of view of human nature very properly, wanes. As long as the problems of heredity had the relative complexity that characterized them in the Darwinian age of thirty years ago, the world deliberately attended to them; now that they require an understanding of features that only the specialist can see, they are given over to the few who devote their lives to very recondite inquiries.

We may assume that in another hundred years the whole group of explorers of the naturalist order will be as far removed from the comprehension of the public as are the great mathematicians, who, after the manner of the marvelous Cayley, look to a dozen contemporaries for appreciation of their work. These inquirers will not be sustained by the sympathy of mankind; to the body of their fellows they will be as remote as though they were upon another sphere. They will not be consoled as are the explorers in an earthly wilderness with the expectation of fame when they bring their harvest of new truth back to the places of men. They will have a large reward in the noble sense that they have gone farther than their fellows, and this, with the approval of the few who can understand them, will be pay enough for those seldom and high souls who are destined to break paths although there are none to follow.

Looking yet further into the future of naturalistic inquiry, say a thousand years hence, at the rate of inquiring of the last century, it seems clear that knowledge covering any particular field of the physical realm will, save in its very elements, have passed quite beyond the comprehension of any but the most elaborately equipped specialists: these men will be quite lost to their fellows, who may compute their greatness mathematically, but will be able in no sense to comprehend it. Even now we see that the truly great in-

quirers in the natural field are passing out of the public gaze, and are understood by their compeers alone. Only a small and ever more limited part of their discoveries comes to the understandings of men of ordinarily wide culture. It is safe to say that not the hundredth part of the important results of inquiry into the realm of natural science is comprehended by any one person, even by the most assiduous laborer in any of its departments. Year after year these workers find themselves the deeper in their several mines, more and more deprived of that wide-ranging sympathy with their fellows which of old rewarded the discoverer and dignified his station.

It is evidently in the study of man, of his structure, his qualities, his history, in his human station and in the vast perfections of the ancient life through which the way was won to his human estate, as well as, and supremely, in the problems of his moral development, that the masters of thought are to hold their place in the esteem of their fellows: then they will be followed by all who have the strength to do so, because in the teaching will be the revelation of themselves. The naturalist who has to tell of the steps by which man came to his estate will have attention that will never be given to the questions of life in general, near as these problems should be to all intelligent persons. The historian who deals with human conduct has his way to a hearing made easy by the motive of fellowship. Above all, the moralist who sets the man in face of himself and shows him his relations to the else than self will have the foremost place. If he do his work greatly, bringing to it Newtonian might or Darwinian devotion to his purpose, the only danger in the appreciation he is to receive is that it will instinctively lift him above the human plane, denying him true fellowship with his kind. It is only as men come to a higher appreciation of human quality that they are willing to leave their greatest teachers of morals in the same plane with themselves. That alone tells us

where lies the summit of greatness in the intuitive judgment of mankind.

The foregoing review of the measures of greatness leads us to the conclusion that in the civilized reorganization of the ideals of human station, the primitive idea that it is associated with mere dominating might, such as we see in the successful soldier or the amasser of wealth, is likely to pass away; and that the near measure will be found in the contribution men make on the one hand to our knowledge of the external realm, on the other, to the advancement of our knowledge of ourselves, and the moral gain that is connected therewith. The leaders of inquiry into the material realm are ever to go farther from the understanding and the sympathy of mankind; so far away, indeed, that few can hearken to them, and fewer

comprehend their greatness: while those who explore the realm of man are sure of eager hearers, and of a great host to follow them as best they may in the wildernesses of that like illimitable realm. We thus see that it is those who lead us unto ourselves who are ever to have the foremost place in the hearts of men. Genghis Khan is utterly forgotten by the hosts to whom Sakya-Muni stays as a god. Leonardo da Vinci, as the greatest explorer of his century in the physical realm, and as the founder of engineering, is known to a few score; as a painter who penetrated men's souls he has a place in the memory of myriads. It is, indeed, evident that the supreme figures of the future, as those of the past, are to be the prophets hereafter armed with the methods of science who are to reveal man to himself.

THE SPIRIT OF PRESENT-DAY SPAIN

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE common belief that Spain is a rigidly conservative country, unchanging and unchangeable, is not without an element of truth. There is a certain tenacity of fibre in the people of this land, tempered during untold generations by the mingled fire and ice of their keen Castilian climate, which makes it easy to recognize in the Spaniard of to-day the Iberian described by Strabo two thousand years ago. But this tenacity is like that of his famed old Toledo blades; it admits a high degree of flexibility. Of all the larger countries of Europe with a great past behind them, Spain has most fallen to the rear; but this has been the result of circumstances more than of any natural aptitude for the tasks of civilization.

It is highly instructive to-day to read Gautier's *Voyage en Espagne*. This book is much more than a fine piece of im-

pressionism. It is a massive intellectual achievement. Journeying in a little-visited country, with few modern means of locomotion, and with no Baedeker in his hand (it is scarcely ten years, indeed, since Baedeker recognized the existence of Spain), Gautier grasped in a few weeks all the more salient characteristics of the people and the land, and set them down in the clearest and firmest fashion. His book will never cease to have its value, for it represents a state of things which has largely vanished. No one nowadays need make his Spanish tour in a diligence, and no one now is likely to be permitted, as Gautier was, to spread out his mattress at night in the courts of the Alhambra. The virginal romanticism of a splendid and tattered Spain such as Gautier found has gone, almost as completely as the splendidly ruinous Rome

that Goethe entered in his carriage has to-day been swallowed up in the shoddy capital of modern Italy. Spain, indeed, has not yet attained the depressing exuberance of renovated Italy,—and the peoples of the two peninsulas are far too unlike to make any such resemblance probable,—but the contrast between Gautier's Spain of less than a century ago and the Spain of to-day is sufficiently striking to dispel forever the notion that we are here concerned with a country which has been hopelessly left behind in the march of civilization.

I have been able to realize this transforming movement in Spain in the course of my own acquaintance with the country during the past twenty years,—never more vividly than now, as I return from my fifth visit to a land which to me has long seemed perhaps the most fascinating I know, in the New World or the Old. And when I compare the Spain I have just left with the Spain I first entered at Port Bou twenty years ago, the magnitude of the changes which have been effected in so brief a space seems to me very remarkable. As soon as we leave the railway track, indeed, we enter at once what may be called the eternal Spain — the Spain *sub specie aeternitatis* — which Cervantes has immortalized. It is in the cities and towns that the change has chiefly been manifested.

Spaniards are now experiencing the modern European tendency to crowd into towns. All the recent consular reports, from north and from south alike, contain the same monotonous refrain that the towns are becoming crowded and that the expenses of town life, both as regards rents and the prices of commodities, are increasing. Yet the population of Spain, as the censuses show, is not increasing at any inordinate rate. What is happening is that urban life is developing, and as it develops its attractive power increases, and it draws the country-dwellers more and more within its circle. The brothers Quintero, who rank high among the Spanish dramatists of to-day, in one of the best of

their comedies, *El Amor que Pasa*, have presented a delightful picture of an old-world Andalusian village from which the tide of life has receded, where men are scarce and strangers rarely come, and all the vivacity and intelligence of the place are concentrated in a few girls whom there is no one to woo. It was not part of the dramatists' object to elucidate this question of urban development; but it is easy to see from their picture how the city has impoverished the village, and how those who are left only feel with the greater force the fascination of the city.

The more flourishing Spanish cities are nowadays full of life and animation. Not only are the large and handsome cafés crowded,—that is no novelty,—but factories are springing up, the signs of commercial and industrial activity abound, and the streets swarm with electric cars. In the use of electricity, indeed, Spain is before rather than behind most European countries. Electric lighting is becoming universal; even the smallest and most ancient cities are now covered with networks of wires, and as the massive old churches offer a tempting basis of attachment, the most beautiful and picturesque spots and buildings are everywhere being desecrated and disfigured, to the disgust of the traveling lover of the picturesque. The brilliance, vivacity, and modern activity of a large Spanish city, a certain touch of almost Oriental color in it, suggest that the Spaniards are taking as their models the Hungarians of Buda-Pesth, a city which, in the opinion of some, represents the highest point of city development Europe has yet attained.

The conservatism and traditionalism of the Spaniard, we have to realize, are compatible not only with an aptitude for change, but even with an eager delight in novelty and a certain discontent with the past. It would be surprising indeed if that spirit of restless adventure which enabled Spaniards to add America to the world, while the Portuguese of the same Iberian race were unveiling India and the farther East, had completely died out with the

days of great adventure. The Spaniard, even the Spaniard of the people, is eager for reform. The more or less philosophical Republicanism, so frequently found in Spain, as well as the Anarchism — a peaceful and humanitarian Anarchism for the most part — which flourishes to a greater extent in Spain than elsewhere, alike testify to this desire. The newspaper press of Spain — especially as represented by the *Heraldo* of Madrid and the new Republican journal *La Nueva España* — is enlightened and intelligent, in the best sense Liberal. The fermenting discontent with sacerdotal bigotry, and especially with the extreme developments of monasticism, which has spread among all classes in the country, even leading to restriction of the freedom of public religious processions, — notwithstanding the firm manner in which the Church is here rooted, — is another sign of the same kind, strikingly manifested a few years ago when the *Electra* of the popular author Galdos was performed amid opposing demonstrations of popular feeling all over Spain; it is not necessarily a movement hostile to the Church, — certainly not in so far as Galdos is its representative, — but it demands a purified and humanized Catholicism which shall be in harmony with the claims of Nature and of social progress. The bull-fight, again, the national pastime of Spain, — long a mark for opprobrium among English-speaking peoples, always so keen to see the mote in other people's eyes, — no longer meets with universal acceptance; and this year, with the approval of many prominent toreros, steps have been taken to mitigate its more offensive features.

In all the practical appliances of domestic and working life, although it is the Spaniard's instinct to cultivate an austere simplicity, he is yet adopting the devices and appliances of more advanced nations, — with the same ease with which he is abandoning his national beverage, chocolate, for the foreigner's coffee, — and in cleanliness and convenience a Spanish city

will usually compare favorably with a Provençal city. The Spaniard is honest, he is sometimes a little slow of comprehension, he is proverbially proud of his country's ancient glory; but he is at the same time deeply convinced that Spain has fallen behind in the race of civilization, and is eager to see her again to the front.

I find the typical Spaniard of to-day in an Aragonese peasant, elderly but lithe, whom I lately saw jump from the train at a little country station to examine a very complicated French agricultural machine drawn up on a siding; he looked at it above and below with wrinkled brows and intent eyes, he ran all round it, he clearly could not quite make it out; but there was no flippancy or indifference in his attitude towards this new strange thing; he would never rest, one felt, until he reached the meaning of it. And many of us will regret that in this eager thirst for novelties the Spaniard will cast aside not a few of the things which now draw us to Spain.

There can be no doubt that this attitude of the Spaniard of to-day, inevitable in any case, has been greatly fostered by the war. Thoughtful observers of great movements have often felt that the old cry "Vae victis!" requires very serious and even radical modification. In many a war it has been the vanquished, not the victor, who has carried off the finest spoils. Cuba and the Philippines have been like a tumor in the side of Spain, dragging her down in the race of civilization. They have drained her life-blood and disturbed all her national activities. Only a serious surgical operation could remove this exhausting excrescence; and Spaniards themselves have been the first to recognize that the operation, though painful, was in the highest degree beneficial. Not even the most Quixotic of Spaniards dreams of regaining these lost possessions. The war has been beneficial in at least two different ways. It has had a healthy economic influence, because, besides directing the manhood of Spain into sober

industrial channels, it has led to the removal of artificial restrictions in the path of commercial activity. It has been advantageous morally, because it has forced even the most narrow and ignorant Spaniard to face the actual facts of the modern world.

The war has had a further result in leading to a movement for a closer sympathy between Spain and the Spanish states of South America. The attitude of these states towards the mother country has hitherto been somewhat unsympathetic; they have regarded her as hopelessly opposed to all reform; the hostility of Spain to the aspirations of Cuba and their own earlier struggles for freedom amply accounted for such an attitude. Now there is nothing to stand in the way of a movement towards approximation which has already begun to manifest itself, and may ultimately possess a serious significance.

It can scarcely be expected that the lover of Spain should view this new movement of progress and reform with unmitigated satisfaction. No traveler will complain that Spanish hotel-keepers are beginning to obtain their sanitary fittings from England, or that clerical and secular authorities alike are putting down the national vice of spitting. But the stranger can feel no enthusiasm when he finds that similar zeal is exercised in suppressing, on the slightest pretexts, the national dances, unique in Europe for their grace and charm and ancient descent, or in discarding the beautiful and becoming national costumes. It is a little depressing to find a cinematographic show set up in the market-place of even the remotest cities, to hear the squeak of the gramophone where one has once heard the haunting wail of the *malagueña*, or to have to admit that the barrel-organ is taking the place of the guitar. Civilization is good, and progress is necessary for any people. But "civilization" and "progress" mean much more than a feverish thirst for new things or a mad race for wealth; and some of us think that, however salu-

tary the lessons that Spain may learn from the more prosperous nations of to-day, there are still more salutary lessons in the art of living which those nations may learn from Spain. One would grieve to see that in the attempt to purify her national currency Spain should cast away her gold with her dross.

When I entered Spain twenty years ago I said to myself that here was a land where the manners and customs of mediæval Europe still survived. Spain seemed in many respects to be about three hundred years behind the age. Now, when all things are in flux, it is pleasant to find that that early impression need not be absolutely effaced. Spain is still the most democratic of countries. The familiar and intimate relationship which we know in the old comedies of Europe and other sources as subsisting between master and servant, between gentleman and peasant, is still universal. The waiter, even in your modern hotel a few paces from the Puerta del Sol, pats you on the back with friendly intimacy as you step out of the lift even on the day after your arrival; and every low-class Spaniard expects, as a matter of course, to be treated as an equal. We are not unfamiliar with that attitude in more progressive countries; but the Spaniard shows that he is entitled to such courtesy by knowing how to return it; and that is a phenomenon we are less familiar with.

There is among Spanish people a friendly trustfulness towards all, even towards strangers and foreigners, which belongs to an age when in a well-knit community no fear was necessary. The man of shifting and progressive civilization is always prepared to be suspicious; he scrutinizes a stranger carefully and feels his way slowly. That outcome of modern progress seems unknown to the Spanish man or woman; it is always assumed that your attitude is friendly; and on the strength of this trustfulness even the instinct of modesty, or the not less instinctive fear of ridicule, seems in Spain to become slightly modified.

We realize how far we are from the present when we enter a Spanish Church. The ecstatic attitude of devotion which the worshiper sometimes falls into, without thought of any observer, is altogether unlike the consciously elegant grace of the French worshiper or the rigid decorum of the English; while perhaps, if there is music, groups of women cluster with their fans at the foot of the piers, and children quietly play about in corners with unchecked and innocent freedom. Nor are the dogs and cats less free than the children; at Tudela I have even seen a dog curled up in the most comfortable chair by the high altar, probably left in charge of the church, for he raised his head in a watchful and suspicious manner when the stranger entered; and in Gerona Cathedral there was a cat who would stroll about in front of the *capilla mayor* during the progress of mass, receiving the caresses of the passers-by. It would be a serious mistake to see here any indifference to religion; on the contrary, this easy familiarity with sacred things is simply the attitude of those who in Wordsworth's phrase "lie in Abraham's bosom all the year," and do not, as often among ourselves, enter a church once a week to show how severely respectable, for the example of others, they can on occasion show themselves to be. It was thus that our own ancestors, whose faith was assuredly less questioning than ours, made themselves at home in the aisles of Old Saint Paul's. It would be easy to enumerate many details of life in Spain which remind us of a past which we have ourselves long left behind.

It is pleasant to feel that such evidences of the community of Old Spain with a world — in many respects an excellent world — from which we have ourselves emerged have not yet ceased to exist. When we pass out of the beaten tracks we still come in touch with it almost everywhere in Spain. The stranger cannot perhaps more easily get a glimpse of the true and ancient Spain than by acquiring the habit of traveling third-class. The seats,

indeed, are hard, but the company is usually excellent, charming in its manners and not offensive to any sense. Here a constant series of novel pictures is presented to the traveler who may quietly study them at leisure. Perhaps it is a dozen merry girls on their way to a festival, packed tightly together and laden with packages; some, the more sedate among them, wear mantillas, some bright handkerchiefs on their heads, or go with hair uncovered; but, however they are dressed, to whatever class they belong, they are all clean and sweet. They carefully tie to the racks the little bunches of deep-toned carnations they bear, — Spanish women always treat carnations tenderly, — and give themselves up to unrestrained chatter and laughter; their voices are apt to be somewhat piercingly vibrant and metallic, but their delight is good to see; the younger girls at the climax of their glee will perhaps stand up and flutter their arms like wings, and the elder women, if any there be, join in with only more restrained enjoyment.

Or, perhaps, it is a less crowded carriage one enters; there are two middle-class Spaniards and a peasant group of three: a fat, jolly, middle-aged man in a peasant's costume, but clean and new, almost stylish; a woman of like age, — one of those free, robust, kindly women whom Spain produces so often; and a pretty bare-headed girl, evidently her daughter, though the man seems a friend or relative who is escorting them on their journey. By and by, when we have been some hours on our journey, he lifts from the seat in front of him the large, heavy, embroidered wallet, — that *alforja* which Sancho Panza was always so anxious to keep well filled, — unwinds it and draws out one of the great flat delicious Spanish loaves and throws it on the woman's lap. Then a dish of stewed meat appears, and the bread is cut into slices which serve as plates for the meat. But before the meal is begun the peasant turns round with a hearty "Gusta?" It is the invitation to share in the feast which every polite

Spaniard must make even to strangers who happen to be present, and it is as a matter of course politely refused: "Muchas gracias." Before long, the black leather wine-bottle is produced from the wallet, and the meal proceeds. At its final stage some kind of sweetmeat appears and small fragments are offered to the two middle-class Spaniards, and then — with a slight half-movement, expressing a fine courtesy restrained by the fear of offering any offensive attention — to the foreign *caballero* also. It is not improper to accept this time, and now the leather bottle is handed round and the middle-class Spaniards avail themselves of it, though with awkward unfamiliarity, for it requires some skill to drink from this vessel with grace: you fold over the belly of the vessel to the angle demanded by the state of its repletion, and as you apply the mouthpiece to your lips you slowly elevate your eyes towards the zenith. The two Spaniards quietly remark to each other that the wine is of first-class quality, and even without such an assurance one would know that that peasant never drank anything that was not of first-class quality.

Once more one enters a carriage, this time second-class, where sits a charming and beautiful Spanish lady with her child, opposite to a man who, with little success, is paying attentions to the child with the object of opening up conversation with the mother. Two black-robed monks enter. They do not look at the pretty lady, they seem unconscious of her presence, and the elder of the two, a man of gentle, refined face, alone greets us with the customary "Good day." The other brother, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, is a larger man, of more stolid and impassive type, evidently of lower grade in the order. The two exchange very few words in the course of their three hours' journey, and it is always the elder and more intelligent man who takes the initiative. He sits with folded hands, quietly but alertly interested in every smallest incident, while the younger man, having

placed his spectacles on the seat beside him, leans back, calmly vegetative, with arms folded within his sleeves. After a while the other, with gentle feminine fingers, touches him softly on the arm without a word. He understands, and produces a bundle fastened in a knotted blue check handkerchief. I imagine for a moment that the holy men are about to partake of a frugal repast; but the bundle contains a large book of devotions, in which the elder monk reads for a short time, then fastens it again in the bundle and pushes it toward his companion as its recognized guardian. A little girl enters the carriage with her small basket; the elder monk looks at her with affectionate interest; and when she passes him to get out at the next station he smiles sweetly at her, speaking a few words to which she responds with an "Adios." I seem to see here typified the two varieties into which the discipline of the cloister moulds men — the sensitively feminine and the listlessly vegetative. All the life of these men has marked itself upon them. I realize how true are the words of the wise physician, that "from him who has eyes to see and ears to hear no mortal can hide his secret; he whose lips are silent chatters with his finger-tips and betrays himself through all his pores."

If I were asked to sum up the dominant impression that the survival in Spain of old-world mediævalism makes, I should say that Spain is, in the precise and specific sense of the word, the home of romance. The special character of the Spanish temperament and of Spanish developments in literature and in art is marked, not by classic feeling, — though Spain owed so much to ancient Rome and Rome to Spain, — but by a quality, rising and sinking with the rise and fall of Gothic, which we call the romantic spirit: a mixture, that is, of the mysterious and grandiose with the grotesquely bizarre, of the soaringly ideal with the crudely real, — a mixture which to us to-day has the cunning fascination of art, but was really on both sides the natural outcome of the

experiences and feelings of the men who created it. This romantic spirit was once the common possession of all Christendom; but the Spanish temperament peculiarly lent itself to the romantic attitude, and it is in Spain to-day that we may catch its final vanishing echoes. It was certainly no accident that Victor Hugo, who created the renaissance of romantic drama in France, went to Spain for his inspiration. It is sometimes said that Hugo had but slight knowledge of Spain; he went there as a child of ten, that was all. But this child of precocious genius was able even at that age to receive impressions strong enough to germinate in the fullness of time. The whole of the earlier and more fruitful period of Hugo's work may be said to have been due to the stimulus which came to him from Spain.

To-day it is the Church, always the most powerful stronghold of tradition among any people, which enables the stranger most vividly to realize how well the romantic spirit has been preserved in Spain. Notwithstanding invasions from without and revolutions from within, especially during the early years of the last century, Spain is still the country where the mediæval spirit of romantic devotion is most splendidly embodied and preserved. To the English visitor, in whose churches nearly every beautiful thing that royal despoilers had left was battered and broken by still more energetic Puritans, it is a perpetual miracle to find so much delicate work from remote ages which has never been ravaged by revolutionists or restorers.

Moreover, there is no type of architecture which so admirably embodies the romantic spirit as Spanish Gothic. Such a statement implies no heresy against the supremacy of French Gothic. But the very qualities of harmony and balance, of finely tempered reason, which make French Gothic so exquisitely satisfying, softened the combination of mysteriously grandiose splendor with detailed realism in which lies the essence of Gothic as

the manifestation of the romantic spirit. Spanish Gothic, at once by its massiveness and extravagance and by its realistic naturalness, far more potently embodies the spirit of mediæval life. It is less æsthetically beautiful, but it is more romantic. In Leon Cathedral Spain possesses one of the very noblest and purest examples of French Gothic,—a church which may almost be said to be the supreme type of the Gothic ideal of a delicate house of glass finely poised between buttresses; but there is nothing Spanish about it. For the typical Gothic of Spain we must go to Toledo and Burgos, to Tarragona and Barcelona. Here we find the elements of stupendous size, of mysterious gloom, of grotesque and yet realistic energy, which are the dominant characters alike of Spanish architecture and of mediæval romance.

We find the same character in every object which subserves the Church service and ritual. The Spaniard has no fine instinct for the æsthetic; but in the sphere of devotion his romantic instinct is always right. The gloom which pervades Spanish churches — so unlike French churches, which are a blaze of light — has its source in the need for tempering the glare of the southern sun. But this gloom is finely subdued to the purposes of devotion, exquisitely tempered not only by windows which are always painted, but by the use of candles as the only source of artificial illumination. Though here and there, as in Toledo Cathedral, we find the hideous French device of the electric light that pretends to be a candle, Spaniards still understand not only that the candle is the illuminant which symbolically best lends itself to Christian worship, but that the full and equable illumination necessary to reveal the symmetry of classic buildings is worse than useless in this more mysterious Gothic art, which demands the emphasis of its perspective, the broken play of light and shade.

The affinity of the Spaniard for the romantic spirit is far from being, in the com-

mon sense of the word "romantic," the expression of a superficial sentimentality. The chivalry peculiarly identified with Spain,—the chivalry, embodied in the conception of the Cid, which finally drove the Moor out of Spain,—however fantastic and extravagant it sometimes became, was stern in its ideals and very practical in its achievements. Interwoven with the manifestations of the romantic spirit in Spain, indeed a part of its texture, there is a perpetual insistence on suffering and death. A certain indifference to pain, even a positive delight in it, was long ago observed by Strabo to mark the Iberian. And the deliberate emphasis of the thought of death, so congenial to the ethical temper of this people, has always been a note of the romantic mood. But while the favorite mediæval conception of the Dance of Death has elsewhere passed out of the living traditions of European peoples,—for the new interest in the poignant old English morality, *Everyman*, is but an artificial revival,—in Spain the naked lugubrious fact of death is still made part of the lesson of daily life. "Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, nihil :" that inscription in huge letters, marking the grave of a great Archbishop on the floor of Toledo Cathedral, well expresses the Spaniard's haughty humility. The Escorial, the royal Spanish temple to Death, is unique in its elaborate and impressive circumstances; every ruling Spanish monarch may here descend the dark marble staircase to the little vault below the high altar and view the sarcophagus which was prepared for him centuries before he was born.

The Spaniard broods over and emphasizes the naked Majesty of Death. Very far from him is the sunny and serene saying of Spinoza that "there is nothing the wise man thinks of less than of death." In Barcelona Cathedral, the most solemnly impressive model of Catalan architecture, the broad and stately entrance to the crypt, the gloomy house of Death, is placed in the centre of the church between the *capilla mayor* and the choir. Every

Spanish sacristan seems to possess a well-polished skull and a couple of thigh-bones with which to crown the catafalque it is his duty to erect,—a task in which we may sometimes find him engaged in the silent church at twilight, preparing for the funeral ceremony of the morrow. In a church in the heart of the city of Zamora I have found, prominently placed on a pedestal, a skeleton of fine proportions holding an hour-glass in one hand and a scythe in the other, while high on the interior wall of Salamanca Cathedral one discerns a skeleton of lesser proportions with what seems to be the skin still clinging to its bones.

The age of chivalry, as we know, is over; and the romantic spirit is rooted in conceptions of life and of death which are not able to flourish vitally in the soil of our time. It is inevitable that, however firmly the mediæval conception may have persisted in Spain, its tendency must be, if not to die out, at all events to become attenuated, overlaid,—at the least, transformed in its manifestations. But a nation that at one moment led the world, and has always shown an aptitude for bringing forth great personalities, must not be too hastily dismissed as no longer able to exert an influence in human affairs. The people of Spain are sound at the core; they have suffered as much from their virtues as from their vices — from their idealism, their indifference to worldly advantage, their cheerful good nature, their stoical resignation. In the women of Spain, also, one may discern an element of promise. However hampered by lack of education and a habit of Oriental seclusion, Spanish women have always possessed a singular native vigor and fibre. It is not alone their beauty and charm which distinguish them, but intelligence and character. As queens and as heroines and as saints, in literature and in philanthropy, Spanish women have in all ages asserted themselves.

Spain has suffered from incompetent and treacherous rulers, from her own lack of political instinct, even from a too ready

response to chivalrous and humanitarian ideals. It has become a commonplace to say that the Spaniards are a decaying nation. A country, however, which is noted for the number of its centenarians scarce-

ly seems to be suffering from physical decadence; a nation which has learned to gain strength out of defeat can scarcely be held to be in a state of moral decadence.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

BY H. W. BOYNTON

PEOPLE of a practical and staving disposition have a right to ignore, and even to resent, the advances of your casual literary enthusiast. There is no reason why a private hobby should be allowed to get to be a public nuisance. Let the man dog's-ear his minor poets, by all means; that is a harmless form of amusement, like playing the flute or collecting postage-stamps. But in the name of common sense let him keep his little games to himself. We have "troubles of our own," we know, perhaps, the difference between stocks and bonds, and are more or less applauded by the neighbors for our local applications to the pianola of evenings. What do we owe to the writing person? Why should we be expected to be interested in his interest in an always obscure book or a long-forgotten author? No good excuse can be offered for the following observations on Peacock. No accident of the calendar affords that momentary reanimation of interest which our conventionality yields even to a minor memory. There is certainly no question of presenting Peacock as a great man, even a great literary man; or as a small literary person who is in any sense a find. But Peacock is less generally known than he deserves to be, so that a finger-post here and there by the high-road may not be quite an impertinence.

Peacock does not appear to have been really popular in his own day; and we should judge from his frequent raps at

the *Edinburgh Review*, that there was at least one quarter in which he failed to win a success of esteem. His modern readers could not well be many. He never even imagined that he was to have a perennial "audience fit though few." Yet the fact remains of his real, if limited and somewhat antiquating, charm. It is a charm which could not possibly belong to any product of our own bustling literary mode, and which is for that very reason worth reverting to for modern readers who are not satisfied with enjoying one kind of thing.

The external facts of Peacock's life do not go very far toward explaining the peculiar character of his work. He was born in 1788, the son of a London merchant; was self-taught after the age of thirteen; entered the service of the East India Company, and at twenty-eight secured a responsible post as Chief Examiner of Indian Correspondence. This office he held for forty years, to be succeeded on his retirement by no less a person than John Stuart Mill. Yet a mellow classical scholarship, and an air of humorous detachment from practical affairs, are the Peacockian qualities which are likely to impress modern readers most forcibly. How did he find time and opportunity to acquire this mood of bland leisure? *Headlong Hall* was published in 1815, *Crotchet Castle* in 1830, and *Gryll Grange* in 1860; they might all of them have been the work of some conservative and witty don

of Cam or Isis, serenely satirical over his second bottle, and somewhat garrulous in his skepticism as to new modes of government, of thought, and of cookery. The affairs of the East India Company were not, it seems, conducted upon the American plan; we have reason to know that those famous London offices contained more than one quiet corner where it was possible for a man to deal in other commodities than those of Ind; to grow ripe, say, in the humanities, and courteously to entertain a reputable Muse.

Peacock is commonly classed among the novelists, and the word novel does not mean enough to make it worth while to challenge the classification. It may be said, however, that he found his models in the eighteenth century, and in the work, not of the English novelists, but of the French satirical romancers. They used a discursive form bearing some such relation to fiction as the morality play bears to the drama. Now and then we come upon a bit of true action, or of lively characterization; but for the most part the talk's the thing, and the talk is of types of men and modes of human behavior. If Peacock had been born fifty years earlier, he would as like as not have made creditable place for himself among the Spectators and Guardians, the Ramblers and Idlers of that leisurely ruminating century to which, rather than to his own, he belonged. He could not, as essayist, have produced a Sir Roger, or, as novelist, an Uncle Toby. His characters lack the human, or rather personal, touch. There is no getting at them apart from the qualities for which they stand. With one or two exceptions they are as distinctly lay figures as Ben Jonson's; and Peacock uses the pictorial proper name quite as frankly to announce the fact. Often his label is some more or less fantastic Latin or Greek derivative, but quite as often he is contented with the simplest English forms. Mr. Toobad, Mr. Crotchet, Mr. Listless, the Reverend Mr. Grovel-grub, the Earl of Foolincourt, the borough of Rogueingrain; such a nomenclature

might have served Bunyan perfectly, and confesses the official character of the persons named. To endow them with personality seems to have been beyond the aim as well as beyond the powers of our humorist, whose classical bias doubtless led him to regard that kind of invention with indifference if not disdain. He was not a poet, or we might draw a pretty close analogy between him and Landor in this respect; though Landor, as it happened, made use of well-known historical names where Peacock employed didactic tags. It matters little whether, to point your study of a human type, you say Cromwell or Lord Hackemdown: if you make Cromwell alive, you have transcended your office.

Peacock did, to be sure, produce several recognizable portraits; but if they are sketches from the life, they are still, pretty clearly, sketches from the living type. The most important of them, to modern readers, are the Scythrop and Cypress of *Nightmare Abbey*, acknowledged to be after Shelley and Byron. Shelley is known to have been delighted with the portrait, perhaps because he saw that, decided squint toward caricature as it had, it was a humorous delineation of the Shelleyan type rather than the Shelleyan individual: —

“When Scythrop grew up, he was sent, as usual, to a public school, where a little learning was painfully beaten into him, and from thence to the university, where it was carefully taken out of him; and he was sent home like a well-threshed ear of corn, with nothing in his head; having finished his education to the high satisfaction of the master and the fellows of his college. . . . At the house of Mr. Hilary, Scythrop first saw the beautiful Miss Emily Girouette. He fell in love; which is nothing new. He was favourably received; which is nothing strange. Mr. Glowry and Mr. Girouette had a meeting on the occasion, and quarrelled about the terms of the bargain; which is neither new nor strange. The lovers were torn asunder, weeping and vowing everlast-

ing constancy; and in three weeks after the tragical event, the lady was led a smiling bride to the altar, by the honourable Mr. Lackwit; which is neither strange nor new." The blighted Scythrop succumbs first to Wertherism and next to a passion for reforming the world. "He built many castles in the air, and peopled them with secret tribunals, and bands of illuminati, who were always the imaginary instruments of his projected regeneration of the human species. As he intended to institute a perfect republic, he invested himself with absolute sovereignty over these mystical dispensers of liberty. He slept with Horrid Mysteries under his pillow, and dreamed of venerable eleutherarchs and ghastly confederates holding midnight conventions in subterranean caves. . . . To get a clear view of his own ideas, and to feel the pulse of the wisdom and genius of the age, he wrote and published a treatise in which his meanings were carefully wrapped up in the monk's hood of transcendental technology, but filled with hints of matter deep and dangerous, which he thought would set the whole nation in a ferment; and he awaited the result in awful expectation, as a miner who has fired a train awaits the explosion of a rock. However, he listened and heard nothing; for the explosion, if any ensued, was not sufficiently loud to shake a single leaf of the ivy on the towers of Nightmare Abbey; and some months afterwards he received a letter from his bookseller, informing him that only seven copies had been sold, and concluding with a polite request for the balance. Scythrop did not despair. 'Seven copies,' he thought, 'have been sold. Seven is a mystical number, and the omen is good. Let me find the seven purchasers of my seven copies, and they shall be seven golden candlesticks with which I will illuminate the world.'"

Much of this we recognize as pretty directly transcribed from Shelley's youthful experience; but, as we have suggested, it is still more clearly a presentation of the typical boyish visionary and enthu-

siaſt. Just so Cypress is a portrait of the Byronic type; though there is no difficulty in tracing many of his thoughts and even phrases to their source in *Childe Harold* and elsewhere: "I have no hope for myself or for others. Our life is a false nature: it is not in the harmony of things; it is an all-blasting upas, whose root is earth, and whose leaves are the skies which rain their poison-dews upon mankind. We wither from our youth; we gasp with unslaked thirst for unattainable good; lured from the first to the last by phantoms — love, fame, ambition, avarice — all idle, all ill — one meteor of many names, that vanishes in the smoke of death." To reduce such stuff to prose is to make it absurd indeed. This was written just after the publication of the later cantos of *Childe Harold*. Byron had been in exile but a year or two, and the howl of popular execration which had attended his departure was hardly yet subsiding. Under the circumstances it is remarkable that, sharply as he ridicules the Byronic philosophy, Peacock casts no slur upon the Byronic character. What could be more perfect than Mr. Cypress's dismissal from the scene? "Mr. Cypress, having his ballast on board, stepped, the same evening, into his bowl, or travelling chariot, and departed to rake seas and rivers, lakes and canals, for the moon of ideal beauty." Peacock and Byron, be it noted in passing, were to be joint executors of Shelley, who left his satirist a substantial legacy as a further token of the value he had set upon their long-standing friendship.

Peacock evidently recognized his kinship to Jonson and the didactic humorists. A passage from *Every Man in his Humour* is used as motto to *Nightmare Abbey*, and verses from *Hudibras*, to *Crotchet Castle* and *Gryll Grange*. The types which he portrays are not very numerous, but he rightly takes them to be representative not only of the English society of his own day, but, beneath their temporary trappings, of all human so-

society. In the Preface to a collection of his work, published in 1837, he remarks, "The classes of tastes, feelings, and opinions which were successively brought into play in these little tales, remain substantially the same. Perfectabilians, deteriorationists, statu-quoites, phrenologists, logists, transcendentalists, political economists, theorists in all sciences, projectors in all arts, morbid visionaries, romantic enthusiasts, lovers of music, lovers of the picturesque, and lovers of good dinners, march, and will march forever, *pari passu*, with the march of mechanics, which some facetiously call the march of intellect."

In the opening chapter of the first of his satirical fantasias, four of these typical characters are introduced: "Foster, quasi Φωστηρ, from φαος and τηρεω, *lucem servo, conservo, observo, custodio* — one who watches over and guards the light. . . . Escot, quasi ες σκοτον, *in tenebras, scilicet, intuens*; one who is always looking into the dark side of the question. . . . Jenkison: This name may be derived from αεν εξ ισων, *semper ex aequalibus*, — scilicet, *mensuris, omnia metiens*: one who from equal measures divides and distributes all things; one who from equal measures can always produce arguments on both sides of a question, with so much nicety and exactness, as to keep the said question eternally pending, and the balance of the controversy perpetually *in statu quo*. By an aphæresis of the α, an elision of the second ε, and an easy and natural mutation of ξ into κ, the derivation proceeds according to the strictest principles of etymology: αεν εξ ισων — Ιεν εξ ισων — Ιεν ει ισων — Ιεν 'κ ισων — Ιενκισων — Jenkison — Jenkison. . . . Gaster: scilicet Γαστηρ — venter, — et præterea nihil."

All this belongs to a variety of erudite facetiousness which is not especially grateful to the modern ear. Etymology is no longer an admired topic for the conversation of gentlemen. Not even Peacock's obvious consciousness of extrav-

gance is likely to make his amiable pedantry palatable to the offspring of a modern scientific education. In his fondness for verbal archæology and invention he rivals the mighty Browne himself: witness such words as "philotheoparoptesism," and "jeremitaylorically," not to speak of the monstrous double-birth of sound which he puts into the mouth of his phrenologist, Mr. Cranium: the word "osteosarchæmatosplanchnochondroneuromuelous," being supplemented with the "more intelligible" Latin derivative, "osseocarnisanguineoviscericartilaginonervomedullary."

But a scientific mind would discern, beyond this amorous and whimsical classicism of manner, a more serious cause of offense in Peacock's unconcealed distrust of the importance to human life of the additions to knowledge, and to material efficiency, which were then beginning to be so loudly celebrated. Peacock was three parts statu-quoite, one part deteriorationist. "The march of mechanics, which some facetiously call the march of intellect," is a phrase which might serve as motto for much of his discourse. "'I conceive,' said Mr. Foster, 'that men are virtuous in proportion as they are enlightened; and that, as every generation increases in knowledge, it also increases in virtue.' 'I wish it were so,' said Mr. Escot, 'but to me the very reverse appears to be the fact. . . . The sciences advance. True. A few years of study puts a modern mathematician in possession of more than Newton knew, and leaves him at leisure to add new discoveries of his own. Agreed. But does this make him a Newton? Does it put him in possession of that range of intellect, that grasp of mind, from which the discoveries of Newton sprang? It is mental power that I look for: if you can demonstrate the increase of that, I will give up the field. Energy — independence — individuality — disinterested virtue — active benevolence — self-oblivion — universal philanthropy — these are the qualities I desire to find, and of which I

contend that every succeeding age produces fewer examples.'"

"'I admit,' says Mr. Foster on a later occasion, after a spirited sally by Mr. Escot, 'I admit there are many things that may, and therefore will, be changed for the better.'

"'Not on the present system,' said Mr. Escot, 'in which every change is for the worse.'

"'In matters of taste I am sure it is,' said Mr. Gall; 'there is, in fact, no such thing as good taste left in the world.'

"'Oh, Mr. Gall!' said Miss Philomela Poppyseed, 'I thought my novel—'

"'My paintings,' said Sir Patrick O'Prism, —

"'My ode,' said Mr. MacLaurel —

"'My ballad,' said Mr. Nightshade —

"'My plan for Lord Littlebrain's park,' said Marmaduke Milestone, Esquire —

"'My essay,' said Mr. Treacle —

"'My sonata,' said Mr. Chromatic —

"'My claret,' said Squire Headlong —

"'My lectures,' said Mr. Cranium —

"'Vanity of vanities,' said the Reverend Dr. Gaster, turning down an empty egg-shell; 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

Dr. Gaster is the first of a considerable line of learned and convivial parsons: the Reverend Doctors Larynx, Folliott, Portpipe, and Opimian. Dr. Folliott, really the central figure in the best of these effusions, is the richest and most delightful embodiment of the favorite type. Indubitably a product of the eighteenth century, he is neither a Parson Adams nor a Vicar of Wakefield. His palate is no more eager than his mind, and his stomach no more retentive than his memory. Over a well-filled table he grows mellow in spirit as well as in body. He has no patience with the "march of mind," and takes it hard that his cook should have nearly burned the house down by falling asleep over "hydrostatics, in a sixpenny tract, published by the Steam Intellect Society, and written by a learned friend who is for doing

VOL. 98 - NO. 6

all the world's business as well as his own, and is equally well qualified to handle every branch of human knowledge." He has a cheerful contempt for reform, progress, and Scotchmen. The modern watchword, he complains, is "everything for everybody, science for all, schools for all, rhetoric for all, physic for all, words for all, and sense for none." He distrusts the human usefulness of the man who does not know who was Jupiter's great-grandfather, and "what metres will successively remain, if you take off, one by one, the three first syllables from a pure antispastic catalectic tetrameter." Withal, he has an endearing touch of irascibility; there are moments when the tone of controversy grows warm:

THE REVEREND DR. FOLLIOTT.

Alter erit tum Tiphs, et altera quæ
vehat Argo Delectos Heroas. I will be of
the party, though I must hire an officiating
curate, and deprive poor Mrs. Folliott, for several weeks, of the pleasure of
combing my wig.

LORD BOSSNOWL.

I hope, if I am to be of the party, our
ship is not to be the ship of fools: He!
He!

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

If you are one of the party, sir, it most
assuredly will not: Ha! Ha!

LORD BOSSNOWL.

Pray, sir, what do you mean by Ha!
Ha!?

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

Precisely, sir, what you mean by He!
He!

Peacock was not a Dr. Folliott, but Dr. Folliott expresses a good deal of him. *Crotchet Castle* is the work of his prime: more mellow than the earlier satires, more vigorous than the *Gryll Grange* of thirty years later. Dr. Folliott has company worthy of him, and company somewhat more varied than is to be found in the other tales. Besides our more or less argumentative types, — our transcendental poet, our Scotch economist, our bib-

ulous squire, and the rest,—there is an amusing pair of fashionables, who deliver themselves of some excellent eighteenth-century comedy dialogue,—Captain Fitzchrome high-flown and sentimental, Lady Clarinda vain, flighty, and mocking.

CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

Oh, Lady Clarinda, there is a heartlessness in that language that chills me to the soul. . . . Is it come to this, that you make a jest of my poverty? Yet is my poverty only comparative. Many decent families are maintained on smaller terms.

LADY CLARINDA.

Decent families: aye, decent is the distinction from respectable. Respectable means rich, and decent means poor. I should die if I heard my family called decent. And then your decent family always lives in a snug little place: I hate a little place: I like large rooms and large looking-glasses and large parties, and a fine large butler, with a tinge of smooth red on his face; an outward and visible sign that the family he serves is respectable; if not noble, highly respectable.

All this is no doubt belated enough. It might, and according to some authorities should, have been written a strong fifty years earlier. In form, as well as in content, Peacock was, if that is any satisfaction—or dissatisfaction—a survival rather than an original. He did not, like Sterne or like Borrow, invent a discursive style. There were, as we have said, pre-revolutionary French models of satirical narrative which he was wise enough to follow not more closely than effectively. They suited his purpose; and his purpose was not to be queer, but to do something worth while,—as natural an aim for a literary man, it may be, as for anybody else. That was an age which exposed itself with singular ingenuousness to the thrust of satire. It was an age of successful charlatany in politics, war, society, science, and literature. The world was on

a new course, and had not yet got its bearings. Peacock's conservative temper and quick eye qualified him to note with fidelity, if with good-natured scorn, the extravagances and ill-considered experiments of the day. Time has tempered many of those extravagances, and given a conclusive test to most of those experiments. And yet Peacock was quite right in claiming for his work a more important appositeness than mere timeliness. He, also, might claim to be speaking for all time, if not, like Aristophanes and Juvenal, Cervantes and Fielding, to all time. Our folly seems to us far more markedly different from the folly of our fathers than it is going to seem to our great-grandchildren. The twenty-first century will confound the memories of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as the twentieth already begins to confound the seventeenth and the eighteenth. Did Cowper belong to the Lake school? and were pantaloons worn under the first George or the last? . . . Phrenology is no longer a popular issue, nor is table-rapping; but sociology and "psychical research" are very decent equivalents; and the membership of the Steam Intellect Society is continually swelling.

"I think, doctor," says Mrs. Opimian, "you would not maintain any opinion if you had not an authority two thousand years old for it."

"Well, my dear," is the reverend doctor's placid retort, "I think most opinions worth mentioning have an authority of about that age."

Mr. Arthur Symons's vigorous utterance upon the newspaper finds a fairly close parallel in a certain sally of Dr. Opimian's: "Let us see, what is the epitome of a newspaper? In the first place, specimens of all the deadly sins, and infinite varieties of violence and fraud; a great quantity of talk, called by courtesy legislative wisdom, of which the result is 'an incoherent and undigested mass of law, shot down as from a rubbish-heap, on the heads of the people;' lawyers barking at each other in that peculiar

style of hylactic delivery which is called forensic eloquence, and of which the first and most distinguished practitioner was called Cerberus; beargarden meetings of mismanaged companies, in which directors and shareholders abuse each other in choice terms, not all to be found even in Rabelais. . . . Societies of all sorts, for teaching everybody everything, meddling with everybody's business, and mending everybody's morals; mountebank advertisements, promising the beauty of Helen in a bottle of cosmetic and the age of old Parr in a box of pills . . . announcements that some exceedingly stupid fellow has been 'entertaining' a select company."

There is no denying that the good doctor, like his creator, hates not a few institutions simply because they were not known to the Greeks. And the rule works both ways: he will not admit the Greeks inferior in anything, arguing that their practice in painting was as perfect as in poetry and sculpture, and that their morals were as unexceptionable as their taste. To a judgment so biased and trained there was much to offend in the literary manner of the hour. Peacock loses no chance to rap the realistic method then coming into fashion: "The whole party followed, with the exception of Scythrop, who threw himself into his armchair, crossed his left foot over his right knee, placed the hollow of his left hand on the inner ankle of his left leg, rested his right elbow on the elbow of the chair, placed the ball of his right thumb against his right temple, curved the forefinger along the upper part of his forehead, rested the point of the middle finger on the bridge of his nose, and the point of the two others on the lower part of the palm, fixed his eyes intently on the veins on the back of his left hand, and sat in this position like the immovable Theseus, who, as is well known to many who have not been at college, and to some few who have, *sedet, eternumque sedebit*. We hope the admirers of the minutiae in poetry and romance will appreciate this

accurate description of a pensive attitude." Fifteen years later we find our satirist increasingly warm against the realistic trick: on one occasion, speaking in his own person, he works himself into a very pretty passion against modern literature:

"We shall leave," he says, after another bit of mock description, "this tempting field of interesting expatiation to those whose brains are high-pressure steam-engines for spinning prose by the furlong, to be trumpeted in paid-for paragraphs in the quack's corner of newspapers: modern literature having attained the honourable distinction of sharing with blacking and macassar oil the space which used to be monopolised by razor-strops and the lottery, whereby that very enlightened community, the reading public, is tricked into the perusal of much exemplary nonsense; though the few who see through the trickery have no reason to complain, since as 'good wine needs no bush,' so, *ex vi oppositi*, these bushes of venal panegyric point out very clearly that the things they celebrate are not worth reading."

Elsewhere our censor is even more emphatic in his reflections upon contemporary letters. Scott he dismisses outright, in good set terms; not, perhaps, with the most perfect candor. There had been some little preference on the part of the critics as well as of the public; of the *Edinburgh Review* in particular, manned by a crew of the hated Scotch breed, among whom had been the romancer himself. At all events it was a bold Dr. Folliott who in 1830 (Carlyle had his say some eight years later, — not in the *Edinburgh Review*) could compare the *Waverley Novels*, then at the height of their fame, with the Covent Garden pantomimes: "They are both one," he asserts, "with a slight difference. The one is the literature of pantomime, the other is the pantomime of literature. There is the same variety of character, the same diversity of story, the same copiousness of incident, the same research into cos-

tume, the same display of heraldry, falconry, minstrelsy, scenery, monstery, witchery, devilry, robbery, poachery, piracy, fishery, gipsy-astrology, demonology, architecture, fortification, castration, navigation; the same running base of love and battle. The main difference is, that the one set of amusing fictions is told in music and action; the other in all the worst dialects of the English language. As to any sentence worth remembering, any moral or political truth, anything having a tendency, however remote, to make men wiser or better, to make men think, to make them even think of thinking, they are both precisely alike: *nusquam, nequaquam, nullibi, nullimodis.*" . . . "Very amusing, however," says Lady Clarinda. One can imagine the doctor betrayed into a snort and a glare which his breeding at once repents of. "Very amusing, very amusing," is his only and perhaps sufficient retort, as to the precise inflection of which we can only speculate. As usual, the discussion begins and ends with a bumper; for Peacock invites us to a series of symposia in the full sense. Whatever their limitations or differences, the interlocutors are all stout trenchermen and lusty topers.

"You are leaving England, Mr. Cypress," says Mr. Glowry on a certain occasion. "There is a delightful melancholy in saying farewell to an old acquaintance, when the chances are twenty to one against ever meeting again. A smiling bumper to a sad parting, and let us all be unhappy together."

MR. CYPRESS (*filling a bumper*)

This is the only social habit that the disappointed spirit never unlearns.

THE REVEREND MR. LARYNX (*filling*)

It is the only piece of academical learning that the finished educatee retains.

MR. FLOSKY (*filling*)

It is the only objective fact which the sceptic can realise.

SCYTHROP (*filling*)

It is the only styptic for a bleeding heart.

THE HONOURABLE MR. LISTLESS (*filling*)

It is the only trouble that is very well worth taking.

MR. ASTERIAS (*filling*)

It is the only key of conversational truth.

MR. TOOBAD (*filling*)

It is the only antidote to the great wrath of the devil.

MR. HILARY (*filling*)

It is the only symbol of perfect life. The inscription 'HIC NON BIBITUR' will suit nothing but a tombstone."

Talk, for all this, is the first object of these convivial assemblies; and if the Burgundy appears now and then to have gone in the direction of the head of one or other of the company, it never succeeds in stealing away their brains. Nobody speaks thick, nobody is taken home in a wheelbarrow. Dr. Folliott is inspired to the point of knocking out two thugs one night, on his blameless way home to the bosom of Mrs. Folliott: the only "low" occurrence recorded of these mighty men. Six years later, with the creation of Pickwick and his not merely drinking but drunken associates, the last straw was added to the burden which Fielding and Smollett had heaped upon eighteenth-century standards of decorum. Peacock, for his part, continued to hold to them; so that Dr. Opimian, born full-grown as late as 1860, displays the same admirable balance of capacity and sobriety we have been admiring in the worthy Folliott. Talk, I say, is the main object here,—talk about anything whatever, from how to cook a gudgeon to how to rule a state, from a theory of wealth to a theory of immortality. "The sentimental against the rational, the intuitive against the inductive, the ornamental against the useful, the intense against the tranquil, the romantic against the classical: these," says Mr.

Crotchet mildly, "are great and interesting controversies, which I should like, before I die, to see satisfactorily settled."

It must not be suggested (to any reader who may be uninformed by a first-hand acquaintance) that Peacock is helpless to do anything but argue by means of dialogue. His tales contain some admirable descriptions of that English country-house life which, according to the recent utterance of a capable critic, was the source and theme of very much of English mid-nineteenth-century literature. His descriptive matter is brief, but every word tells. Where can you find a better suggestion of the ease, the elegance, the exclusive privileges of that life than in these two sentences? "Four beautiful cabined pinnaces, one for the ladies, one for the gentlemen, one for kitchen and servants, one for a dining-room and band of music, weighed anchor, on a fine July morning, from below Crotchet Castle, and were towed merrily, by strong trotting horses, against the stream of the Thames. . . . Sometimes they dined in their floating dining-room, sometimes in tents, which they pitched on the dry smooth-shaven green of a newly-mown meadow; sometimes they left their vessel to see sights in the vicinity; sometimes they passed a day or two in a comfortable inn." The writer lived most of his life in London; but had to look to the country for that atmosphere of cultivated leisure which his temperament and the character of his work demanded.

Peacock attempted, it remains to be said, two other rôles beside that of the discursive satirist: he wrote two romances, and a great deal of verse. *Maid Marian* seems to me the most spirited and graceful version of the Robin Hood legend which we possess. Its undertone of quiet irony, to be sure, betrays the lurking satirist. "The Abbey of Rubygill," we are told at the outset, "stood in a picturesque valley, at a little distance from the western boundary of Sherwood Forest, in a spot which seemed adapted by nature to be the retreat of monastic mor-

tification, being on the banks of a fine trout-stream, and in the midst of woodland coverts, abounding in excellent game." It may naturally be surmised that devout admirers of the forest scenes in *Ivanhoe* (which appeared only a year or two earlier than *Maid Marian*) would have considered Peacock uncomfortably flippant. Well, Scott's day is by no means over yet, while Peacock's name is not to be found in certain modern manuals of English literature. Such is the difference of fate in most ages between a wizard of story-telling and an ironical commentator on life. Peacock's books are, however, as we should by this have sufficiently proved, well able to stand the test which, according to Dr. Folliott, Scott absolutely fails to meet. "My quarrel with him is that his works contain nothing worth quoting; and a book that furnishes no quotations is, *me judice*, no book — it is a plaything. There is no question about the amusement — amusement of multitudes; but if he who amuses us most is to be our enchanter *κατ' εξοχὴν*, then my enchanter is the enchanter of Covent Garden."

The *Misfortunes of Elphin*, Peacock's second romance, I think simply dull; mainly perhaps because it stands for an attempt to enchant on the part of a man who was not an enchanter. That rambling narrative contains, we suppose, not a little properly authenticated Welsh lore of the heraldry-falconry-minstrelsy-scenery sort. It may be symbolic or something: I don't know; but I must place it on record as a bit of Peacock which I can make nothing of. Part of the difficulty seems to lie in the fact that the tale is decorated with numerous translations from Welsh poetry. Peacock, let me make a clean breast of it, wrote much, very much verse, of which not a line that I have read is worth rereading. So be it: Bacon and some others have not been able to write poetry either. It is nothing against a man that he has tried. We set out with the intention, not of proving that Peacock wrote Shelley, but of recom-

mending a worthily amusing and little read author to people who like to be worthily amused; or of recalling him to some persons who may have known and half-forgotten him. For his success in one of the most difficult of literary fields — that of prose satire — nay, of course we mean for his continued ability to give a certain kind of pleasure to persons who happen to be properly constituted for it, — he is in no great danger of being entirely forgotten.

One moment, then, we may fitly, even

at this busy hour, devote to the celebration of his memory; and in what way better than according to that hearty ritual of Dr. Opimian? “And now to his health in bumpers of champagne. Let all the attendants stand by, each with a fresh bottle, with only one uncut string. Let all the corks, when I give the signal, be discharged simultaneously; and we will receive it as a peal of Bacchic ordnance, in honour” of one of the most genial, if not one of the greatest, of English humorists.

NIGHTFALL

BY JOHN B. TABB

Now, weary, one by one we lay
Aside the panoply of day,
And like to little children, creep
Defenseless, to the arms of Sleep.

Our heads upon her bosom, soon
Forgotten are the cares of noon,
That, shorn of shadows, helpless lie
As Samson in captivity.

THE LABORATORY IN THE HILLS

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE

I

DR. CARTHEW had founded his laboratory, including, with an air of afterthought, his house, in a way that illustrates the force of reaction. Privacy was his first need; but he seemed to have desired that, when his close-worked eyes were raised from the microscope, they should have the contrast of as wide a vision as they could command. He was both in the hills and for the most part above them. His workshop clung to a high, sun-beaten crest, with an alarmed appearance of holding on by both hands, and supporting itself on an unusual number of legs. The drop of the hill from under necessitated this propping of quite half the building upon timbers whose length increased with the slope. This made, beneath, a shadowy, pillared cave. Its floor was rocky and of various degrees of steepness, its ceiling was the underside of the house; it was the private den of his daughter Babette, and strewed with her belongings,—books showing marks of the same violence she bestowed upon her friends, mending of a large and hopeless description, and a few attempts at comfort in the form of battered rugs and cushions. Her brother had contributed certain woodsy collections barely distinguishable from rubbish-heaps; but she had the place mostly to herself. Young Carthew ranged the hills like a stray hound, and looked upon his home as a lodging for the night or occasional base of supplies.

Babette came around the corner of the blazing piazza and descended its steps humming under her breath:

Pars, mon ami, l'Alsace est prise !

She was a fierce-eyed maiden of fifteen,

thin as a little wolf, with a weight of black hair about her shoulders. There was an air of mastery about that head of hair which suggested that at some rather remote period Babette had been worsted in an attempt to comb it.

She stopped her song suddenly, because, on looking over the railing into her cave, she saw that Patsy Chaloner was there. He was lying on every possible cushion, with an open book propped face-downward on his chest. He presented the very impersonation of laziness. He was also an intruder. Yet only that morning she had been defending his presence at the laboratory to his imperious cousin, Roma Chaloner, on the ground that he was studying chemistry with her father.

"So he told me," Roma had said,—but with amusement.

"You don't seem to believe it."

"That he's studying! *Patsy!*"

Babette had championed her father's guest with her usual irrelevant detail.

"Patsy is very nice. He helps me with my pony. John never has time to clean her, and I can't take her to town with burs in her mane, but Patsy helps me. When he brought his horse he wanted to bring his groom too; but of course there was no room for him. There really is n't any room for Patsy."

Which brought one back to the original fact, that among the Carthews, with their faces of deadly earnest, and their abstracted housekeeping, Patsy was an anomaly.

Babette descended upon him with a forbidding expression. She slipped among the rocks, declining his assistance, and fished up his book from a crevice where it had slid. "If you don't like this book there are others in the laboratory," she remarked.

"It's cooler than the laboratory," Patsy pleaded. He had gentle, brown-amber eyes like a setter dog. It was difficult (though often essential) to be harsh with him. "Besides, I'm kicked out. Mrs. Bunce is scrubbing."

This explanation seemed to be satisfactory, and even diverting, to Babette. She seated herself with a satiric smile. "Did you stay long enough to hear any of it?"

Patsy also smiled. "There seemed to be some disagreement between Mrs. Bunce and the doctor."

"I should think there was! They have different ideas of cleanliness."

"Chemical cleanliness," suggested Patsy.

"Yes. Against the ordinary soap and bucket kind. The crash is something awful."

At this point Newton Carthew appeared on the steps of the piazza, and peered down at them.

"Hullo, Tony! Did no one call you?" asked Babette. It was near noon, but Newton was not a person of fixed habits. He blinked in the sun, his hair was all rubbed one way, and his just having got up was needlessly confirmed by the bathrobe that was his outer garment.

Babette observed him. "You look as if Mrs. Bunce had been scrubbing you."

"She scrubbed me out of bed all right. She must have broken something in the lab, by the noise. I say, Patsy, will you go fishing with me after lunch?"

"'Fraid I can't," said Patsy.

"Oh, why not! I grant you it's a poor time to start; but we need n't come back till we're ready."

"That's the hitch. I have an appointment with the doctor. Nobody ever kept an appointment that went fishing with you."

"Your appointments! I don't believe they're as important as you make them out. I can't see what you do putting around in the lab."

"He does microscope work for father," said Babette.

"What makes you think so?" inquired Patsy.

"Stains on your fingers," said the daughter of the laboratory.

Patsy laughed. Developing kodak films was responsible for the stains. "You're a great little detective, Babette, but you're off this time. The doctor would n't trust me with his slides for a round sum." Patsy got up and shook himself and went up the steps, making a grab at Tony's frowzy head in passing. He stood on the high piazza and looked far out on the wide circle of the hills, dreamy with heat, fading, height beyond height, into mysterious union with the sky. To see so far was yet to be shut in. It was like gazing into the future. And, for a moment at least, Patsy Chaloner's eyes looked as though they were following his thoughts into the invisible.

But by and by my soul returned to me.

Probably he was only taking in the remarks of Mrs. Bunce from within.

Mrs. Bunce was a person of considerable presence apart from her command of rhetoric. The breadth of her hips, more especially when she planted both hands upon them, seemed to throw a certain personal weight into her most abstract arguments. On the occasion of this morning's cleaning she wore a jaunty sailor hat over a small amount of strained and knotted hair. Evidently she considered the laboratory an unsheltered spot. Those who encountered Dr. Carthew there occasionally found it so. Mrs. Bunce was cook and housekeeper, and ruled in her department with a tyranny not unlike the doctor's in his. She was nothing daunted when the departments — and the tyrants — met. She was even now about to deprive the laboratory of her ministrations.

"And the last time ever I was to town," she wound up her ultimatum, "I says to my daughter Mrs. Bucket: 'My Lord!' I says, 'I ain't done all my own work besides working for the mayor's wife, in a three-story house, and the best street in

town, to come out to a rough place like here, and be told how to scrub floors.' When I've done with a room it don't need no going over again, — not with no such rank-smelling dose as that;" she pointed to her pail, the contents of which had evidently been tampered with. "What's more, — I say it looks bad when a place needs disinfecting and there ain't nobody been sick. I say it's a queer place that's got to be cleaned that kind er way. An' I ain't so dull but what I know there's things kept in these rooms and things goin' on here that you won't find in no respectable house."

"I dare say you would n't," said the doctor. "Take that pail away! Come in here, Chaloner." As Patsy entered he shut the door on Mrs. Bunce's indignant exit; but the mingled reek of brown soap and disinfectants being rather overpowering, he opened it again. It showed one corner of the queer little sitting-room, dark against the light of a window opposite, which framed in turn a burning glimpse of the hills. This little picture of immensity, set in the wall as in a telescope, held Patsy's eyes this afternoon as those far, familiar hills had never done before. Perhaps it was the hypnotism of a square of brightness; perhaps it was that, as the old woman had said, strange things happened in the doctor's house.

The doctor himself, in a well-dressed, gentlemanly way, was an alarming-looking person. His eyes were as full of youthful madness as Babette's, yet they were intensely cold. He had the brows of a fanatic. The blackness of his close-cropped head, the blueness of his shaven lips and chin, gave him the appearance of a man who, if once he gave in to his hair, would revert to the original jungle. He leaned across his desk and scrutinized Patsy, who remarked conversationally, —

"I suppose you're not afraid of the old woman's talk?"

"I am," said Dr. Carthew. "I'm afraid of all fools. They're extremely dangerous. The world being full of them, I don't consider it a safe place for a busy

man. However, I've been very mild with the old thing." Patsy had only the doctor's word for this unlikely statement. "I don't want her to leave us in the lurch just now."

"Then we're all ready?"

"Ready!" muttered the doctor. "I've been ready these ten years!" He had a deep, sweet voice, and it touched with a tragic contrast the harshness of his words, seeming to hint that he might have been human if the world had not needed him for an implacable tool.

"You are prepared — physically," he said to Chaloner. "I don't know what you are thinking about. I don't want to know. But I should think you would be a good deal interested. I was mad once to do it myself, — and held back by having two children. I never thought then I'd find a man who would offer to do it for me. Certainly not one in your circumstances."

In spite of his alleged indifference, Dr. Carthew looked curiously at Patsy.

"I suppose I'm rather in luck," said the young man dully. "It's a neat way of closing things up if you don't care to go on. Only I hope there won't be a row till it's over. Of course there will be one then."

"There certainly will," said the doctor. "If it fails there'll be one that may send me to join you."

"I should think the law would give you a big chance even if you can't hush it up."

"Oh, there'll be plenty of chance. And I suppose I shall have to truckle to it for the sake of the kids. It will be the most I've done for them yet. Imagine the sweetness of daily life, when you've aspired to change the fate of present millions and unborn generations! You've heard of a fellow who was sent to St. Helena after trying to conquer the world!"

Patsy might have reflected that it was a fellow with somewhat of the doctor's fatal genius. But he was merely looking at the little far-away hills and thinking

childishly: "However it comes out, she will think of me a little different from the way she does now." He found it difficult to attend to the doctor's remarks, though he knew them to be freighted. Almost anything distracted him. He heard Babette going up to her little attic room, and mechanically counted her steps on the stairs, and then on the floor above his head.

Babette was a person of associations. There were so many cherished knickknacks pinned to the walls of her bedroom that it looked something like a scrapbook. A libellous assortment of snapshots taken by Patsy gave glimpses of Roma's Chaloner striking face, seeming to submit with a humorous stoicism to all the forms of caricature; and beside Roma's, another face, so fair that the sun could not distort it,—that of Ellen Fearing, her dearest friend.

Babette was turning things over in a drawer. She drew out a photograph of a different finish and date. It was of a round, thoughtless, girlish face, with a hurt look in the eyes which some one perhaps had put there, for it did not seem to belong to that face. Beneath it was delicately scrawled:

"Mes mains dans les vôtres —
HÉLÈNE."

Babette took out a French book that was underneath the photograph, and then put it back again, reflecting that Patsy was not going fishing and would be at large in the house all day. She did not wish him to see her reading that book, and to question her about it. This was part of a curious fancy of Babette's that no outsider should know how she clung to the speech of her French mother. She would not have admitted that she could speak French. Yet she had kept her hold upon it. She read it, thought in it; sometimes she spoke it with her father in certain moments of odd intellectual comradeship that arose between them. Yet it was he who was responsible for the suppression of this as of all other tokens of

her mother's memory. He never spoke of his dead young wife nor permitted the mention of her name. He had loved her; she was not clever; he was a man of imperious intellect; and he had been cruel to her. But Babette did not know that. She only took his hardness for granted, and kept the dream of her lost childhood far from him and from all uncomprehending eyes.

The door opened suddenly and Newton extended a torn jacket into the room by the scruff of its neck.

"I say, Babette, I wish you'd —"

"I wish you'd knock at my door!" snapped Babette. "Leave it here. I'll mend it right away." Newton retreated and Babette took the coat downstairs with her. She went out upon the piazza first, but the afternoon shadow had not yet prolonged itself there, and she slipped back into the gloom of the little sitting-room. She could see Patsy through the laboratory door, evidently talking to her father, whose desk was out of range. He looked at her in a reflective way and his next remark was in French. Babette turned her head with a little thrill at the sound. The doctor answered, — in noticeably better French than Patsy's, — and the conversation continued in that tongue. The doctor attributed it vaguely to some glimpse of Mrs. Bunce seen by Patsy through the door, or a general feeling of a wish to veil their discourse. Babette, listening mechanically as she wrestled with a patch, was gradually impressed with a meaning to their words.

So that was why Patsy Chaloner was staying at the laboratory! Well, he might not be useful himself, but he was certainly allowing others to make use of him! The extent to which he was being used did not dawn upon her. It would hardly have occurred to any one who should have beheld Patsy through the half-open door, his hands in the pockets of his sporting breeches, tilting back his chair and bumping his brown head softly against a tall box behind him where the doctor kept a skeleton. Lengthening shadows

lured Babette to a seat on the piazza, and Patsy subsided with relief into English.

"D' you mean to say you can tell it within a day? Sort of like tracking up a comet, is n't it?"

Dr. Carthew kicked his desk with one of the sudden, irritable movements peculiar to him. "You'll be of a good deal more importance to this world than a comet if you live to be tracked up!"

II

In the afternoon Patsy descended from the double-edged atmosphere of the laboratory in the hills to the little, provincial town at their feet. He tied his skittish saddle-horse, put into harness for the nonce and extremely unresigned to it, and ran up the steps of the Fearings' house. He searched unsuccessfully for the bell. Through the screen door he could dimly see within that a lesson in gymnastics was going forward. Ellen Fearing's two little sisters, holding themselves breathlessly erect, stood opposite Ellen and followed her movements stiffly with serious eyes. Ellen was counting in tones of encouragement: "One, two, one, two — straight up, Polly! — Come, you'll do better with the music!" She sat down to the battered little piano and began an enticing march. The little girls interrupted her: "Mr. Chaloner's at the door!"

They assisted Ellen (all with rosy faces) in receiving her guest. "We're doing physical culture!" they hastened to inform him.

"Bully!" said Patsy, while Ellen laughed deliciously. "Going to be mug-hunters, are you?"

"We're going to be as straight as Miss Roma Chaloner," Polly, the eldest, explained.

"You don't say! Are you going to be as tall as Miss Roma Chaloner?"

The little Fearings were not sure as to that. Patsy reported himself as on the way to the Chaloners'. Roma had said she expected Ellen there that afternoon. Would she not go with him?

"I'm afraid I can't go now," Ellen considered.

"I know. Roma said you could n't. But she said I was to tag around till you could."

Ellen rolled down her sleeves, and replaced the stock which hid the perfection of her throat. "A sweet disorder in the dress," did not alter her reserved and delicate beauty.

"I have to take flowers to the church, and arrange them —"

"All right," agreed Patsy. "I'll carry the flowers."

The little girls brought baskets with green boughs and summer roses, and Patsy picked up a basket and a little girl with an air of imperfectly distinguishing them and led the way. The small wooden church was dim and close, its atmosphere reminiscent of past congregations. Under Ellen's directions he opened the long windows; leaves from the poplars outside drifted in. He fastened boughs in an arch over the chancel, the little girls taking care to "hold the ladder" lest he should fall. He narrowly escaped treading on their fingers, and they were sent to gather hymn-books in the pews.

"Do you want some of the roses stuck up there?" inquired the philistine Patsy.

"Oh no, I want them all for the altar."

He watched her as she spread white linen cloths over the green baize ones, and placed a slender vase of roses on either side of the bright brass cross.

He found it a pleasant sight. But Ellen was thinking of another church; of a high altar in whose shadow she had stood, as in the shadow of a great rock, with the heavy-headed roses of the city in her hands. She thought of the light from dark and glowing windows, of the long vista of the aisles, the climb of great organ pipes, — mute repositories of enormous sound. She recalled these things like the daughter of a deposed sovereign remembering her father's halls of state, and scorned herself because the memory had power to make her deplore the tawdry little shrine she was adorning, even to make her blush

for it under the eyes of the young worldling beside her. How little it should matter since the kingdom of her father's teaching was within. She banished these regrets of her starved young senses, but one wistful thought she permitted.

"How beautiful it would be if we could only take it all out of doors and have tall, dark trees for walls, and the sky between, and a little stone for an altar."

"Why do you need an altar?" asked Patsy.

"For the sacrifices," she said obscurely.

Patsy looked mystified, but turned to the roses for help. "Do you sacrifice these?"

"Yes," Ellen smiled. "But of course it means something else."

"What does it mean?"

She flushed under this probing, but bravely took on her lips the words that were a little difficult to speak before him.

"Have you ever heard of — 'presenting your body, a living sacrifice'?"

"Yes, I've heard of that," said Patsy with conviction.

He was so like a big, serious child that Ellen turned with frank amusement, and smiled at him.

"Where did you hear of it?"

"Oh, from Dr. Carthew."

This was not a source that Ellen had thought of. It made her wonder what the relations could be between such an odd pair as Patsy and the doctor.

"Is he your ghostly counselor?"

He appeared to find something descriptive in the title.

"Ghostly's the word," said he. "If you mean, does he give me advice, he does n't. But I must say he makes you think what you never thought of before. Between him and you I've had things knocked from under a good deal lately."

Indeed, by devious paths, swayed by two widely dissimilar guides, Patsy was touching a plane of life whose existence he once had not dreamed of. It was not a long-practiced regard for its obligations that made him remark further: "Of course you have to pay for everything."

Ellen thought of her father's work in the little dead, complacent town. "Yes. You have to lose your life to find it."

"What!" said Patsy.

"Has n't the doctor told you that too?" she smiled.

"I suppose he has." At all events Dr. Carthew had put him in the way of finding out for himself. The stern saying held him for a moment. Could it be that it really was true?

Ellen wondered if a certain fruit of her own maiden experience would be of any use to this child of the world. "I think one difficulty is not recognizing your life when you find it. You think it will make you satisfied and happy, and it does n't, — not in the way you expect."

"No," agreed Patsy.

"I'm always going back on it myself," said Ellen; she looked at him with a comrade's humility. "I'm the greatest backslider you ever knew!" she declared. "But all the same I know it is worth — everything else."

He had reached a point when, for the moment at least, he could believe her. It was better! Better than a lifetime with an Ellen lured to be his through the less perfect side of her. He had raised himself to her instead. And she had acknowledged the change. He dared not tempt the thought that at the last his price might not be required of him. He took his reward as it came, sweet with hope and wild with frustration. He could not ask for more than was offered; but Ellen was good to him that day. Unconsciously she wounded him with her new, confiding sweetness, thrust after thrust; but they were glorious wounds. Patsy set his teeth, and thanked his bewildering fate.

There were times when the meaning of that morning at the laboratory seemed incredible. He could perfectly recall its culminating moment, — the touch of the doctor's hands, the bite of the little instrument. It was only the last of a familiar and unimportant series. How could its consequences be so irrevocable! Then he tried to imagine how it would be if that

moment had not existed. There was a flatness in the thought. All his previous life seemed without color. Dread — and hope — were better.

The roses of sacrifice were all on the altar and they left the church. But after all, Ellen did not go with him. Some extension of her household duties claimed her. Like him she was bound by half realized and inconsiderable things, he did not yet know how many. She watched him undo the windings of hitching-strap in which his horse had involved itself in the course of experiments toward eliminating the trap.

"Don't you generally ride him?"

"Ah, yes," said Patsy, "but I'm moving, you see." He pointed to some objects of a photographic nature which protruded from under the seat. "The doctor objects to my amusements. At least he objects to them in his lab. He says I use his things. I don't. But it makes him nervous to see me look at them. And it makes him still more nervous to look at my things when they're strewed all over the place. So I'm clearing them out."

"I should think you'd clear yourself out," smiled Ellen.

"Not at all," said Patsy. "The doctor and I don't seriously disagree. If you stay with a man like him you expect things to blow up once in so often, — no harm done. He does n't object so awfully to my photo-truck, you know; but the time's come round when we had to have a row about something."

"You're going to keep your things at the Chaloners'," she surmised.

"Sure! I always keep things there. I've got a suit-case full there now and a horse. But the beauty of it is, Roma's all fixed for it. There's nothing unusual about borrowing stable-room of your cousins; but you don't often find a girl with a dark-room to lend."

The Chaloners' was a summer place, but strongly built as befitted the hills. The genius of hospitality might have spread its sloping lawns and wandering

brick terrace. But Roma, standing at the steps, was not the type of the warm and tolerant welcomer. She had the considering eyes of a judge, the mocking eyes that laugh at their own judgments. Patsy's reception at her hands was superficially abusive. She dismissed him to the dark-room. She was extremely fond of him, professing to have sought in his character some quality to explain the fact, but to have been signally unsuccessful. The fact remained, and with one visible foundation, — a great and mistaken enthusiasm for photography, which they shared in common.

Having provided for another place at the lunch table, she mounted to the dark-room door and knocked.

"May I come in, Patsy?"

Patsy rescued an exposed pile of velox, and opened the door.

"If you're printing, let me help you," said Roma.

He murmured an abstracted thanks, and she groped skillfully among his materials. She filled a printing-frame, and then stood aside looking at the little illumined circle under the drop-light where Patsy's head appeared; bright gleams fell on his wet fingers and floated on the dark surface of the fixing-bath. He was developing a print. With her thoughts far otherwhere Roma watched the little blank square of paper with the clear fluid sliding across it. A faint stain invaded its whiteness, and, softly as the coming of a dream, Ellen's exquisite face emerged upon it. For once in the reckless career of Patsy's camera it had stumbled upon an inspired likeness. He put down the tray of developer in a way that amounted to dropping it, and stared at the little vision that floated in its contents. He transferred it with reverent fingers to the fixing-bath and turned the drop-light full upon it. The maiden face looked up at him with serene eyes. Patsy drew a long, broken sigh like a child that has been crying. The light was on him too; he felt Roma's gaze and turned, blushing heavily. It was not the first time she

had seen that exalted shame in a man's face, and she knew her cousin's secret as though he had told it to her.

She looked away from him, and down at the beautiful little print. "She does n't appear to all of us like that, Patsy. Is she your guardian spirit?"

Patsy was miserably silent; his clouded eyes asked for mercy.

"I beg your pardon," said Roma. "I won't talk about her if you'd rather not."

Finding himself irrevocably understood, Patsy appeared to reconsider his cousin in the light of a confessor. "Has she ever spoken of it — of me — to you?"

"She does n't speak of you much."

"She has refused me," said Patsy, with a kind of piteous dignity.

"You might be sure she would n't speak of that."

"No, you're right, she would n't. Not that I'd care especially. I'm only glad I knew her long enough to get refused."

Roma suppressed a smile, but she was touched.

"I don't think it has hurt you, Patsy."

Patsy seldom rose to double meanings. "Oh, you bet it hurts!" he murmured.

"I mean that I've liked you better ever since. I could almost tell you when it happened." Roma pondered. "You're such an improvable old chap, Patsy. I don't believe she'll always refuse you."

"She certainly will. What could she have to do with a fellow like me? I knew pretty well I was n't in it when I asked her; but I saw it a whole lot better afterwards. I would n't even hang around now very much. She was awfully lovely about it; but she let me see pretty well where I stood. I have n't been always very nice, you know, and things like that show right up when she looks at you."

"You poor youngster! I know how she looks at you. Well, you see now why a man has to be nice. But she's not looking for spots on your silly past, Patsy. She would n't recognize the absurd things if she saw them. And anyhow, she would n't drop you, as long as you've dropped them. I'm sure she likes you personally,

— it's an unexplained fact, you know, that everybody does. I think it's your general setting she objects to."

"My general what?"

"Well, your plan of life. You're not altogether responsible for it. Your friends, for instance."

"Oh, if you mean that crowd down at the stock-ranch!" groaned Patsy. "And I don't care a bad cent for them! which nobody knows better than themselves."

"Some of your friends," continued Roma judicially, "and *all* of your money."

"What has my money got to do with it?"

"I should think your knowledge of the family past would suggest — well, a certain unsuitability in laying that fortune at the feet of Ellen Fearing."

"I did n't make any of it," said Patsy serenely. "I would n't have had the brains to."

"The trouble is, it has more or less made you. And of course you have got used to the idea of it. Still, you must know what people mean by tainted money. I can speak of it to you because we have a good deal the same background. If my father kept out of that particular deal, I'm afraid it was partly by chance. Do you know anything about Ellen's father? Do you know why they are stranded in that little town?"

He shook his head.

"I believe Dr. Fearing had one of the richest parishes in the country. He certainly had big congregations. Gracious! you should hear him in that little pulpit of his in town. Even here he's not wasted; though of course all the scholarly side of him is, and you can imagine how he's paid. That rich church took (for churchly purposes) a donation of notorious money. Dr. Fearing left; and mentioned the reason of his leaving in a way that did n't improve his prospects. Ellen says their relatives blame him very much because of the children. Ellen herself is so proud of him that I believe she positively glories in the shabbiness of that blessed

little house, and the straits they're put to to educate the younger ones. And mind you, Patsy, the man who offered that money to the church was not the man who made it, but his son! Do you see now what your lady's traditions are?"

"Ah! Then it's not altogether me she minds. And you think I might stay around a little,—not for long perhaps? It won't seem long," mused Patsy,—a remark which appeared to have no meaning whatever; this was occasionally the case with Patsy's remarks. He had been carefully printing some duplicates of Ellen's picture. He examined these and assured himself of their stability. Then he took his negative from its frame, drew some hot water, and deliberately washed off the film. Roma gave a horrified exclamation.

"I have printed one for you," said Patsy, "and one for her and two for myself. I don't propose to have any one you please printing from this negative."

"No one here would touch your negatives!"

"I know that. But you never can tell what may become of things later on."

This seemed, for Patsy, an unwonted consideration. Roma did not know how he had tampered with his future one morning at the laboratory in the hills.

III

Whatever fate they held for Patsy, the sweet, dead quiet of the hills was a yearly refuge to Roma, for which she thirsted in her city life. With a similar relief Ellen escaped from the small activities of the little town, for afternoons with Roma on the bright terrace or in the luxuriant dimness of the Chaloners' library. They brought to their girlish discussions an oppositeness of experience which Roma played on with amusement. It covered a touch of scorn for her own more obviously fortunate lot.

"Your troubles are always so superficial, Ellen," she pronounced at one of their counsels. "It's not every one whose

life is so founded on the things that really matter that she can afford to talk about trifles as though they were tragedies."

"You'll realize that it's tragedy," groaned Ellen, "when you hear my little Polly after all my care saying"—she gave a shrinking imitation of the village accent.

"Ellen, can't you think of something at least skin-deep!"

"It means immeasurable things," said Ellen.

"It never means for an instant that you regret the stand your father took, the choice he made for you, whatever comes of it. That's what I call happiness."

The reluctant pride in Ellen's smile acquiesced. She could trifle with vain longings, however. "It would n't be safe to say what I could n't renounce for one year of your dear, well-bred society people. Are they so bad?"

"Not at all. I said they were stupid. The same thing you complain of in your country neighbors, you know."

"I've heard you describe some of them as brilliant."

"Then they use their brains for stupid purposes. They play for mean stakes. Imagine your father troubling his head about—money for instance—for himself or for those he cares for."

"He troubles his head about it a great deal and wants it very badly."

"Oh, he happens to need it. Not one thing of what he considers real importance would he renounce for it. Not even his leisure if he had any."

"But they are not all like that. Patsy cares nothing for money and you say he is a type."

"Oh, yes, he is a type. Have you ever heard me describe him as brilliant!"

Ellen smiled and stretched back in her chair. There was a lazy silence, interrupted by the voice of Babette Carthew on the terrace outside exchanging warlike civilities with Roma's bull-terrier.

"Now, that's enough! Lob, get down! You don't know how hard you bi-i-te!"

Her voice went off into joyful squeals.

She and Lob, overbearing presences both, were ushered into the library and their exuberance disposed of silences. Lob, having been suppressed, lay down with a thud, panting, and watched the company with riotous eyes in case there should be an opening for further scuffles. Babette composed herself in a chair and shook her dryad hair from her brown cheeks.

"I've come to say good-by. Tony and I are going away. We leave on the afternoon train to-day." It took somewhat from the importance of this announcement when it appeared they were only to be gone two weeks. Babette was excessively gloomy on the subject.

"I thought you liked to visit your Aunt Janet!" said Ellen.

"I do. But Tony hates it always, and there are particular reasons why I don't want to go just now. For one thing I've started some ferns at the edge of the cave and they'll certainly die. But the great reason is that Aunt Janet said in her letter to father that she is very busy, and though she *can* have us now she would prefer to have us next month instead. You can imagine," Babette smote her knee impressively, "how pleasant it will be to visit in a place when you know a thing like that!"

"And you can't postpone the visit?"

"No. Father's going to be still busier than Aunt Janet, and he says he can't have us in the house."

"You poor chickens!" laughed Roma. "You'd better come down here and stay with us." This was a generous suggestion, for though the young Carthews were diverting for a time, they were not permanently restful.

"I asked father if we could do that — I mean if you asked us of course — but he says we'd forget things and come back for them if we were any place where we could come back."

Roma bethought herself. "I suppose Patsy will come to us. I'm sure he won't have anything to go back for, — his belongings are so very much here already."

"Patsy will stay," said Babette.

"We're always glad to have him, you know. I really need him. I'm buying a horse and I want his advice."

"Father needs him too."

"Do you mean he needs his advice?"

Babette giggled. She disapproved, none the less, of jokes at Patsy's expense. She resolved to set him right in the eyes of his unappreciative cousin.

"Patsy is doing father a very great favor. He's allowing himself to be experimented with. Very few people would do that."

"What do you mean?" both the girls questioned.

"If you're discovering a cure," Babette explained, "you have to try it on somebody before you begin using it on everybody."

Her hearers appeared to see the force of this.

"And it's very unusual, father says, to have an intelligent subject to experiment on."

"How does he experiment?" Roma asked.

Babette considered. "I'm not quite sure, but I think it's the same as when he does it to little animals. He gives them the sickness weakened, like a little vaccination, and does that a good many times till they ought to be immune. Then he gives them the real sickness. And of course if the experiment fails, they take it awfully. If it's a bad sickness, I think," said Babette with knitted brows, "they die. Of course he would n't give anything like that to Patsy."

"Of course not. And when is Patsy to take his 'real sickness'?"

"Oh, he took it some time ago. I think it's to-morrow that they'll know if it succeeds. But they seem to think he'll quite probably be sick. One reason why I think it's so nice of him is because you described once how impatient Patsy is when he's sick; and you made me laugh so! But it shows that he hates it very much."

Roma smiled at the recollection. "My

dear, if I knew Patsy was going to be sick on Wednesday I'd go to my Aunt Janet's and think myself lucky. What is his affliction to be?"

Babette hesitated on the curt syllables of a Latin word. "But that must be only its *particular* name,—it probably has another quite common one,—I think some child's sickness. I've heard father talking to Dr. Madison about a cure for one of those."

"Mumps, perhaps," said Roma. The comical side of the affair in connection with Patsy appealed to her.

Ellen's expression was more serious. She asked for the Latin name again. "You're a regular little doctor's daughter to be able to remember it, Babette."

This remark appeared to trouble the doctor's daughter. "I'm not sure that I should have talked about it so much. Father never told me not to; but he never talks himself, and he despises people who do. He says they're all like Mrs. Bunce. I don't suppose he would mind your knowing; but please don't tell any other people. Patsy would n't like it either," added Babette remorsefully. "He seems rather ashamed about doing it at all."

"It is certainly mumps," murmured Roma.

"They're sometimes quite dangerous for grown people," said Ellen.

"I'm sure it's nothing dangerous," said Babette. "Patsy would n't laugh and fool around the way he does if it were. And of course father would never do such a thing,—especially to Patsy; he cares for him more than for most people. He's not gentle with him as he would be to a patient; he really cares."

This was reassuring to Ellen. It would not have been had she known Dr. Carthew; he would have given his own life as readily in this cause had he been childless, and had there been a man to take the part he was taking now. Neither was it strange he should love the boy who had offered his—lightly, as something he had played with and, being sick of play, would gladly give to some one who could

VOL. 98 - NO. 6

use it. The allusion to Patsy's manner was no guide. She had seen him happy in her presence of late with a happiness that seemed beyond past rebuffs. He had said curious things; he had surprised her into confessions of interest, of feeling; and then he had asked for nothing, as the dead ask nothing, but remembrance. She sat very still, trying to bring back elusive memories of his looks and words.

Roma took Babette away to choose a book for the train, and watched her ride off with flapping hair. She strolled back slowly across the room and perched on the arm of the Morris chair in which Ellen was lying back with a noticeably white face.

"It's a queer world, is n't it? Ellen, you must n't take Polly's inflections too hard. She is probably only the beginning of your troubles. You'll excuse my mentioning it, but I think that cousin of mine is going to make your little heart ache before you are through with him."

Ellen looked at her with no evidence of hearing what she said. She dragged herself out of the deep chair. On the desk a dictionary lay open. She pointed to a Latin word,—the word which had drifted to them from the laboratory in the hills.

Its English equivalent could be read at a glance. Roma stood staring at it with astounded eyes; she read the smaller print below: "An incurable form . . ."

It was not a childish ailment. She went back to the fearful word. Then she stood still and thought.

"It's impossible," said Ellen. "Dr. Carthew is not a murderer."

But Roma's mind was rushing through a strange mass of considerations. "He is a great and extraordinary man," she said. "He is too important to have shut himself up here for years and let his practice and his — Don't you see he might have had some — some staggering reason?

"Listen, Ellen!" she flung her hand down on the dictionary. "It's the cure for this — *this* above all things — that they are working for — the men of re-

search. Think of the horror, the unspeakable suffering it would take out of the world. And the risk of one life to pay for it all!"

"And — Patsy?"

"Patsy — our Patsy — has offered his!"

Ellen was not given the respite of fainting. She lay sick in her chair, and the study turned dark red and then black around her, but soon came clear again, the quiet comfort of its aspect unchanged.

"You poor child!" said Roma; but in the same breath: "Oh, I'm proud of him! He has gone wild over something; but I'm glad he did it that way."

"Why did he do it?"

She looked at Ellen's anguished little face, and gave reasons as she would have brought her water.

"It can't have been only your refusal. There were things that went before; and Dr. Carthew has had a strange fascination for him, — the contrast of that life made him see the childishness of his own. You made him see it too; but it was n't what you did, it was the way he felt, — not worthy." She flung herself into thought again.

"What can we do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Roma, think! I cannot think."

"I am thinking. But the thing has been done."

"If it — goes wrong, it must be known, — he must have help!"

"He's in the hands of the only man who can help him."

They faced each other over the incredible thought of those two men who had risked inhuman stakes, shut up together now with the human tie between them.

"It must be known," said Ellen.

"We're not even sure that we know. What could we tell? And to whom should we tell it?"

"There must be some one powerful enough to do" —

"There is *nothing* to do! The most powerful being I know is Dr. Carthew.

You can't meddle with a man like that. You can't meddle with the things he does, — they're too awful."

"And we are to stand aside?"

"And wait. We're a couple of ignorant, helpless girls. We can't interfere with those men. They are as much beyond our reach as if they were both dead already."

"We can't keep such a secret as that."

"We must keep it."

Roma's mind went clear and at once to the final issue. Short of that she saw one could only think in a circle.

"Listen, Ellen. There is nothing can stop this now. To tell of it would only bring unspeakable confusion, talk, and publicity. If it succeeds, the whole world will ring with it. If it fails, we must let our boy die as he meant to, in silence and dignity, alone with that great, terrible man."

Ellen's sobs made a hushed sound in the book-lined room. But Roma's whole being thrilled to a strange, exultant thankfulness. Then one might still rejoice in them, these hard young modern men! They were not dead — "the knights of the unshielded heart!"

Ellen at the desk had closed the dictionary and drawn out a sheet of note-paper. She raised a wan, thoughtful face. "I shall write to him and I shall give him — what he asked for a very long time ago. But never since; he was even careful not to."

"I'm afraid we know why."

"We don't know. And if it's not true I shall have done a most unwomanly thing."

"If we can't be manly," Roma observed, "we can at least be unwomanly." After a pause: "I see you must do it and do it entirely, — because of what might happen."

"Yes. You said at first we could do nothing; and you are very clever, but —"

"But your heavenly foolishness knew better. Write your note. I will see that he gets it."

Ellen wrote: "Dear Patsy," — she had never called him so. The name, like

the boy himself, seemed touchingly out of keeping with all dark experience. "Something I have heard about you, that may be happening to you now, has made me realize how much I care for you. What we have heard may not be true, but it is true that I love you. I want you to know it even if you do not feel as you did before. There were outside things to separate us, I suppose there still are, but you yourself have always had my love. If something else has come to you now — perhaps death — then you will take it with you. Yours always,

ELLEN FEARING."

IV

At the laboratory next morning there seemed to be strangely little space indoors, and that of the hill-rimmed sky was shut out, — because of the heat; but in any case those within did not need to be reminded of infinity. They were quite alone. Mrs. Bunce and the doctor had had their final disagreement, — premeditated this time on the doctor's part. Patsy was reading. Books never held him at any time. He took refuge in one now, with the air of having thrown up a fortification but without being at all sure that it would stand. His long legs were stretched in front of him, and one of them twitched continually. Dr. Carthew watched him with controlled concern.

He was seldom mistaken in a personal diagnosis. His inspection of his fellow-men would have been intolerable from less dispassionate eyes; yet it was perhaps for its very overpower that men submitted, even bared themselves to it. Instinctively we know there is less to fear from the eyes which see too much than from those which see too little, and misinterpret that. Patsy was always placidly aware that the doctor could, as he expressed it, "read him upside down" whenever he wanted to. He had not pressed the advantage of their intimacy; save for his immediate purpose, Patsy had not particularly interested him. But

he had watched him through the phases of his inoculation, in his dealings with a treacherous horse on the steep ledge outside the laboratory window, and so on, and had noted that excitement seemed rather to increase the almost stolid serenity of his nerves. He had calculated that it would be so on the crucial day of his test, and certainly, to all ordinary eyes, Patsy's appearance was calm enough. Dr. Carthew saw that he was wild with nervousness.

It might be purely a mental state. Generally speaking, there was cause enough for that. There was also a baffling similarity to the first symptoms of disorder of another kind. The doctor spoke suddenly to make his companion look at him. The boy's eyes were bloodshot from an uneasy night. Was there not another look to them as well? He dropped them, and the doctor rose and paced the room.

"I wish you'd sit down!"

Carthew sat down and focused his black eyes in a book as you might sheath a blade. He could handle distress of mind as delicately as shrinking flesh if he thought it worth while to do so.

Outside, the feet of a horse among the rocks sent an echo up to them from lower windings of the road. Patsy stretched back and pushed the shutter ajar.

"Has Tony broken loose and come home?" inquired the doctor without looking up.

"It's one of the Chaloners' men. What on earth!"

The doctor went out as the groom dismounted. He relinquished a letter unwillingly. "Mr. Chaloner is here, is he?"

"Inside. Do you want to see him?"

"Miss Roma said I must see that he gets this now."

"I will see that he gets it — now. Is that all?"

Patsy took his letter, looking moodily at the doctor.

"It's a wonder you don't open it first to see if it's proper reading for your delicate patient."

"Do I ever meddle with my delicate patient's affairs?"

"I suppose not,—you don't have to, to know all about them."

The doctor took up his book. Once or twice he looked at Patsy, and seven times confounded the little letter that had dropped in upon them. Evidently it had hit him somewhere in a way that was going to make symptom-reading more complicated than ever.

Patsy read Ellen's note again and yet again, drinking its overwhelming sweetness and pain for himself. He was suddenly struck by another thought.

"I say, Dr. Carthew!"

"Well?"

"I think you ought to know they've found out something about this."

"Good Lord! Did you suppose they would n't?" The doctor was not disturbed.

"Well, but won't it rather dish things for you if it fails?"

"I expect to be dished if it fails, but not till to-morrow. Don't tell me they're going to bother us to-day! Who is it knows?"

"Miss Fearing. She won't make any fuss. But of course I don't know where she got it."

"How much does she know?"

"Oh, I guess she knows it all."

"Does she say so?"

"No."

"What does she say about it?"

"Nothing directly."

"Then why are you so sure that she knows?"

"Because—she never would have said—this—to me unless she had known."

Patsy was fingering his letter. He looked up and met Dr. Carthew's eyes searching his face, with no attempt now to veil their intense inquisition.

"Chaloner," he said, "I wish you would tell me what I want to know."

Patsy stood up and backed furiously against the wall: "You don't wait to be told! Leave me alone, will you! Take

your eyes off me!" In the midst of the wrathful imprecation with which he wound up he wondered what the older man would do.

He was seated opposite. He bent his head and looked down at his clasped hands. With his great, leashed energy he was capable of tigerish fits of irritation; but this was not the way to rouse them. Moreover, as Patsy saw, he had learned enough. In a deep, stirred voice he said,

"So that is what I have done to you!"

"Never mind what's been done. You can't help that. But I do wish you'd respect a man's — privacy."

"It's not much to ask, when you've taken his life."

"Well, I suppose I need n't get so mad. But it's poor work waiting around like this,—you feel all kinds of ways. You can look at me as much as you like afterwards."

"Do you mean after you are dead?"

"I've got an even chance, have n't I? And I thought you had a kind of faith in the thing checking up all right. You're not a fellow that makes mistakes, you know."

"I've made a sickening mistake! I took a boy at his fool word. When I know what life can hold for a man! My God, Chaloner!" His great, sweet voice broke in the futile moan, "I wish I could get you out of it."

Patsy gravely drew up his chair to comfort him.

"You don't begin to know what you have done to me, Carthew. I grant you we're having a most annoying time, but I could n't have got this"—his letter—"without it. She did n't want me the way I was before, you know."

The doctor muttered something about it's being like a woman to plague a man into some madness like this and then—

"Oh, I say, shut up!" smiled Patsy "she's not like that at all. She cuts out the whole thing except to say it makes her see how much she cares. She gives me all the credit to myself; but I know she never would have cared enough to

let it out if I had n't done some tall changing. That's where you come in. You do stir a fellow up, Carthew! I don't mean necessarily," he grinned a little, "by killing him off. But you do get down to things in a way that's positively superb. I had n't begun to have any life, not so you'd notice it, the time I was so cheerful about offering it up. You laid the course for me right there, and it's been a terror for the last six weeks, I can tell you."

"Patsy, if we find it's all up, do you want me to send for her? She can stand it if I can, I guess."

"Not on your life! You told me what it was like, you know, before you let me go into it. You might tell her I died game, though. I intend to, of course. I don't expect you to drug me with things. You said your notes would be valuable, on an intelligent subject, so of course you'll have to — keep him intelligent."

The doctor made no promises on this score, but remarked that he should stay behind long enough to see Miss Fearing. Then he lifted a face so white that the shadowed line of his brows was like a scar across it, and smiled at his companion; and Patsy began to be "game" by suddenly breaking down with his head against the doctor's arm, swallowing his sobs and saying, "Oh, damn you, Carthew, I could stand it if you'd only treat me as you did before!"

In general, however, he did his part towards keeping up the tone of the occasion. He stalked about, jingling the change in his pockets, and remarking, "There's nothing really sensational about this, when you think of the auto-smash-ups, and the horses a fellow's liable to ride. I've always been booked for something of the sort, you know."

He had, moreover, an employment fitly consecrated to the hours of a great suspense. He answered Ellen's note, — believing that such a one had never been written to any man. That he, of all men, should have received it! The look in his face was of happiness supreme, — "with

darkness and the death-hour rounding it."

Dr. Carthew turned as by habit to those written notes which would record in cool keen phraseology the story of that day. It was exquisite condensation,—an exhaustive statement of the work of years brought down to a few stripped and crowded sentences. One page was needed to finish it. . . .

The afternoon drew to a solemn close. The fittings of the laboratory became dark and unexplained shapes. Shutters were opened. The sun laid its cheek against the hills, and the dim workrooms woke to a low, fantastic light on fragile glass and polished surfaces.

The men went out, and the great twilight died around them. The circle of the hills seemed to contract. It became a strange black rim of heaped and broken forms. They walked through hours of weary restlessness. The stones under their feet started, and rolled with sharp sounds like musketry in the stillness. But their voices were low, as if the stillness listened. The moon appeared in a notch of the wild horizon line and rose gloriously, laying black shadows at the feet of the rocks, melting the farther hills into wreaths of mist. It caught a white sparkle from the little crystal of the doctor's watch when he opened it to count the climbing hours. They were signing a release.

Speech grew less and less between the two men. When finally Carthew put the fact of his deliverance into words, Patsy only said, —

"Don't! I can't believe it."

"No. You can't. It's no use. We can struggle for wider thought, but it's unthinkable. And men are strangely bound. Your life was more to me tonight than all the uncounted millions this will reach."

"You're a man all right!" said Patsy. His eyes followed the sinking curves of the road, moon-traced, till the pine tops hid them. "I suppose I can't go down there till morning."

And still they walked the hill. When at last Patsy dropped down among the rocks and crowded himself into their hard embrace, the weariness of cumulative sensation came over him, and he fell asleep. The velvet shadow of a boulder was flung across him like a coverlet, but the setting moon fell clear on his face and turned it to a fair death-whiteness. For the older man there was no need nor possibility of rest. In his strong prime he was shaken and jarred as rocks are jarred.

The glory of his consummate achievement was nothing to him. All that allied him with the pitiful human was aroused, as though the race he had served with the single strength of a man were claiming him now through the weakness of all men.

He sat in absolute stillness and watched the sleeping face beside him. Patsy had said he might look at him — afterwards. Even in the sleep of his young relief he stirred as though he felt those eyes.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

BY WILLIAM EVERETT

DURING the year that is passing the Senate of the United States has been the mark of sharp criticism; and even those who have examined it most sharply must admit that it stands higher to-day than it has done for many months as a deliberating, revising, and checking body. But the keenest criticism which our Senate has received is nothing to what is at this moment uttered, and may, even before these words can be printed, pass from utterance into action, of the Upper Chamber of the British Parliament, the venerable and powerful House of Lords.

A great deal has been written, by no means all of it according to knowledge, on the history of the House of Lords, the steps in the transformation of the Great Council of the Norman and Angevin kings into the baronage of the Plantagenets and the peerage of the last four centuries. This is by no means a purely antiquarian study. There is locked up in that history the secret why England never became, as France and Spain did, the mere footstool of a throne, but retained, in close resemblance to its original form, and with no little of its original spirit, that traditional constitution which secured to the English people, in what they thought

days of tyranny, a living share of the freedom which Cerdic and Ida had brought from the mouths of the Weser and the Elbe. If one were to strike out from the substance of English freedom all that has been wrought for it by the Upper House of Parliament, the Earls and Barons, not only the history, but the actual liberty, would shrink to rags.

It is of course generally understood that the House of Lords is a hereditary body, the titles and rights passing from father to son, and in some cases to daughters, — though as yet no peeress in her own right has ever been admitted to a seat in the House, however readily she may be admitted to walk in a coronation procession. There is also an undefined belief that a considerable part of the peerage dates back to extreme antiquity, to that shadowy age vaguely known as the age of the Conquest, — an epoch, as ordinarily conceived, which never had any inhabitants but the living fictions of *Ivanhoe*, where followers of St. Francis, who was born in 1182, consort with men who remembered the actual Norman conquest of 1066. For instance, Hawthorne, in his wonderful vision of *Earth's Holocaust*, beholding the cremation of all evi-

dences of title and rank, says, "Tossed into the flames were the patents of nobility of English peers, from the worm-eaten instruments signed by William the Conqueror down to the bran-new parchment of the latest lord who has received honors from the fair hand of Victoria."

But William the Conqueror signed nothing like modern patents of nobility, and no peer of England can trace his title to him or any of his successors for two hundred years. A very few peers date back in the female line to Edward I; and, with one anomalous exception, no earldom antedates that of Shrewsbury, conferred on John Talbot, Shakespeare's stout warrior, in 1440. Such is the date of the oldest peerages; a few were conferred by the Tudors; but Elizabeth was sparing of hereditary, as of all other honors, and in her reign the order of dukes became extinct, and remained so for over fifty years.

The Stewarts were lavish of titles of nobility, both in England and Scotland, positively selling them to replenish their ever drained treasury. The majority of these new peers were stanch to the royal cause, while a goodly number of the more ancient nobility sided with the Parliament in the "Great Rebellion." Charles II lavished the title of duke from family affection, and William III from policy; yet the peerage as a whole remained a great and exceptional honor nearly through the eighteenth century, until Burke's measures of economy introduced a mighty change.

All through the early and middle Georgian period political services had been rewarded, not merely by sinecure offices, but by large cash pensions. This source of royal bounty had been sensibly choked, and William Pitt, determined to get votes by any method, persuaded King George III to multiply peers to an extent never dreamed of. Dukes he would not create out of the royal family; but whereas the death of the Marquess of Rockingham had erased that order from the English peerage, Pitt made nine marquesses

in his twenty years of power; and the lesser ranks were multiplied in proportion. Of course, the male succession was steadily failing in the older houses, and many of the new peers were childless. Still the numbers grew; and whereas in Walpole's time the House of Lords had been a moderate-sized and decidedly Whiggish body, Pitt's upper chamber was overwhelmingly Tory, and presented for years a steady resistance to all manner of needed reforms. In 1831, when the reform of Parliament was called for by nearly the whole nation except the Lords, and the House of Commons would endure none but a reform ministry, Lord Grey obtained from the king authority to swamp the Tory majority by a wholesale creation of peers; at least fifty would have been needed; but the existing Lords were so frightened by the prospect that active opposition was withdrawn.

For some time afterwards not many peers were made. Lord Melbourne's Whig ministry created no little scandal, and was mercilessly satirized by Disraeli in *Coningsby*, for reviving dormant peerages, which had fallen into abeyance among the descendants of heiresses, and had given no seat in the House for centuries, and were suddenly "called out" in the person of claimants who possessed a very small share of the original holder's blood. Sir Robert Peel scarcely made a peer, — he did not need them; and some moderation was maintained till about thirty years ago; since when ministers have vied with each other in the promotion of their respective partisans; till the House, to which Henry VII, after the Wars of the Roses had cut the old baronage to pieces, summoned less than thirty peers, now counts its members by hundreds, and grows every year.

At first sight there is not much likeness between the comfortable country gentlemen, retired lawyers, *blasé* men of fashion, and liberal subscribers to party funds, who now drop in to, rather than frequent, their magnificent hall, and "the mail-covered barons, who proudly to battle led

their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain," in the days of the Henrys and Edwards; but in one point the House has always maintained its character through centuries,—it is an aristocracy of birth, but it is still more emphatically one of wealth. The law of entail and primogeniture has kept the landed estates together as far as the law can. Many have passed by heiresses to new names, or been sold by spendthrift lords; many holders of ancient titles have lost the wealth that gilded their ancestors' coronets; but new peers are almost always rich, and a title is still an attraction to an heiress. We sometimes hear that the House of Lords represents nothing. This is false; it represents property. Tennyson's new Lincolnshire farmer, whose horse's hoofs trotted "proppty, proppty, proppty," is the type of a vast number of Englishmen. Such men are not only content, but proud, to be represented by the House of Lords. They know that as long as the Lords have their say, "proppty" will have a stanch body of organized champions.

In ennobling wealthy supporters, recent governments have not been very scrupulous as to the sources of the wealth. The great brewers, Allsopp and Bass, were raised to the English, and Guinness to the Irish peerage, much to the disgust of some fastidious people, who declared the nobility was becoming "the beer-age." But the average conservative Briton does not understand objections to malt liquor. He would be much more likely to sneer at Lord Kelvin's peerage for scientific discoveries he cannot comprehend, or Lord Lister's for medical services, which he admits are useful, but cannot conceive are ennobling, than at crowning with deserved laurel such eminent pillars of Church and State as brewers. Even Tom Hughes, the radical of radicals, told us in *School Days at Rugby* of "good honest beer."

Now it seems to modern theorists,—and to many who are more than theorists,—a strange abuse that the king or his

ministers should give a seat for life in a great governing body to any one whom he may choose, and a still grosser abuse that when the new peer, who had some claim to his elevation, dies, he should be succeeded in plenitude of right by his eldest son, who may have no claim, or even less than none. Few men ever deserved high rank better than Earl Cairns, the great equity lawyer and Conservative statesman; few ever deserved it less than his son and heir. The abuse is not seldom aggravated by the fact that a second son is far better qualified to succeed than the elder. The second Lord Chat-ham was a nonentity; his brother nearly their father's equal; the late Lord Salisbury, born a second son, succeeded to the peerage by a brother's early death.

An attempt was made, about fifty years ago, to create peers for life. The plan, undoubtedly a good one, was defeated by the unquenchable factiousness of Lord Lyndhurst, then over eighty; in late years the reform has been carried through, but only for that peculiar province of the Upper House, its high appellate jurisdiction in law. In this jurisdiction all but "law lords" have long waived their rights. But more irritating by a good deal than the hereditary claim to legislation is its non-exercise. The legislators do not legislate. The majority of them seem to care nothing for the ancient and mighty rights vested in them. A quorum of the Lords is three; and of the Commons, indeed, only forty; so that it is entirely possible for a bill to go through all its stages and be presented to the king as an act for his signature, in which not fifty men have had a hand. If a member of the House of Commons should regularly absent himself, his constituents would very soon call him to account, although his seat is assured on an average nearly as long as that of a United States senator, who may stay away his whole six years if he choose. But a peer has his seat for life, and all England crying out against him could not make him occupy it if he did not want to.

The peers complain that it is of no use for them to meet in large numbers and sit long, for they have nothing to do. Most important bills are introduced in the House of Commons by the ministry, debated to rags there, and not sent up to the Lords till the session is near its close. They assert that if they had these measures in time they could do their unquestioned duty of revision promptly, intelligently, and continuously. More:—if the Commons, instead of standing on punctilios derived from remote times, would encourage the Lords to initiate more bills, legislation could go on *pari passu* in both houses, to their mutual advantage.

But ever since the Commons felt that they had the real power in England, they have determined to be as far as may be the sole legislators. They positively grudge the Peers a coördinate voice, not only in decision, but in discussion. Hence they are overworked; Parliamentary government gets every day more discredited; while the Lords, who admit that power has largely slipped from them, justly feel that the share they ought to have in the business of the nation is denied them.

This comparative insignificance of the Lords, this gradual drawing away, not only of the reality but the semblance of power to the Lower House, has led to avoidance of the Peers' benches by many men who would honor them. To refuse a peerage might almost be called a common thing. When the Earl of Selborne died, who as Sir Roundell Palmer had been made Lord Chancellor, his son, a prominent M. P., declared he would not go to the Upper House,—that he would *unpeer* himself. But such a thing had not been done for four centuries,—he had to be an hereditary lawmaker.

It is well known that most peers begin by serving in the House of Commons, before coming to their titles,—and it is reckoned a disadvantage when that succession comes at such an early age that the peer has had no chance to represent a constituency; such was the case with

the late Duke of Argyll, able, eloquent, high-minded, well-informed,—he lacked just what a few years in the "House" alone can give.

The antiquated constitution of the House of Lords, and its comparative neglect of its duties, irritates modern reformers both theoretical and practical, and has led them often to call for its overthrow. But at the bottom of this charge of obsoleteness and inefficiency is the fear that the peers may take it into their heads to be energetic and industrious, constant in attendance and active in operation. If they were so,—if the Lords chose to be as vigorous as they were in 1689 or 1782, or even in 1807 and 1832,—the democratic element in the United Kingdom would have hard work to complete the change which it has carried so far, and longs to carry farther. What the Lords can do now was shown by Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. His immense personal influence, and the fear of an Irish revolt, added to no small amount of serious conviction, forced the bill through the Commons. The Lords met in numbers scarce-known for a lifetime; the case was put on both sides with great force, and with that serious, lofty, high-bred eloquence that has never become extinct in the Upper House during many centuries. The bill was rejected by an immense majority; and the friends of the measure had the satisfaction of knowing that the verdict of England was against them and with the peers; and not a few voices raised the cry which is heard at steadily recurring intervals, "Thank Heaven we have a House of Lords!"

Such cases are exceptional. It is rare indeed that the present peers see fit to resist the principle of a measure on which the Commons are practically united; still rarer that they push their resistance to the point of rejection. In 1869 the bill for the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland came perilously near failure,—and the consequences of rejection can scarcely be conjectured. But by the joint efforts of Archbishop Tait, the Earl of

Clarendon, and Lord Cairns a settlement was made, worthy of the dignity of both houses and both causes.

But there is a general and growing sentiment in the United Kingdom that the Lords ought not to retain even the nominal power of rejecting what the Commons have passed; that its existence, if not wiped out, must be seriously modified; or, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, "It must mend or end."

There are those in England, glorying in the name of Radicals, who ask nothing better than to have the House of Lords swept away entirely, — "ended," — and nothing put in its place. They seem to have come straight down from the days of Couthon and Saint-Just, and their National Convention which pretended to be the French people. Or we can help them to a more respectable authority, — the name of one who had quite as much patriotism, much more experience, and what the French Revolutionists tried to abolish together with nobility and January, — common sense. Dr. Franklin at eighty-two favored a single house for the Federal legislature. It was in line with the constitution of Pennsylvania, — but Pennsylvania changed.

The idea that all power must be in the people, and that for the expression of the people's will a single house duly chosen, duly deliberating, and then deciding once for all without appeal, is all sufficient, seems to have a fascination for some democratic theorists who are always calling on us to trust the people. But the belief that there is needed a second chamber, organized on a different basis from the great popular assembly, at least to revise, if not to veto, is deeply rooted in the Aryan mind, — for the institution of two bodies goes back to Homer, and back of Homer, — and at the root of that belief is a conviction, which few men in public life have the courage to assert, — that any people, at least in its first impulses, needs to be saved from itself by some authority outside of its immediate representatives.

But if the Upper House is not to be ended, how is it to be mended? Europe and America and the British colonies, since the great political revolutions of the last century, have seen the establishment of a score of senates, some elective, some appointive, some constructed on a joint principle. Many of these bodies do their work well enough, — but they are those in which no great international problems have arisen. In most cases the Lower House has asserted its supremacy, and the Upper House is a respectable, but hardly an authoritative body; in a few, like our Senate, it has more than asserted itself, and made the Lower House to feel that it is really the paramount body. The great difficulty has been to find some process, whether by appointment by the executive, election by the Lower House, popular election by larger districts and in smaller numbers, whereby the Upper House can really maintain a distinctive and original character. In this regard our state system was a most fortunate circumstance, to which there are parallels in Switzerland and in the German Empire. But could any such basis be found in the rest of the British Constitution, if the House of Lords were abolished? A species of federative assembly, not wholly unlike our Senate, might possibly be chosen by the county councils; if this were done, it is quite certain that seats in it would be almost forced at the first election on members of the House of Lords, who are in much demand for the county councils themselves.

But the British counties are already doubly represented in the councils and the House of Commons. An Upper House chosen by their means would only bring about exactly what we see in so many of the United States, — a smaller body which is really only a concentrated reflection of the larger, as in a concave mirror, and like that apt to be distorted, that is, more accessible to improper influence. Such senates may be tolerable as creations from the beginning; but they have none of the dignity and individual

character needed in a body which is to replace the august House of Lords.

And when the new Senate is procured, shall it be a controlling or merely a revising senate? Some persons have declared in favor of keeping the House of Lords, provided its power shall extend to revising only,—that it may refuse assent once to a measure passed by the Commons, but that that House may, if it chooses, finally pass it over the Lords' veto. This is practically what happens now; but it is hard to believe that a body so avowedly as well as actually impotent could long retain the national respect, or find its "revisions" much regarded by the all-powerful Commons. Our legislatures are subject to a stricter and better revision in the power of the courts to annul unconstitutional acts.

The veteran Radical, Professor Goldwin Smith, who advocates a revisory Senate, thinks the Privy Council could at once step into the proposed vacancy. That is a very ancient and very honorable body, to which the king, that is, the ministry, names certain exalted personages as a matter of course, and appoints on coming into power a certain number of its most prominent official and other partisans from both Houses of Parliament. This venerable body very rarely meets as a whole; but it has many select committees for executive work, of which far the most important is the Cabinet. It certainly would have many of the qualities needed in an appointive Senate; but as many of its principal members are also members of the House of Commons, the existing Privy Council could never become the Upper House.

A method which would entail the least radical change would be that of selection by the Lords from their own number.

This principle of representation already exists. Scotland and Ireland, before their respective unions, had parliamentary peers of their own; and these bodies select a number to sit in the Imperial House of Lords,—the capacity of choice descending from father to son.

This method, no doubt, retains the hereditary principle. But is Britain so very sure to give that up? It is rooted, and has been for centuries on centuries, in her entire polity. Fifty years ago the cry was that Queen Victoria was to reign for life, but that her son should never be allowed to succeed. At this day hereditary monarchy is as strong as ever in England; and throughout Europe from Spain to Norway, the chances of increase in the number of republics seem to lessen every day. Are *Messieurs les Doctrinaires* quite sure that the people of the British isles as a whole consider hereditary legislation an effete and pernicious element? The nation has repeatedly surprised itself by its attachment to that part of its constitution. It at this moment eagerly selects noblemen for membership in its county councils. It has seen the Lords absorb not only soldiers, sailors, statesmen, squires, and lawyers, but physicians, authors, scientists, capitalists, manufacturers. Is it prepared to throw all that overboard? Is it certain that a revising house, which before long, if not at once, would be no more, however chosen, could serve the people better than their ancient hereditary Senate?

The Lords have never separated themselves from the people; they have been, in all ages, recruited from it, and after one generation all their descendants, except the head of each house, fall back into it. They are not a *noblesse*, like the Continental aristocracies. They have more than once stood for liberty when the Commons have been recreant; such things are called ancient history now; but they were written for our learning. They are absolutely independent; not forced to resign their trust at the whim of a constituency, like Burke in old times, and Sir Edward Clarke the other day. With many inefficient members they have never lacked leaders of supreme ability; and they possess almost to a man the character, so dear to English and Scottish minds, of perfect simplicity. There never was a body of men with so little pose,

whose way of dealing with their fellow men was so devoid of assumption, pretence, or flattery, as these same peers, from whom too many of their countrymen would be only too eager to accept such hateful traits.

They, no doubt, as a rule oppose a strongly conservative majority to such a reforming one as now dominates the House of Commons; but English history is full of conservative reactions, when the people, frightened by the violence of their own representatives, have fallen back on the protection of the feudal House. That House has always furnished leaders, eloquent, patient, brave in every sound reform; and if its monument was soon to be erected, its epitaph must contain many a word of gratitude for the long line of services it has rendered to British freedom, beginning with the Great Charter.

Americans cannot afford to neglect or

sneer at the crises in English politics, any more than England could afford to neglect or sneer at ours in 1861. It is an insult at once to philosophy and to common sense to declare that all nations will prosper under a uniform set of institutions. The strangely composite people that holds the British Isles has had its full share of political vicissitudes. Its constitution, founded six hundred years and more ago, included in no one document, but far more stable than many engrossed patterns of government, has seen every part of itself in danger of perishing, and then has taken on a new lease of life, to the amazement and envy of foreign nations. If that life is to continue, it will not be by violent changes of polity, though more than one such it has survived; but by the operation of the strange genius of its people, which, as its great poet says, "Nought shall make us rue if England to itself do rest but true."

LITERATURE AND THE MODERN DRAMA¹

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES

IN an introductory lecture I gave last week at Harvard, I tried to clear the ground for laying the cornerstones of a National Anglo-American drama. I tried to justify the phrase "National Anglo-American drama" by pointing out that for many years past the same ranges of poetic and modern drama have been common ground to both nations, and that the highest talent in acting has been equally at the service of both nations, and equally at home on both sides of the Atlantic. I tried to show that any possible national school of Anglo-American drama must be built upon these four cornerstones: the establishment of right, and definite, and continuous relations between the drama and literature; be-

tween the drama and morality; between the drama and popular entertainment; between the drama and the theatre.

I propose in this lecture to deal with the relations that exist, or rather with the relations that do not exist, between literature and the drama in America and England. Here I may perhaps call your attention to a suggestive and well-reasoned paper by Mr. Brander Matthews on the relations of the drama to literature. He truly points out that the art of the drama is not coincident with literature, that though it sometimes overlaps literature, it must not be judged solely by the same rules as a piece of literature. Mr. Brander Matthews covers widely different ground in that paper from the ground I purpose to take you over to-day. For one

¹ A lecture delivered at Yale University.

thing he establishes a striking likeness between the art of the drama and the art of oratory, inasmuch as their immediate appeal is to a crowd, and if that immediate appeal is lost, — all is lost. He quotes with approval from the preface by Dumas fils to *Un Père Prodigue*: "A dramatic work should always be written as though it was only to be read. . . . The spectator gives it vogue: the reader makes it durable." Mr. Brander Matthews sums up the whole matter in one pregnant sentence: "Only literature is permanent." That is a great saying which every American and English playwright should print on the inside cover of his writing-case.

Now, if I were to ask you, What are the present relations between American drama and American literature? How many American plays are in active circulation amongst you, so that on reading them over you can put your finger on the fine passages that amused you or stirred you when you saw them acted? How often do you go to a theatre and the next day take from the library shelf the play of the previous evening and chew the cud of the author's wisdom, or passion, or satire; as a Frenchman can chew the cud of a living French dramatist, as a Norwegian can chew the cud of his modern Ibsen?

If I were to ask you these questions you would reply: "We are a young nation; we are still partly in the leading strings of England in matters of art and literature; we have scarcely had time to build our house, much less to decorate it. Our art and our literature and our drama are at present in the nebulous state; scarcely even in the fluid, certainly not in the final congealed, concrete state. It is not fair to ask such a question as: 'What is the relation between American literature and the American drama?'" Very well, I won't ask it. In place of that question, I will ask another: Seeing that only literature is permanent; seeing that all plays however amusing or exciting or popular, that are not literature, must quickly perish, nay, did perish before they were born; seeing that it is the lit-

erary quality which keeps fresh and vital and operative upon our stage to-day the plays of Shakespeare, Molière, Sheridan, — how can a relation be established between literature and the modern acted drama in the theatres of America and England to-day? For, as we have seen, it is only by the establishment of this relation that Americans and Englishmen can have a national drama in which they can take a legitimate pride, or indeed a drama that is worth a single moment's discussion. I am sure it was with some such idea in your minds, the idea that the drama is worth earnest consideration, that it is of vast importance in your national economy, that it needs to be clarified from mere popular entertainment and set upon a permanent intellectual basis, — it was with this idea that you invited me to speak to you about my art.

Now, if it would be unfair to ask, What is the present relation between American literature and the American drama? it would be satirical to ask, What is the present relation between English literature and the English drama?

Briefly, in England men of letters have an open contempt for the modern drama, or at the best a supercilious indifference. These feelings are streaked by the highly fantastic notion that playwriting is an easy, ignoble form of scribbling which makes much money. English and American dramatists are greatly indebted to Mr. Brander Matthews for his constant affirmation that the drama is the most difficult, the most vital, the most noble form of literature. I can only invite those who doubt his assertion to make the experiment. At the end of twenty years they will be inclined to agree with him. If we lump both our nations, and ask what notion or notions the general body of Anglo-American playgoers have formed of the relations of the drama to literature, I think we must own, that for the most part, they are in a very blessed state of child-like innocence about the whole matter. One common cardinal notion, however, seems to possess playgoers on both

sides of the Atlantic. It is the notion that a costume play, a play whose scenes are laid anywhere and any time between the birth of Christ and 1840, does by that very fact acquire a literary merit, a literary distinction and profound significance which rank it immeasurably above the mere prose play of modern everyday life.

It matters not whether the personages of the costume play talk blank verse, or a patchwork diction compounded of every literary and conversational style from Chaucer to a White-Chapel costermonger; to the great majority of playgoers, the costume play brings that elevation of mind and feeling, that vague but gratifying sense of superiority which was felt by the Bourgeois Gentilhomme when he discovered that, without taking the least pains, he was a person of very considerable literary attainments. This feeling of awe in the presence of a costume play has persisted as long as I can remember. In my early playgoing days, it was chiefly called forth by the blank verse plays of Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles. Leading actors played on alternative evenings *Hamlet* and *The Hunchback*; *Othello* and *The Lady of Lyons*; *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Love Chase*. Each item of the répertoire equally aroused in the actor the sense of meritorious poetic achievement, and in the audience the sense of reverent, elevated, aesthetic delight. Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles have now retired from competition with Shakespeare. What has taken their place in the répertoire of leading actors? One or two plays of genuine poetic merit have been produced, have been cordially recognized, and have been played with some degree of success. It would, however, be rash to hope that they will keep a permanent hold of the stage.

Many costume pieces have been produced with considerable success and profit. One or two of them have been really well written, and may claim to rank as literature. But for the most part, the costume pieces that are successful on our stage are very sorry fustian, and would

not bear a moment's examination in print. Indeed, I fancy it is mainly the costume of the leading actor, his lofty tone, his imperial air, that persuade our good-natured playgoers that the ancillary literature of the play must needs be correspondingly sublime. When such very fine clothes are paraded, such heroic sentiments uttered, such gallant deeds done, such lavish, nay, such wasteful feats of self-sacrifice performed under our very eyes, I fear it shows a mean and churlish spirit to call for any examination of the author's diction, of the reasonableness of his characterization, or indeed of the common sense of the whole scheme.

I remember a scene in a West London theatre that effectively showed to what extent an audience may be moved to a wild expression of approval by the assured tone and manner of the actor. A venerable old village clergyman came up to London and discovered his only son in undesirable relationship with an undesirable lady. The old man was heartbroken, and used all the arguments of his profession to recall the boy to a sense of his duty to society. Having failed to move the young man, the white-haired old father at length revealed the fact that he, too, in his youth had bound himself by the closest ties to a certain lady. "But," sternly declared the venerable old clergyman, "when Honor called, I flung her off, and married your mother!" This atrocious sentiment was delivered with so much dignity, so much severity of moral conviction, that it called forth enthusiastic applause night after night from the audience. And I doubt not that our actors, by their elevated tone, manner and bearing, are largely responsible for the notion so widely prevalent amongst playgoers that a costume play must necessarily rank higher as literature than the prose play of everyday modern life.

Please do not suppose that I am bringing a sweeping charge of willful deception against actors generally. In most cases their enthusiastic production of costume plays cannot be ascribed to any

baser motive than an ignorance of what literature is. As a rule, actors honestly believe that some superior literary merit natively belongs to a play that is not written in modern everyday prose, and that great artistic credit may be claimed for losing five or ten thousand pounds in producing a costume blank verse play. Oh, the vast sums of money that have been lost in exploiting such plays, in the mischievous idea that they are "literary," and that the public taste is elevated by producing them! More than enough to establish and endow national theatres in England and America! I will make the statement that in the matter of the permanent worth of plays, the public, without taking much thought or care about the matter, has on the whole a surer instinct and a higher taste than the actor. For with the actor, personal and ulterior considerations must often intrude and warp his judgment. The literary merit, the permanent worth of the play, must always, consciously or unconsciously, be a matter of secondary importance to the actor, so far as he has the true spirit and the rightful ambition of the actor within him. To deny this is to deny that human nature is human nature. "Have I the best part? Shall I score above everybody else in the cast? Shall I hold or better my starry position, or will it be taken from me?" Does anybody deny that these must be the chief considerations of the actor? Again, I tell him he is merely affirming that human nature is not human nature. It is quite right, and indeed it is most urgent for the success of his career, that a leading actor should make his own part his chief concern. But this first necessity of his position must always govern, and color, and influence his choice, and sometimes altogether distort his judgment, of plays. The matter is of the greatest importance, but it may be more conveniently discussed when dealing with the relations of the drama to the theatre. I fear that sometimes a motive quite alien from a love of literature, or from mere ignorance of literature, decides a leading

actor's choice of a play and moves him to give the preference to a costume piece. Until quite recent years, our British army clad its recruits in flaming scarlet and thus gave them an unfair advantage over mere civilians in the important matter of winning the hearts of their females. If the great Israelite prophet's question, "Wherefore art thou red in thy apparel?" had been put to the young British soldier, he would have answered, "To sweetheart the nursemaids in the Park."

It is only within a century or so that the European male has dropped the im-memorial custom, common to him and to all male animals, birds, and insects from creation onwards, of outblazing and dominating his female by the splendor of his raiment, coat, skin, fur, or feathers. It is with great humiliation that a lover of the theatre must reluctantly confess that in the matter of male garments, as in matters intellectual, the British theatre tends to lag about a century behind date. For, to ask a quite plain, frank question: Has all this costume bravery of the stage any other or any higher significance than the soldier's scarlet tunic, displayed before the worshiping nursemaid?

You have two phrases in America, "matinée girl" and "matinée idol." We have not the phrases in England, but we have the corresponding personages. At a recent matinée given in an English city by one of our most deservedly popular stage heroes, it is credibly alleged that at the opening of the doors two hundred and seventy-nine ladies consecutively passed the pay-box! Then a single man appeared. But he was a curate. I do not think that any explanation can be offered of this incident that would flatter the dramatic taste of the town, or indeed that concerns the drama at all. I think the only explanation that can be given of these matinée phenomena is to class them with the nursemaid and the soldier in the Park; except indeed that the nursemaid has this great advantage, or disadvantage, — she does actually talk with her hero, and in

many cases is made the veritable heroine of the story.

Now, I think, I had better pause. I have made a mortal enemy of every matinée young lady and every matinée idol in England and America. I hasten to express my deep sorrow, and to make a bow of profound apology all around on both sides the Atlantic. Let me try first to win back a smile of good-will from the matinée young lady and all her sisters; from those who form so large, so powerful, so desirable, so welcome a majority of many of our theatrical audiences in England and America.

Let me take a grandfather's privilege and whisper a little confidential aside to the matinée young lady. My dear granddaughter, never will I be so foolish as to bring this tiresome art of the drama into competition with the great business, the fine art of love-making. I have claimed for the drama that it is the finest of all arts, but in your presence I frankly own it sinks into insignificance beside your own natural art, which is indeed the oldest, the finest, the subtlest of all the arts. It is better to have "a vermeil-tinctured lip" than a sound contempt for fustian blank verse; while the possession of the most correct taste in literature is a very drug compared with the possession of "love-darting eyes and tresses like the morn." Therefore, do not think that I am scolding you, or questioning your good taste in flocking to costume plays, and in worshipping your matinée idols. But I would like you to recognize, and I would like those who direct your taste to recognize, that all this nursemaid and red soldier business is only very distantly and incidentally connected with the drama; while a confirmed indulgence in it, a belief in it as actuality, is quite destructive of your enjoyment, or indeed of your comprehension, of any serious drama whatever. I should say of all this costume flummery and fustian what I so constantly say of popular entertainment, Enjoy it by all means, but recognize it for what it is. Separate it

from your drama; that is, separate it in your own minds, when you are talking and thinking about it. I do not ask or expect that it shall be separated on the boards of all our theatres, or in the words and business of all our plays. That is impossible. Even in Shakespeare's greatest tragedies there are occasional sops of popular entertainment thrown in; while in the most inane musical farce, in the most violent melodrama, in the most falacious costume play, there are occasional strokes of wit and humor; occasional scenes of true pathos; occasional apparitions of dead heroes and clashing antagonists, which justify us in marking those particular passages respectively as morsels of true comedy, true drama, true tragedy.

In all those instances it is a question of distinguishing what is senseless foolery, false sentiment, or cardboard armor,—what is dross from what is gold. With one little parting insinuation not to take costume stage heroes at too high a valuation, I again humbly apologize to the matinée young lady for having disturbed her maiden meditations with my most rude, my most impertinent remarks. But I hope I shall induce her to give her attention sometimes to modern serious drama, where superhuman heroism and self-sacrifice are not dealt with in wholesale quantities and served up hot in red jackets, but where human courage is sustained and the æsthetic instincts gratified by the presentation of men and women, not as they impossibly ought to have been in the middle ages, but as they are to-day on the hard actual surface of this planet. I hope I have made my peace with the matinée young lady.

I have still to reckon with the redoubtable costume hero himself. My first instinct is to hide myself lest in a fit of justifiable anger he should challenge me to mortal combat by pistol, rapier, or broadsword; and upon discovering my caitiff terror of him, deal me one mortal thrust with the jeweled dagger that always hangs so opportunely at his jeweled belt. Per-

haps, however, I had better take heart and face him with the simple request to ponder carefully what I have said. He will find that I have not uttered one word that can give offense to those actors who have a high esteem for their calling, not as it quaintly appoints them judges and arbiters of dramatic literature, or as it gives them the opportunity of captivating the matinée young lady, but as it gives them the chance of fulfilling the actor's legitimate ambition, which, I humbly submit, is — to act. Acting is a very great art; no one has more cause to know and remember this than I have. It is a very arduous art; it may very well absorb the chief energies of the actor. It is cruel to burden him also with the weighty business of deciding in matters of literature.

With regard to the costume play itself, I hope I have not shown ill-nature in dealing with a class of play with which, I confess, I have little sympathy. I will ask any one who questions my attitude towards the costume play to read carefully a recent essay by Mr. Brander Matthews on the Historical Novel. The arguments which Mr. Matthews advances with irresistible force and insight against the historical novel may be equally leveled against the historical play.

There is always a recurring tendency in every generation to write and to believe in the same kind of sublime nonsense that Cervantes laughed away three centuries ago. In truth, this return to fustian romance is perennial, and needs always to be laughed away. You have a not distant kinsman of Cervantes in America to-day, who has laughed away much of this nonsense from literature. Will not Mark Twain do your nascent American drama the service of clearing it at the start from sham heroes and sham heroics?

I have given much time to point out what I do not mean by uniting the Anglo-American drama and literature. But doubtless students at Yale will tell me that Professor Phelps has taken good care

to safeguard them from tumbling into the fallacy I have all this time been warning them against. You will say it is granted that the fustian costume play is not literature; and, therefore, cannot be permanent; and, therefore, cannot be the type and foundation of any worthy school of drama. But what about the genuine poetic drama? What about a school of modern blank-verse plays? Now, the drama being a highly conventional art, like sculpture, far more conventional than novel-writing or painting, it is certain that its highest and most enduring achievements must always be wrought in the conventional language of poetry. The greatest things in nature or in life can never be expressed, or painted, or carved, or represented in exact imitation of real life, or in a spirit of modern realism. Least of all in sculpture and in the drama can they be so bodied forth. Therefore, the greatest examples of drama are poetic drama, and the highest schools of drama are, and must ever be, schools of poetic drama. But I think it would be a sad waste of time if England or America were to put forth any self-conscious efforts to found and sustain a school of poetic drama to-day, or indeed to hope that by any possible process of manipulation or endowment the rising generation of English and American playwrights can with labored forethought accomplish what the Elizabethans did naturally and spontaneously.

Any vital school of drama is intimately connected with the daily lives of the people, and it is useless for Englishmen or Americans to hope for much poetry in their drama till they have put a little more into their lives — that is, until the reign of omnipresent, omnipotent commercialism is at an end. The Elizabethan drama came at an exact moment in the life of the English language and of the English race; at an exact distance from the Renaissance and the Reformation; it was indirectly related to gorgeous dreams of empire; to great national ambitions; to a noble style in architecture, and to many other conditions which do not prevail to-day

either in England or America. Neither the habits of life, nor the mold of thought, nor the period of development in either the English or the American language, is at all favorable to the prospects of the poetic drama on either side of the Atlantic. Such examples of blank-verse drama as obtain a fitful success on our modern stage,—even those which contain scenes and lines of genuine poetry,—seem to lack the freedom and bustle of healthy life; they have the uncomfortable air of men cased tightly in armor, walking on stilts down Piccadilly or Broadway. They do not reflect or interpret our lives, or any life; they reflect reflections of life from poetry and history.

I do not think there is the least hope of successfully founding and developing a school of poetic drama in England or America to-day. I shall be glad to find myself mistaken. I should like to think that a body of Yale and Harvard students will prove me to be wholly wrong in my estimate of the dramatic harvest of the next two generations; but I can only discourage any American student who wishes to be a dramatist from using blank-verse as his instrument. I discourage him, because I know that if there is in Yale or Harvard to-day any dauntless soul who is resolved to win the unattainable prize of poetic drama, he will most rightly despise and defy my counsel, and will go straight on to his goal. I can only wish him Godspeed on what seems to me a forlorn hope. At present, then, only two reasons can be clearly discerned for producing modern poetic plays in England and America. They enable our actors to spend thousands of pounds in scenery and costumes, and by this means to "elevate the drama" for the benefit of a populace who are judges of scenery and costumes, but who confessedly are no judges whatever of literature or poetry. They also have this further immense advantage,—they set free the dramatist from the ceaseless worry and drudgery of studying the lives and characters of the living men and

women around him. These seem to me the only reasons for cultivating the poetic drama in the present state of Anglo-American civilization.

Having then dashed your hopes of founding a living school of national drama upon the romantic costume play, and the imitation Elizabethan blank-verse play, you will ask me: "What kind of play then is likely to fulfill the two necessary conditions,—that it is to be at the same time operative and successful on our modern stage, and also to take permanent rank as literature? You have told us what to avoid,—now, tell us what to pursue."

I dare say many of you will remember a fine piece of true drama in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I mean the trial scene of Christian and Faithful at Vanity Fair. Bunyan was a born dramatist. What is the hall mark of the dramatist? What is the sure sign whereby you may always distinguish the dramatist from the humorist, the satirist, the *farceur*, the parodist, who also have legitimate places on the stage, and are welcome so far as they entertain us. The sure sign of the dramatist is the instant presentation and revelation of character in action by means of bare dialogue. The dramatist makes his characters think, speak, act, live for themselves and for their own aims; the characters of the humorist, the satirist, the parodist, speak, not their own words, but the author's; they walk the stage, not for their own aims, but for the author's. In the drama you should never hear the author speaking. If he wishes to speak *in propria persona* he should gather around him a crowd of good-natured persons and ask them kindly to permit him to lecture to them, so that he may keep silence in his own work. It is better for a dramatist to keep silence in his work than on his work.

Burns, like Bunyan, had a rich dramatic vein. Read *Holy Willie's Prayer*—it is not Burns speaking, it is Holy Willie himself exuding the genuine oily drivel and brimstone of the conventicle.

Bunyan had a great dramatic faculty. All through his allegories you will find instances of most vivid and direct presentation of character in dialogue. If you will read the scene I have mentioned, — the trial scene in *Vanity Fair*, you will find it a masterly tragicomic drama in miniature. The personages talk the exact talk of the day: short, apt, striking, colloquial sentences, nearly every one of which goes straight home, and would get a roar of laughter if the scene were played by accomplished comedians in our own theatre to-day. The truculent judge is a gem of character. This imperishable piece of dramatic literature was written, not by a man of letters, but by a traveling tinker. How many hundreds of labored poetic dramas have been played, and are forgotten, since that was written! Bunyan got his material, not from library shelves, not from the past, but quick and live from the world of living men around him.

That is where you must get your national American drama from, if you are to have a living drama at all. Perhaps you will think, "Then we have only to go out into the streets, into the hotels, into the stores, and write down what we see and hear, and make it up into a play." No, you will never get a play that way. You will merely get a more or less interesting catalogue of facts and speeches, — at best something akin to a photograph or a phonograph. All your materials must be sifted, and selected, and shaped, and transformed by the imagination into something rich and strange. But the ore from which the gold has to be extracted is lying in apparently useless heaps at your very doors.

Recall the fine sentence from Mr. Brander Matthews that I quoted at the beginning of my lecture: "Only literature is permanent." If your drama is to live, it must be literature. But the same truth may be put in a converse form: "If your drama is truly alive, it must be literature." If you have faithfully and searchingly studied your fellow-citizens; if you have selected from amongst them those

characters that are interesting in themselves, and that also possess an enduring human interest; if in studying these interesting personalities, you have severely selected, from the mass of their sayings and doings and impulses, those words and deeds and tendencies which mark them at once as individuals and as types; if you have then recast and reimagined all the materials; if you have cunningly shaped them into a story of progressive and accumulative action; if you have done all this, though you may not have used a single word but what is spoken in ordinary American intercourse to-day, I will venture to say that you have written a piece of live American literature, — that is, you have written something that will not only be interesting on the boards of the theatre, but that can be read with pleasure in your library; can be discussed, argued about, tasted, and digested as literature.

In some respects, the American colloquial language is to-day a better instrument for this type of play than the English colloquial language. A greater number of your population are dealing more directly with realities; hence your speech is more racy; it has more present bite and sting; it swarms with lusty young idioms. We are constantly importing from you bright, curt phrases and metaphors struck off red-hot in the common mint of the workshop, or the mine, or the factory.

Your own modern colloquial language is the fitting, nay, the only vehicle for a national American drama. And of all characters in the world for an American dramatist, surely present-day Americans are heaven-sent ideal personages for him to study and people his plays withal. A dramatist, a novelist, is never so effective, so vital, as when he is drawing the inhabitants of his own village, his own city, his own circle, the men and women whom he lived amongst in his youth, and unconsciously studied when his memory was fresh, and vivid, and impressionable. Compare George Eliot's portraits in the

Scenes of Clerical Life, *Adam Bede*, and *Silas Marner* with some of the intolerable personages in *Daniel Deronda*, written after the critics had told her most truly, but most disastrously, that she was a great genius. The self-conscious, ex-officio production of masterpieces is often a terribly wearisome and unprofitable business both for author and reader. I repeat, your own American streets and drawing-rooms and tramcars and prairies are the only possible recruiting ground for a present-day American drama. As for the poetic drama, let it rest a while. Let me beg your rising dramatists to "cross out those immensely overpaid accounts," that matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath, and set to work in the better, fresher, busier sphere, the wide, untried domain that awaits and demands them. And surely America is a most tempting sphere for an American dramatist. I think, guest and stranger as I am, I think I can detect little American weaknesses and foibles and follies, — nay, I will say characteristic American vices, — peeping out here and there at your shirtsleeves, from between your waistcoat folds, and especially sticking out from that pocket where you keep your pigskin dollar-note purse. Yes, Madam, and I fancy I spy them straying from under your picture hat, and flickering around the sparklets of that diamond necklace, and peeping in and out with the pretty toecaps of your elegant American kid boots. As I walk your streets, and ride in your tramcars, and read your journals, and try to fathom your politics, I fancy I hear airy tongues calling out to your American playwrights in some such syllables as these: "Here's a delightful display of native purse-proud egotism and bad manners. Snapshot it! Look at that horribly grotesque piece of American prudery! Tear its mask off! Come here! Watch this morsel of feminine affectation and vanity come tripping down the street. It's feminine; so deal gently with it, but don't let it escape you! Hush! Here's a great show! All our brother Pharisees and brother hypocrites

swelling visibly with windy religious platitudes! Follow them into church, into the best seats. Stick a pin, point upwards, in their cushions! Ah, look at that loud piece of brazen bluff! Have you shamed it down? Then hurry here and see what a rascally lump of bloated greed and filthy chicanery has seated himself in the chief seat of your marketplace! Arrest him! Hale him to the pillory of the stage! Gibbet him for the delight of American audiences!"

I hope you will not think that in speaking thus plainly I have overstepped the limits of courtesy which I laid out for myself in starting. I think you must have perceived that throughout this latter part of my lecture I have been advancing the strongest plea on behalf of my brother American playwrights, that the American stage should be first and mainly occupied with the representation of American life and character, American manners and modes of thought.

I have a great love for France: for her people, for her fine manners, for her clear, logical method, for all that wise encouragement of literature and the arts which will assure her a future place in universal esteem akin to that which Greece holds to-day. Above all, I have an immense admiration for the French drama. But I have constantly protested that the business of the English theatre is not to exhibit absurd emasculated adaptations of French plays, where all the characters, all the situations, all the manners, all the morality, all the modes of thought, all the views of life, are fantastic, amorphous hybrids, and are therefore sterile. Now, although the differences and difficulties between France and England, in all that relates to the interchange of plays, are enormously greater and more insurmountable than the differences and difficulties between England and America, yet the same reasons are to be urged against the unregulated and wholesale importation of modern English plays into America. I shall be credited with speaking from some subtle interested motive here. When I

speak or write about the drama in England, I am credited with some unworthy interested motive; it being a thing incredible, unheard-of, that a man who practises an art should have the honesty to speak about it exactly as he thinks and feels, without some selfish, ulterior motive. I will ask you, and I will ask my English friends also, not to seek for any underhand motive in what I am saying, for I have none. You have done me the honor to ask me to speak here about the modern drama; I do you the common justice to tell you what I believe to be the exact truth.

I believe the French drama and French acting to be immeasurably on a higher level than English drama and English acting at the present moment. That is no reason why English playwrights should be the lackeys and underlings of French playwrights. It is a reason for English playwrights, and actors, and critics, and playgoers to set diligently to work,—not to adapt and applaud French playwrights, but to develop and encourage their own native art. The same reason should rule the transplantation of plays from England to America, and from America to England. As I have always urged that the main business of the English drama is to represent modern English life and character, and to move responsively to English civilization, so I equally urge that the main business of the American drama and the American theatre is to represent American life and character, and to move responsively to American civilization.

This is the law that must govern the development of the national drama in any country. Subject to it is the question of the translation and adaptation of foreign plays. When a play, by reason either of the strength or the originality of its story, the power of its character-drawing, or the depth of its philosophy, is of permanent and universal interest, it should be quite faithfully, and, so far as possible, quite literally translated; all its scenes and all its characters being left in their native

country. A modern play should never be adapted except for two good and sufficient reasons,—the first one being when its scheme, or some part of its scheme, suggests to a foreign dramatist that it may be so altered and strengthened as to be made into a better, or into a virtually original play. The only other good reason for adaptation arises when a fine, strong, sincere French play can be bought cheaply by a manager, and being emasculated and sentimentalized by a cheap adapter, can then be put upon the British stage to the great glory of British morality, and the great gain of the British manager.

These are the laws that govern the translation and adaptation of foreign plays. That they are operative between England and America was shown in the recent instance where a successful American play, with strong local color, was adapted and put on the English stage in an English dress and setting, and was thereby found to have lost its savor, and vraisemblance, and interest. Doubtless England and America have at present so much that is common in their language, their manners, their laws, their philosophy, and their religions, that there must always be a much nearer relationship between them in their drama than between any other two nations. Throughout this lecture I have spoken of the English drama, the Anglo-American drama, the American drama, in a way that I fear has been confusing. But the confusion exists in the subject itself, and not in my handling of it.

How far are the American and English drama distinct from each other? At present each nation may be said to have in some sort a distinct drama, and a distinct theatre of its own. And yet in everything that counts as the best dramatic art, the two nations are to-day almost as one community. I hope this kinship of thought and interest in the drama will endure and will be strengthened. I would like to think that a common drama will be one of the strongest links between the two nations

in future generations. You are a cosmopolitan nation; from happy experience I can affirm that you are a most generously receptive nation. "Receptivity," says George Eliot, "is a massive quality." It is not only generous to be receptive; it is wise. You are wisely receptive of foreign art. I have just counseled you to make it your chief business to forge and hammer out a distinctive national American drama for yourself, subject to the laws I have stated. I now ask you for your own sake to continue to keep an open door and a warm corner for distinctively English plays and English actors. For, I believe, we can teach you something in technique and finish. Take our technique, so far as it is useful to you, and use it as a frame for your own living American men and women. You see I return to the subject of your own living national drama. Forgive me if I have broken my promise, if I have been betrayed into speaking dictatorially and controversially, if I have disputed at the table of my hosts, and argued where I ought only to have returned thanks. When I accepted Professor Phelps' kind invitation to speak here, two courses were open to me: I could have strung together a chain of amiable platitudes about the drama, which would neither have offended anybody, nor have thrown any light upon the subject. My other course was to speak out exactly what I felt, in the hope that some word of mine might be of service to you in building up a school of American drama, and that I might stimulate your thoughts and actions to that end. For I believe that some such idea is nascent in America to-day, some such "glorious, great intent," which will not be allowed to miscarry and fall to the ground.

How long will the present relationship in the drama continue between England and America? Doubtless the present interchange and transhipment of plays and actors to and fro the Atlantic will, with some modifications, last out the lives of most of us here to-day. But what about

the future, the not very distant future, in respect of the lives of our two nations?

No stranger who has visited your great cities can fail to be deeply impressed with the swift and enormous development of a new type of civilization. If that stranger knows England well, he cannot help making comparisons between the two countries. And taking a wide, impartial view, I think that any candid observer must be driven to the conclusion that the American continent will develop, not only at a very different rate of speed from England, but also very largely in widely different directions. What does this mean? It means, either that the older nation will drop behind on a different track, or that the younger and more impetuous nation will drag the older nation headlong with it.

On our side we hear plaintive bleatings about the Americanization of our institutions. Englishmen must sympathize with these bleatings, must sometimes bleat. At the same time, we cannot keep watching this fascinating, stupendous clattering engine of American democracy with all of you so busy steaming and stoking it — we cannot help watching and wondering, wondering, wondering, where it is going. It is certain that it is making a new type of civilization, a new national character, with new national ideals and modes of thought. Incidentally, it also means a change in dress, in habits, in ceremonies, in all those thousand details and minutiae of everyday life which make up so large a part of the dressing of our modern realistic plays. It means more than this — it means the gradual evolution of a new branch of the English language. You will notice that I have once or twice used the term "American language" in this lecture. I think you may already claim in some sort to have an American language. I dare say many of you will remember that early in the eighteenth century such scholars as Swift and Bentley thought that the English language had arrived at the exact point where it might be fixed and made de-

finite forever. Swift actually made proposals to that effect. That was before Darwin. No scholar could make such a proposal to-day. It is amusing and instructive to notice that many of the slang words reviled by Swift are now old and respected tenants of all our dictionaries. That the present evolution of the American continent does imply the evolution of a more or less distinct American language, cannot, I think, be doubted. What will the future American language be like, the language in which you will be writing your telegrams and your dramas in a few generations to come? It must always be the highest conscious aim of any civilization to provide a large, dignified, intellectual, humane existence for the greatest possible number of its citizens. So far as this is possible to large classes amongst you, so far will your new language be a fit instrument for a school of drama correspondingly large, dignified, intellectual, humane. Prophecy and forecast are not always gratuitous blunders; they are sometimes practical and helpful. A single word spoken by a single person in Europe might at any moment bring about events which would entirely displace Anglo-

American and Anglo-Colonial relationships, and bring undreamed-of sequences into our common civilization, our common language, and our common drama. Who can help sometimes throwing an anxious look into the distant future and breathing the wish of the dying Henry IV:—

Oh God! that one might read the book of fate

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent—
Weary of solid firmness — melt itself
Into the sea! And other times to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock

And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors!

With this large thought in our minds, with this questioning wonder of the future haunting us, it is impossible for an Englishman, especially an Englishman who has been so generally welcomed and honored in America as I have been, it is impossible for him not to wish your country a very high and noble destiny, bound up, so far as may be possible and expedient, with the destiny, the civilization, the language, and also with the drama, of his own country.

THE RUIN OF HARRY BENBOW

BY HENRY RIDEOUT

"WHEN a man 's married, he 's safe in port." Captain Pratt whirled the whisky-tansan in his glass, cocked his bright blue eyes at the seething heel-tap, then added, "And paying pilotage."

We sat visiting aboard the Mindoro, Coast-Guard cutter, in the enchanted harbor of Romblon. She had looked in at daylight, we had rowed over for breakfast, and now sat comforting her commander. A pair of linked murderers, guarded by two of the constabulary, had

clanked aboard, bound for Manila to hear confirmation of their sentence of death. All four lay huddled aft, — constabulary distinguished from murderers by their khaki, Krags, and conscious virtue. All subtler points of difference favored the plain homicides. The provincial treasurer, who should have charge of them, had not yet come on board. He was newly married; he was perhaps an hour late; and Captain Milbank of the cutter, who was losing his ebb, had just described the

treasurer's bride in terms which we hoped were not true.

"*And towage,*" continued Captain Pratt, winking craftily. As the only one to laugh, he explained: "D'ye see? Signifying his troubles have just begun. So they have, be'-anged. Look, would ye, at Merriwether o' the Sui-Jin. How used he go out o' Cebu harbor? North passage, o' course, because it's quicker. How does he go out now, as a bloomin' bridegroom? South passage, be'-anged, because it's safer. Safer! Ha!"

The little captain's metallic laugh of scorn waked even the murderers from their siesta.

"And they lived happy ever after!" he jeered. "My word!—And there was Harry Benbow, too, mind ye. He was Scott-Newnes agent at Carigao: and a fust-chop agent, that run the Tabacalera out o' business there afore you blasted Yankees knowed the Philippynes was charted. Such 'orsepital ways he had, too. Harry Benbow's house was a fair chummery, a—a club, be-George, known and respected from here to Amoy and Singapore. Land there night or day, you'd find it full blast. 'T was Hoo-bloomin'-ray! and 'Dear old chap, glad to see ye!' and 'Hallo, here's Pratt again!' and 'Sit in and take me hand this round, cap'n!' and 'Blast the bally cargo!' and 'Uno, bring the señor his usual!' And you'd be having such a happy time that you'd roll down the *pantalan* aboard ship thinking the Eldest Brother o' Trinity House Corporation had dined the Fust Sea Lord.

"That was young Harry's fashion,—his 'orsepital ways. Happy times, happy days!" Captain Pratt sighed. "Finish! Like the poem, ye know,—

But Scripture says, an ending
To all fine things must be.

And the bloomin' fact that spoiled Benbow for good and all was this same little girl that I'm going to tell ye about."

The captain tilted down the last drop, bird-like; wiped his gray mutton-chop whiskers carefully; then, with sudden

passion, dashed on the deck his best shore-going hat.

Hang it all! When I think o' the lights in that there blessed bungalow, and the cards, and the drinks, and the good chow, and singing, and—all Carigao used to mean—s' help me, I could turn a bloomin' Diogynist!

Christmas was frightful hot that year. Christmas! There ain't no proper Christmas outside England. But that made no odds to Harry Benbow. What man could do, he done. Why, bless his heart! all us lonesome devils from four hundred miles roundabout, we'd come, as ye might say, to hang up of our stockings. That is, those that did n't come limping barefoot with water-sores. 'T was hot and homesick outside; but inside the bungalow was well irrigated, and hung with bamboos for evergreens, and these red Flame-o'-the-Forest for holly-berries. Harry Benbow'd got plum-pudding out from England, and roast beef in tins, and Dan Leno in the phonograph, and Bass in the barrel, and good Scotch, and ice by the picul. We got no harm, neither did we do any, — 'cept raising a bloody row. My word, the lights, and cards, and drinks, and lies, and good chow! Only one man under the table, and he was put there unanimous for swearing to do "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen," all on his own, when Harry had n't finished his speech yet.

"I had meant," says Benbow, balancing on the table careful, "gentlemen, I *had* meant to gather all the European residents here on this happy festival, but I regret that the two pedagogues declined. However, I wish 'em both a Merry Christmas, wherever and however they may be celebrating. And now, for Christmas Eve I give ye the toast 'Absent Friends!'"

Solemn enough we was all about to drink it, when in rushes a fair crazy man.

"Stop, gentlemen!" he hails us. He was lean, long-haired, hatchet-faced, mounted spectacles big as binoc'lars. And

my word, the Yankee twang! — “Stop, gentlemen! There has been insurrection and abduction in our midst!” he says. “A delicate and refined lady,” he says, “whom any high-minded gentleman would be proud to rescue, has fallen into the hands of low-class villains!” he says, or about those words. “To arms, and snatch her from peril!”

“Snatch a drink, old cock,” says Benbow. “Come join us. You’re heated.”

“Heated?” shouts the man in the spectacles. “Heated? My blood boils, sir! Sit down and drink now! Never, sir! — Why,” he says, “back in God’s country, sir, in Loosianah, the lowest beasts o’ the field would spring to arms, sir, to rescue female beauty. And you propose cold-hearted gluttony! Is it possible I’m addressing English gentlemen?”

Harry Benbow climbed down off the table, and spoke to him very polite and drawling:—

“I can answer for the character of my guests,” he says. “And there is no compulsion to drink with us. So will you kindly explain this — this unexpected contribution to our humble orat’ry?”

That cooled the other man down.

“My name, sir, is Jefferson Davis ’Iggins,” he says. “I have the privilege of instructing the native youth o’ Carigao. My message is that one Pablo Reyes, a *pulajan* chief, and his band of lawless, low-minded mountaineers, has looted the customs house. Worse than that, sir, he has abducted and carried off Miss Lucy Reade, from her own residence, sir!”

“By Jove, the little schoolmistress!” says Benbow. “There *is* some female beauty, if you like.” He pulls out his watch. “*Uno!* have Felician saddle all the ponies, and Ramon get out all the Company’s guns and ammunition. *Sigue!* . . . Now, Mr. ’Iggins, I understand your natural agitation. So take this glass, won’t you, and join us in drinking to Absent Friends. It’s Christmas Eve, after all, is n’t it? We’ll start in half an hour.”

“What?” he shouts. “Every second is precious, and you sit toasting! The

man who hesitates to follow me at once, sir, is a coward. A white-livered toper, sir. You all hesitate? You are all white-livered topers!” He stared at us bitter. “Very well. The Muse of History will record this night to your shame. I will save the lady single-’anded!”

Out he rushes, and we heard him gallop out o’ compound.

“Once more,” laughs Harry. “Absent Friends!” When we’d all drunk it, he says, “What a Hotspur schoolmaster! He’s forgot you can’t ford the inlet till the tide’s half an hour out. Old Pablo’s made straight across it for the hills. He’ll have smashed the ferry and cut all the bancas adrift, o’ course, way he did two years ago. We must give him a lesson this time. If our bold knight ’Iggins prefers waiting by the shore, it can’t be helped.”

In twenty minutes we all had a Duck-and-Doris, and went spurring off to the ford. That is, they all spurred, and I could n’t stop my ’orrid pony. I’m not a bloomin’ centurion.

We found the schoolmaster by his noise o’ cursing, foundered down amongst the mud and *quiapo*. Then we crossed the inlet,—I could steer the ’orrid pony right with water under us onc’t,—and clawed up the bank. Then he pounded me sickening again till daylight in the morning, when the blessed hills slowed us all to a walk. Harry Benbow knowed all that country, d’ ye mind, and piloted us straight, be-George, as if he was walking through Poultry to the Bank.

He was cool, too, till all to onc’t, as we came sweating up a little rock path in an arroyo,—Bang!—A noise like smashed bottles all amongst us, and cut palm-leaves comes a-twirling down overhead. “That gun kicked their bar down atop of us,” laughs Harry; then hops off his horse, stoops over, and holds up his hands full o’ broken green glass, swearing like a second mate.

“The little brown” . . . And he spent some time calling ’em names their mothers never would claim ’em by. “This

is serious. They've broke into the Company go-down. This ammunition is the ins'lators for my new telegraph line."

"Charge, charge!" shouts Master 'Iggins. "I demand a charge at once,— a frontal attack!"

"Right-oh," says Harry. "You can execute it." And blow-me if the maestro did n't run straight up the path. "The fool's got pluck!" says Benbow. He ploughed us in two. "Left wing, follow him! Right wing, come flanking with me."

In ten minutes, s' help me, we'd took that temp'rary citadel, capsized old Pablo hisself, and driven our brown brothers into the *bosque*. At sight o' their cannon, Harry Benbow took on worse than before. It was a whacking big bamboo, seized round from breech to muzzle with new shiny wire.

"Three hundred feet o' my line to Patcatlog!" he roars. "The little brown"—

"Easy does it," I whispers. "Lady present."

And there under a bloomin' hemp tree, the coolest member o' the party, sat this little girl I been telling ye about.

She was pale, but quite the lady. Big soft brown eyes, like a cow's. (What ye snickling at? My word, cow's eyes is pretty. Have n't seen a proper cow since I was a boy, at Home, 'cept their pictures on the condensed labels. Australia steers be'-anged! I mean a proper cow.) They was big, and grave, and—melting. Harry forgot all about his wire.

"Thank you very much for coming after me," she says, in a nice enough little prim voice. "I hope you won't be too severe with that old native." She points to Pablo, the old rascal, wriggling with his feet and hands in a clove hitch. "Under the circumst'nces and according to his lights," she says, "he's treated me extremely courteous. He was only holding me for ransom."

Benbow stood looking at her like one of her own school kiddies.

"I'll deal with him justly, miss," he tells her. "I—I hope" — (Did n't

know what to say, he told me private afterward.) "I'm—I'm sorry ye could n't come to my Christmas Eve party."

"I'm sorry, too," she answers him. "If I had, I'd not have put you to half the trouble, should I? Mr. 'Igg—a friend warned me that I'd find it too boist—I mean, that a girl would dampen the festivities. I wanted to go," she says, "like everything."

She smiled at him so pretty that Maestro 'Iggins turned black as a South China squall. She knowed it, too, I bet ye, but sat there as unwary as a bird on the bough.

When we mustered all hands, we was right enough, 'cept one or two had got sliced a bit. Miss Lucy never squeals at the blood, but ups and bandages 'em proper.

Riding home, I saw the fust change for the worse come over Harry Benbow. He drops back from alongside the girl, and says he to me, —

"Cap'n Pratt, this Pablo looks tough and musc'lar?"

"We don't look for'ard to eating him," I says; "just to yardarming him by the neck."

"I mean," says Harry, "he's well and hearty?"

"Sight more able-bodied than most o' my crew," I tells him.

"These Yankee schoolmistresses," complains Benbow, "they have taught the value of edgycation so jolly earnest, Cari-gao 'll have no workmen. Nothing but lawyers and patriots and caballeros," says he, "a-fandangoing round in patent leather. We need Labor. And," he says, "this musc'lar old rebel could bale hemp, alive, better 'n he could stretch it, dead. If he can be begged off, I'll make him work!" he says.

Softening already, d' ye see, weakening. And there was we — his guests, mind ye, too — a-looking for'ard to a hanging that we'd pictured for two years.

All the rest o' the way he rode alongside the girl, laughing and playing the bloody Tom Fool. Crossing the inlet, he

must hold her safe on to her horse —
Hah!

We got back, be'-anged, at nightfall, and all troops topside into Benbow's house to celebrate Christmas Night. But after what Christmas Eve promised, be-George, 't was tame. She played the old piano proper, and sung how shepherds was watching of their flocks by night, ye know, and we all asked for more, and — well, I *will* say that passed off pleasant enough. And Jefferson Davis 'Iggins, he rumpled up his hair and recited us some noisy poems, about the Turk a-snoring in his gilded tent. And that there monologue, name of Hamlet. And I must say, if all Shakespeare's so 'orrid doleful as that poem was, I would n't want him for shipmate o' mine.

Next day I sailed for Manila. 'T was a month afore the Nostar Seenoria tied up to the pantalan in Carigao again. Harry and I sat up late over our pegs, as always; but he seemed absent-minded; and just as I started to go back aboard, he said,

"Ye know, Cap'n Pratt, 't would be rather a pity if that little schoolmistress *should* marry the maestro?"

"Why not?" I says. "Birds of a feather"—

"No fear!" cuts in Benbow; then, drawling as he did when puzzled, "the bounder has pluck, but — 't would be rather a pity, ye know." I came away and left him sitting, pulling his mustache and drawling: "An elocutionist! Rawther a pit-ay, rawther a pit-ay!"

Thought no more of it till the Seenoria put in there along Easter. Benbow said he thought of joining Lord Roberts's league not to drink afore dinner much; behaved mournful; said, just as I was leaving again, "Ye know, Gregory," (called me Gregory, be'-anged), "ye know, marriage is like doubling No Trumps: unless you're sure, play it single."

Two months later I had the dismal billet o' taking him to Manila to their wedding.

Pretty? Why, Lucy was — Look here,

my fust officer, — and I only stand that goo-goo 'cause he can talk Spanish, — well, he stayed awake all one day just to look at her! My word, she was a handsome bride, and a happy. Eyes like bloomin' stars. Laying out a new course in my chart-room, I could n't help overhearing' em on deck, out o' window. The talk between those two did n't have to travel far, and rated about as high as this: "I love you, dear." . . . "And I love you, dear," . . . "I know ye do, don't I, sweet'eart?" . . . "And I know you do, don't I, sweet'eart?" . . . "No, ye don't, ye only say ye do." . . . "Yes, I do, dear." . . . "No, ye don't." . . . "Yes, I do." . . . "No, ye don't." . . . Hah! About four cable-lengths of that, and then they'd start arguing the same point all over again. It threw my figgers out a whole decimal place, and smudged the chart. So I went out and cuffed Pedro at the wheel, and stood beyond earshot and blushed! Yes, sir, I fair blushed for poor Harry Benbow! And then all to onc't it comes over me, "Gregory Pratt, there *ain't* no more Carigao for you!"

No more there was n't, mind ye. In good old bachelor days, it took two *muchachos* to carry in the trays o' bottles. But next time I goes topside in the Company's house there, who comes floating and flipping into the room but Mrs. Harry Benbow — if — you — please — with one lonesome glass o' whiskey-tansan in her hand.

I'm drinking "Best respects, ma'am," when she ups and says: —

"If any of Harry's friends come in, cap'n, please hide it."

"Hide what?" says I.

"Hide the glass," says she.

"What's wrong of it?" says I, holding it up to the light.

"Why, ye see, cap'n," says this young missus, cajoling at me, "I've decided — we've decided we must save our money. Poor Harry's so frightful extravagant. And ye know, Cap'n Pratt, in the islands drink is the biggest bloody expense about

a house. But Harry and I'll always break the rule for you," says she, sweet as treacle.

Think o' that! At Carigao! O' course, the theory might sound plausible, but in practice, — and Harry Benbow's house!

"Well," says I, breathing difficult, "well, I'll be everlastingly — honored!"

That word came just in the nick, too.

Next voyage, I spent my shore time at the new Club the boys had founded in the old Tabacalera go-down: last year's *Punch* to read, amongst the ruins, — cheerful as Bilibid prison. Then I was transferred to the East-Luzon route, and never went nigh Carigao for a twelve-month.

Coming ashore then, be'-anged, I forgot there was a Mrs. Benbow. I bust into the office, so glad to see him again I fair shouts, "Hallo, Harry, ye old pirate! How are ye?"

"S-s-sh!" says he. "You'll wake the Junior."

Something squalled 'orrid, topside.

"There!" says Harry, quite put out. "You have waked him!"

By and by, ye know, the *amah* comes in, holding a silly red twisting baby.

"How's that?" says Harry. "What d' ye think o' Him?"

"Well," I says, "I s'pose the world has to be popylated somehow."

He was almost huffy. It only shows how these women can gradually spoil a natural sweet temper. And in time, what with her artful ways, and seizing hold of her husband's own money, and wheedling him round her finger, and undermining his independence, that girl saved

so much that Harry Benbow went Home to live!

And you'll know how mean the next agent was, when I tell you he was a man from the Kingdom. What? Kingdom o' Fife, o' course. So the station was ruined, too. Dead! And hang it all, when I think o' what used to be, — the lights, and card-playing, and sing-songing, and drinks, and lies, and happy days, and good chow —

The accommodation ladder rattled. A brisk step sounded along the deck. Smiling, affable, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, appeared the belated bridegroom and treasurer. The drowsy murderers blinked recognition.

"Hallo, Pratt! Hallo, Milbank! — Kept you waiting? You see, she made me write down all my orders for Manila shopping."

The Mindoro's commander grunted, strode to the telltale, and clanged the handle to "Stand By!" We in the dinghy had rowed half way back to Nostra Señora de Buen Viaje, and the cutter was slipping out from the noble headland amphitheatre of Romblon, before the little captain spoke again: —

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow, —
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please!"

"And that's how they ruined Harry Benbow." Captain Pratt twitched the tiller-ropes impatiently. "That's how they delay traffic. And be'-anged, that's how they do us lonesome old beggars out of a pal."

SOME UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID GARRICK

EDITED BY GEORGE P. BAKER

II

THE HARASSMENTS OF A MANAGER

WHEN one reads the letters of the Leigh Collection it ceases to be surprising either that Garrick constantly feared misrepresentation, or that, in his effort to steer safely amidst so many conflicting human interests and so many hampering traditions, he should at times have seemed temporizing or vacillating. Two letters of the collection, both to Lord Holderness, show the maze of conflicting interests — the jealousy of rejected authors, desire to please noble patrons, and actual fear of Court disfavor — through which Garrick had to thread his way. Robert D'Arcy, fourth Earl of Holderness, (1718-1778) was naturally predisposed to serve Garrick, for in his earlier days he was passionately fond of directing operas and masquerades. Indeed, in 1743 he and Lord Middlesex had been sole managers of the London opera. Hence the fitness of the lampoon that greeted his selection, in 1751, as a Secretary of State.

That secrecy will now prevail
In politics, is certain;
Since Holderness, who gets the seals,
Was bred behind the curtain.

On his death it was said of him that he had been "not quite so considerable a personage as he once expected to be, though Nature never intended him for anything that he was."

MY LORD.

I have taken the Liberty to send Your Lordship a Copy of ye *Guardian* before publication; could I possibly shew my Respect & Gratitude in things of more

importance I certainly would, but I deal in Trifles, & have Nothing Else in my Power. Prince Edward ask'd me last Night, who was the Author of ye Farce; I was in great Confusion at ye Question, because I happen'd to be the Guilty person Myself, But I have so many Enemies among the Writers on Account of my refusing so many of their Performances Every Year, that I am oblig'd to conceal Myself in order to avoid the Torrent of abuse that their Malice would pour upon Me — I thought it proper (and I hope Your Lordship will Excuse Me) to discover this; lest his Royal Highness should be angry at my not answering his Question directly, as I ought to have done — as Your Lordship well understands my disagreeable Situation, may I hope to have so good an Advocate as Lord [erasure and blank]? It is of Great Consequence to me to Conceal the Author of ye *Guardian*, but it is of ye Utmost to Me not to be found Wanting in ye least Article of my Duty to his Royal Highness.

I am
My Lord
Your Lordship's
most Oblig'd, & most
Obedient, humble Servt.
D: GARRICK

Sunday
Febry. 11th. 1759.

The second letter to Lord Holderness and the two which follow it show the somewhat ticklish relations of a manager of one of the two patent theatres to the Court. Garrick's words prove that he felt that his own comings and goings were under surveillance, and thought it was wise to ask for a consent, at least for

mally necessary, before leaving the stage during the season.

March 11th.

1759

MY LORD.

I have been so much indulg'd by your Goodness, that I shall venture to open my Griefs to Your Lordship — It is my greatest Ambition that the Company of Drury-Lane should not appear unworthy of his Royal Highness's Commands — but indeed I am afraid, from a late Rehearsal, that the Comedy of *Every Man in his humor* will disgrace Us, If I have not a little more time for instruction — the Language & Characters of Ben Jonson (and particularly of the Comedy in question) are much more difficult than those of any other Writer, & I was three years before I durst venture to trust the Comedians with their Characters, when it was first reviv'd — however, my Lord, the Play will be ready in ye best Manner We are able to produce it, should his Royal Highness honour us wth. his Commands, but indeed I tremble for the little Reputation we may have acquir'd in other performances — I am afraid of being thought too bold, & Yet I could wish, that Your Lordship would favor us with Your Good Offices, & if the *Rehearsal* might be permitted to make It's appearance first, I should hope, by having a little more time, to make the other Play less unworthy of his Royal Highness's presence. I hope Your Lordship will attribute this Liberty I have taken to the Zeal of appearing in ye best Light I possibly can, as a Manager of a Theatre.

I am

My Lord

yr. Lordship's most dutifull
& most Obedt. huml Sert

D: GARRICK.

Evidently one of the many new friends made by Garrick during his vacation on the Continent which ended in April 1765 was Lekain of the Théâtre Français. In July, 1765, the great French actor —

who, said Horace Walpole, "is very ugly and ill made, and yet has an heroic dignity which Garrick wants, and great fire" — wrote Garrick that he hoped to visit London in or near the following Lenten season. In warmly friendly fashion he added: "I shall find it very pleasant to join my applause to that which you receive daily from a people of whom you have sometimes had cause to complain, but who have made your talents immortal and have established your fortune: with such mitigations one may pardon many things. You are in the good graces of your clergy, and our archbishop has sent us all to the Devil; you are your own master, and we are slaves; you enjoy a glory that is real, and ours is always in dispute; you have a brilliant fortune, and we are poor; there are terrible contrasts for you!" As the following letter and one printed by Boaden show, Lekain arrived at a most inopportune time for Garrick and the expected meeting did not take place.

BATH, Mars 27e 1766.

Je ne scai pas, mon tres cher leKain, si Je suis plus étonné ou affligé de recevoir votre lettre: vous m'avez mis dans le plus grand Embarras. Ma femme qui partage mon Embarras, et vous envoye mille amitiez a eté malade depuis quelques jours et garde la maison; J'ai commencé les eaux avec succes et nous sommes Entourés de la Neige; toutes ces considerations m'ont Empeché d'etre déjà en route pour vous joindre: cependant si vous pouvez resté a londres Encore huit ou dix jours, Je partirai sur votre reponse que, Je vous prie, de me donner le meme jour que vous receverez la presente. vous pouvez contér de me voir avant le fin de la Semaine: mais quel Malheur pour moi que Je ne puisse pas suivre mon inclination en jouant expres pour vous — et en voici la raison — c'est que J'ai demandé permission au roi de m'absenter pour six semaines — dailleurs tous les jours sont engagés pour les benefices des Acteurs exceptés les

jeudis qu'on donne la nouvelle Comedie dans laquelle je ne joue pas. Mais mon cher LeKain, pourquoy n'avez vous pas fait attention a la lettre que Je vous ai erict d abord en reponse a la votre — Monsieur Bontems chez Monsr. le Comte de Guerchy, s'estoit chargé de vous faire parvenir ma Lettre, et il me rendra temoignage que Je vous ai prié de remettre votre voyage jusque a l'année prochaine, lorsque J'aurois été tout a vous — parlez, je vous prie, de cette affaire a Monsr Bontems, car ce contretemps me met au desespoir. En attendant j'ai prié un Ami de passer chez vous pour sçavoir s'il peut vous etre utile a quelques choses — peutetre serez vous dans le cas de faire quelques emplettes dans ce pais, Si cela vous arrive, je vous prie de disposer de ma bourse et de me regarder toujours, Comme Je le suis reellement, votre tres humble et tres affectionne Ani

D: GARRICK

N'oubliez pas, je vous prie,
de me faire
reponse sur le champ —
Vous ne scauriez croire dans quel Etat
d'inquietude mon
malheureux eloignement de Londres
m'a jetté en me
privant du plaisir de vous Embrasser sur
le champs.

A brief but pleasant reply of Lekain printed in Boaden shows that the French actor took the situation in good part, but had to leave at once for the reopening of the Parisian theatrical season.

The next letter, to William Woodfall, seems to show that even after retiring from the stage Garrick felt some responsibility to the Court for his movements. Woodfall, son of the founder of the *Public Advertiser*, was actor, newspaper man, and dramatist, though his chief significance lay in the second activity. Richard Savage had intended to rewrite his *Sir Thomas Overbury*, produced unsuccessfully in 1724, but died before completing the work. The MS. came into the hands of Woodfall, who, changing both the ar-

rangement of the scenes and the conduct of the plot, successfully produced it, as Garrick's letter shows, at Covent Garden in Feb. 1777. Garrick's reference to "your benefit" is interesting, for controversy had arisen as to the reward of Woodfall for his work. The manager, Harris, and the author agreed to refer the whole matter to Garrick and Colman the elder, who decided that Woodfall should have the receipts of two nights, less the usual charges deducted for a night. This the manager of Covent Garden said should be £100, although he admitted that heretofore the sum had been £70. His reason was recent improvements in the theatre. Woodfall felt that his case would be made a precedent for future authors and stood his ground for the old amount. The matter was adjusted by the offer of a liberal round sum in place of the probable profits of the two nights.

Sunday Feby. 2 [1777]

Thank you, Dear Woodfall, a thousand times for your kind attention to me — had you known my anxiety for you & yours, you would not think this very friendly Care of me thrown away — I was not merely content to have Your Account, I insisted upon Becket's going & sending me *his* thoughts — which I inclose you — I am glad I did not quite destroy it in lighting my Candle. he seems to speak more confident of prodigious Success than Even yourself — If the play had not met with the publick approbation, I would never have given my opinion again — if a little Critique in my Way, will be of any Service, I will give it you when-Ever you please — as to the M — he must be Dormente a little, for their Majesties have Employ'd me Every Minute — I have written within these last two days 3 scenes & 2 fables — if you behave well & don't abuse Managers perhaps you may have a Slice before they are tasted by Royalty — when yr. Benefit Matters are to be settled — You cannot, if you have any doubts, have a better

Chamber Councillor than the late Manager, who will be always ready to give you ye best advice he can — so much for that *Overbury* for Ever! — I grieve about Hull — & somewhat surprised about Hartley — all a Lottery! now to my own business — my old friend Sampson has said in his Publick Adr. Yesterday that I was in London to visit Mrs. B — as I am here upon the —'s Business, & got leave to recover myself in ye Country — they may take it ill at St. James's — could you desire him to say in an unparading paragraph from himself — *that he was Mistaken about Mr. G — that he was in the Country & had been for some time in order to recover the great weakness which was caus'd by his late illness.* — You or He will put it better & Modester for Me than that, which I have written upon ye gallop: pray let it be inserted in ye same paper tomorrow — HE always sees ye *Publick Adr.*

You must really take care that our Friend is not suspected of the M— Thompson [this word crossed out] if he can will be rude with C — or me — his rudeness I would chuse to have — but letting the Cat (M. Joncan) out of ye bag — wd be ye Devil : I promis'd that I would speak to you for him that he may still be conceal'd — I laugh at him — but he is too foolish upon ye Occasion — Always in a hurry —

Yours Ever most Sincerely
under the Signature I now
rejoice in

T. OVERBURY

Pray don't forget ye Contradictory
paragraph in ye Publick Ad —
for tomorrow if possible.

I shall be at the Adelphi to Morrow
Evening.

Drilling the Drury Lane company in difficult plays, a responsibility which we have already seen weighed at times on Garrick, was by no means the worst of the worries the actors, or rather the actresses, brought him. Vanity, ambition, petty jealousy led them, one and all,

Kitty Clive, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Abingdon, Mrs. Yates, and Miss Pope, to write him irritating letters such as one of Mrs. Abingdon's which he grimly labeled "Another fal-lal of Mrs. Abingdon." In the spring of 1759 when Garrick was preparing to produce Arthur Murphy's *Orphan of China*, with Mrs. Cibber as *Mandane*, Murphy, always suspicious, got an idea that some pretended illness of Mrs. Cibber would be used by the manager as an excuse for postponing the play. Murphy therefore arranged to have Mrs. Yates, then playing at a small salary, understudy the part. Mrs. Cibber fell ill, or said she was ill; Murphy, much to Garrick's surprise, produced Mrs. Yates ready with the lines; and the play ran for nine nights, lifting Mrs. Yates into fame. The reference to all this in the opening of the following letter to Dr. John Hawkesworth does not sound as if the refusal of Mrs. Cibber to act was with the connivance of Garrick. One of Samuel Foote's famous mots is connected with this illness of Mrs. Cibber. He and Murphy were dining together when Mrs. Cibber's note was brought. It ended with the statement that she was "praying most earnestly for the success of the piece." "What is Mrs. Cibber's religion?" said Foote. "A Roman Catholic, I believe," answered Murphy. "I thought so," said Foote, "by her praying so earnestly for the dead."

John Hawkesworth rose, largely by favor, from somewhat pinched conditions and hack work to a brief period of affluence and notoriety. In December, 1759, Garrick produced Hawkesworth's alteration of Southerne's *Oroonoko*, and from time to time the actor threw considerable hack work in his way. When the official history of Captain Cook's expedition to the South Seas was to be written, Garrick by intercession with Lord Sandwich got the job for Hawkesworth. For his work, so great was public interest in the voyage, publishers paid Hawkesworth £6000. The results of the appointment were, however, disastrous. In the first

place, Garrick was angered, apparently at what he considered the breach by Hawkesworth of some agreement to publish through Garrick's friend Becket, and the friendship of the actor decidedly cooled. More important by far, when the book appeared, it raised charges of heterodoxy, and even of too great freedom in reporting certain Indian customs. There was a paper war, and the attacks so preyed on Hawkesworth's mind that they were said to have hastened his death, by fever, November 16, 1773.

Thursday 9th. [1759.]

MY DEAR SIR,

Notwithstanding my late Troubles & Disappointments (for among others, you must know that Mrs. Cibber has sent us word that she can't perform in the New Play, so that the holy Week was very ill Employ'd by Me — We have got another Person ready in ye Part & shall certainly act it on Saturday — In short, my dear Sir, I have had Nothing but care & Anxiety since you left us, & some revolutions & unexpected Matters have arisen which you shall know when I see you, that will absolutely hinder us from performing the *Masque* next Year, if it was all ready & to our Wishes — however we will loose No time & I will see you next Sunday by ten o'Clock if agreeable to you — Mrs. Garrick & Mr. Berenger will likewise partake of yr. Beef & Pudding & will be with Mrs. Hawkesworth & you before two — they will come after Me — so let not Mrs. Hawkeswth. lose her Church. If there is ye least Objection to our coming pray let me know it as freely as I propose troubling you — I have Much to say to you & am a little puzzled about Mr Stanley; has he done quite right? — but I will open my Budget on Monday for I am quite dead with fatigue & some fretting.

Yours Ever my dear

Sir

Most truly &

Affecty

D GARRICK

VOL. 98 - NO. 6

P. S.

What time shd you
like best next Season
for Oroonoko; I wish you
would hint yr. Mind to me for on Sat-
urday
Night I must settle wth. Another Gen-
tleman.

James Lacy, from 1747 to his death in 1774, partner in Drury Lane with Garrick, was often very exasperating. After Garrick's return from the Continent in 1765, Lacy, presuming on his success in management during Garrick's absence, began to take to himself some of his partner's functions, though their contract clearly excluded him therefrom. This difficulty in 1766 was smoothed over, but in the summer of 1768 Lacy became troublesome again. This time he wished to get rid of George Garrick, who was a kind of acting manager at Drury Lane, and entirely devoted to his brother's interest. In the midst of the disagreement Garrick wrote to his friend John Paterson, "I have (and I believe you know it) withstood very great temptations to be easy at Drury-Lane, and to end my theatrical life there; but fate, and Mr. Lacy, who seems to be alone insensible of my merit and services, will drive me away, and they shall have their ends. — Mr. Lacy thinks and speaks very injuriously of my brother, and has lately done some things which I think shows a spirit contrary to that of our articles, and the terms of our reconciliation settled before you." The letter now printed shows the warmth of relationship between the brothers.

HAMPTON Monday

Night

[Circa August 15th, 1768. ?]

DEAR GEORGE.

Your Affair with Lacy cannot be in better hands than those of our friend Chamberlain — He is clever, knows Lacy's Character, & is well assur'd that What we Ask is a trifle to what he (Lacy) ought to have done on his own Accord —

I would not have You go to Lacy, & could I have wished a Person to transact ye matter, it Shd be *Chamberlain* — therefore leave the Business to him, & I will through you tell him my thoughts of ye Person he is to treat with, & the thing he is to treat about. I have fix'd my resolution, that if he does not make it Easy to You, & consequently to Me, I will never upon my honor, let what will be ye ye Consequences, go on wth him as I have done. It is monstrous that he shd. seem to be (for it is only a Seeming) insensible of my very great, nay foolish Generosity to him who has return'd it so ungratefully. the last year, my playing alone brought to ye house between 5 & 6 thousand pounds — I got up ye Pantomime for wch. I might have had a benefit & got 200 pds. for it — I wd. not let Barry or myself perform for ye *Peep behind* &c, & you know what [fame?] I have given to ye house in altering *Romeo* — *Every Man*, &c &c &c without fee or reward — now my dear George — this is the ground that I wd. have our Friend take — let him talk ye Matter over with *Lacy* as from himself — & tell him that upon his behaviour to my Brother will depend my future behaviour to him — that He must tell Lacy as his friend — that I have had great inducements to quit Drury Lane, & if he shd. be riotous Mr. Chamberlain may insinuate that Mr. Yorke has given it as his opinion that I may sell to Morrow without his leave, or giving him ye refusal — this I say in case of his being furious, for we must carry our point at all Events — We must have yr. Addition to yr. Salary without any Conditions of my doing this or that, which he wd. meanly barter for —

If he could nobly give You ye 200 pds. he has taken from me & give it you, he shd. have it again ten fold — but he is incapable of it, as I was foolishly Easy in giving it up —

Lacy must be frighten'd — if *Chamberlain* could settle this Matter so that I might think well of Lacy, I should be Easy in my Mind — but I am sick of his

mean, ungrateful, wretched behaviour — I will prove to the Man that I am cheaper than ye Cheapest of ye lowest part of his Company — I have a thought — Suppose, you were to attend Mr. Chamberlain to Richmond or to Isleworth in his way to Lacy's, on Wednesday Morng. I will be wth you at Eleven or 12 o'Clock sooner, or later (as he pleases) & at any house you will appoint we can talk over more in a qr. of an hour than we can write in a qr. of a Year — You then may drive with Me if you please, & we shall know wt. to do — If you can't conveniently come, I will meet *him* on Wedy. at his own time & place, & then will settle ye Whole — Send me Word to Morrow Night, & I will do as you bid me —

I am so angry wth Lacy — that what-Ever

plan Chamberlain & you settle I will pursue

most punctually

Ever & Ever Yrs

D. G.—

No charge against the actor-manager is more often heard than that he sees nothing commendable in any play which will not let him shine. The widespread feeling of this sort in regard to Garrick, Horace Walpole phrased strongly in connection with his play, *The Mysterious Mother*. "I have finished my Tragedy," he wrote; "I am not yet intoxicated enough with it to think it would do for the stage, though I wish to see it acted, — nor am I disposed to expose myself to the impertinences of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller, who suffer him to alter their pieces as he pleases." On the other hand, three letters of Garrick's to Captain Thompson, Hannah More, and Lord Bute, criticising plays by the first two and by John Home, show that he was a sound critic. What he says in the letter to Thompson of the relation of character to fable might well be taken as

a first principle by young playwrights, and posterity has corroborated his judgments on the other two plays. Indeed, the *Biographia Dramatica* says of Captain Thompson's *Hobby Horse*: "It would do discredit to any Author that ever existed."

Captain Edward Thompson illustrates the treatment Garrick often met from those whom he befriended. After an adventurous career he had by 1762 reached the rank of Captain in the Navy. He then withdrew from it and devoted himself to writing, in the main ephemeral verse of a low order both in subject — *The Meretriciad*, *The Courtesan*, etc. — and in quality. In 1766 Garrick produced his *Hobby Horse*, which failed. Garrick showed him repeated kindnesses, among others procuring for him in 1772 the commission of commander. This Garrick did in spite of Thompson's satire, *Trinculo's Trip to the Jubilee*, on the actor's pet spectacle, the Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford in 1769. But in 1776 a letter appeared in the *London Packet* charging Garrick with conspiracy to destroy Thompson's play, *The Syrens*, then acting at Covent Garden. Bate, the proprietor of the paper was so indignant when he learned the facts, that he published a reply, signed *Mermaid*, letting the town know of Garrick's many kindnesses to the man. This letter Thompson tried to fasten on Garrick, who had Bate swear to an affidavit as to the authorship, and thus wrung an abject apology from Thompson. It is sad to turn from the very friendly letter here printed, with its evident enjoyment of Thompson's letters from Scotland, to the words with which Garrick closed their relations after the final affront in 1776: "Be assured, Sir, that I have as totally forgotten whatever you may have written to me from every part of the world as I will endeavour to forget that such a person as the writer and his unkindness ever existed, and was once connected with, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
D. GARRICK "

HAMPTON

Sept. 12/66

DEAR SIR

Let me thank you most sincerely for yr. very Entertaining, & obliging letter.

I am sorry that you so feelingly lament the loss of yr. Patron — He is only retir'd for a While, that he may return with more power & Splendor. I don't like your remarks upon Fortune, she is certainly dim-sighted at times, but . . . you have at present no reason for Complaint — consider my dear Captain — that you are Young, Stout, have great health, great Spirits & one of ye finest women in England with you — what ye Devil would you have? . . . let me hear no more, my good Captain, of yr. Complaints against fortune loss of friends &c &c — remember the burden of ye old Song — *a light heart &c.*

yr. Account of Scotland pleas'd me much — I read it to our friend Colman yesterday, & we laugh'd heartily — yr. accounting for their filth by way of preservation against ye Plague, & ye broken-winded Priests are admirable touches; You must give me some more from ye fountain head, & we will send you some News from the banks of ye Thames in return for it — Colman sends his Love & Best wishes to you — & hopes to hear from you — he is still hoarse, & his friends are alarm'd about him — Mr. Lacy thinks he's in great danger, I think, he's past it, & begins, in spite of his hoarseness to be *himself again*.

I am sorry you did not see Aikin, but I have have [sic] a very good Idea of him from what you have pick'd up — I have Ever spoke my Sentiments to you about yr. dramatic Matters, & I will now, with a freedom, that you will not dislike because it is the result of very good Wishes & good liking to you, & proceeds from my honest Judgment; tho there were good things in the *Hobbyhorse*, & some Character; I never approv'd it — I always was afraid of it, & foretold the Event — it wants fable — *Action, Action, Action*, are words better apply'd to ye Drama,

than to Oratory — be assur'd that without some comic Situations resulting from the fable, the *Hobby horse* will not run ye race we could wish it — all the knowledge of Character, with ye finest Dialogue would be lost without a proper Vehicle, to interest ye Audience. You will throw away much powder & Shot, if you don't ram down both, & compress them wth a good fable; there is yr. great failure, & were I worthy to advise you (I am an old pilot & have brought some leaky vessels into port) I would not write a line till I had fix'd upon a good Story & consider'd it well upon paper — If you don't you will sail without rudder, compass or ballast — whatEver you send to me, I will read it as I would any Brother's & give you my opinion like a Brother — You on the other hand, must not be displeas'd with my frankness — & if you should, I had much rather you shd. be angry at my not thinking wth. You, than curse me for a Miscarriage upon the Stage.

My Brother is in Staffordshire — Mrs. Garrick sends her Compliments, I beg mine to Yr. Lady & may Success attend ye & Fortune see better for ye future.

I am Dear Sir

most truly yr. humle.

Sert.

D. GARRICK.

Samuel Johnson said of Hannah More, "I was obliged to speak to Miss Reynolds, to let her [Miss More] know that I desired she would not flatter me so much." Somebody observed : "She flatters Garrick." Johnson answered : "She is in the right to flatter Garrick. She is in the right for two reasons: first, because she has the world with her, who have been praising Garrick these thirty years ; and secondly, because she is rewarded for it by Garrick. Why should she flatter *me*? I can do nothing for her." If a boyhood friend of Garrick's chose to put such an interpretation on the deep friendship of Hannah More for Garrick, what wonder that the world

in general constantly misinterpreted him!

The following letter shows one of the ways in which Miss More was "rewarded" — by detailed and helpful criticism of her second play, the *Fatal Falsehood*, produced not till shortly after Garrick's death. On October 10 1778, Miss More wrote to Garrick, "I have taken the liberty, dear Sir, to send you my first act. I have greatly changed my plan, as you will see : *Emmeline* is now my heroine, and *Orlando* my hero. Be so good as treat me with your usual candour, and tell me how I have failed or succeeded in unfolding the story or characters; and, above all, if you can recollect any other tragedy that it is like, as I shall be most careful of that." In the *Fatal Falsehood*, as printed, any trained reader of plays must at once recognize the truth of Garrick's criticism of the weakness in the scene of the two friends, which persisted, and of the slight complication the "fable" shows.

HAMPTON Novr
23d. 1778.

MY DEAR MADAM

I have read the three Acts & laid them by, & to them again — there are some Objections, which may be alter'd when we Meet, & can read them together: the two next Acts must determine of the former three — there are some Abrupt Endings of ye Acts or rather Scenes, & I think ye Scene, wch: shd. be capital between *Rivers* & *Orlando* in ye 3d. Act not yet warm enough — the last should inquire whether some Intelligence about his Family, or some female Connection may not lie heavy upon his Mind — Why shd. he doubt of his Father's Consent for his union wth. *Emiline*? If that had been mark'd or known before it would have done; & perhaps the Father's Objecting to marry his Daughter to a stranger &c might be an addition to the Fable — however do not alter till I have consider'd ye Whole — You have good time before you, & we will turn it about in our Minds with Advantage — from the

Father's Objections might arise some good Scenes between the Son & him, & ye Daughter & him—then indeed *Rivers* might mistake, & *Orlando* being afraid to tell, might create an animated Scene and more confusion—but let it alone till I see ye Whole—I have been very ill with a Cold & Cough wch. tear my head & breast to pieces—has the Sincere, little, very little Gentleman deign'd to visit you—I have had such proofs of his insincerity to me upon many Occasions that I am more astonish'd, than displeas'd at his Conduct—*Mrs. Cholmondeley* gave him a fine Dressing at Sr. Jos: Reynolds's. He was quite pale & distress'd for ye Whole Company took my Part—among other friendly Matters—he said, that it was no Wonder, Wits were severe upon Me, for that I was always Striking wth ye keen Edge of Satire all that came in my Way—*Mrs. C.* said it was ye reverse of my Character & that I was ye gayest Companion without Malignity—nay, that I was too prudish, & carry'd my dislike of Satire too far, & that, she was surpris'd to hear a particular Friend of Mine so Mistake Me so—this was a dagger—for all were against him—but let us brush this Cobweb from our thoughts I have sent some Nonsense to the Arab—dull truth without Poetry—I forgot her Christian name, so have given the Mahometan one:

I wish I could have written better verses for her book, & prov'd a little better title to my Place than I have done—I have finish'd my Prol: & Epil: for Fielding's play, & have been very lucky—I have in ye first introduced the Characters in *Tom Jones* & *Joseph Andrews* pleading at ye Bar of ye Publick for ye Play—it is really tolerably done—I would have sent it, had I a written Copy—say nothing about it—

Yours my dearest
Nine at all Times
& in all places
D. GARRICK

Madam wraps her
Love up with Mine

to keep it warm, for
you, & your Sisters —

John Stuart, Lord Bute, on first coming to London in 1745, showed his fondness for acting by his enjoyment of masquerades, and of plays which he gave with his relations. It was said of him as a patron of letters, that he rarely favored any one outside his party and was over-partial to the Scotch. In 1756 his favor was something not to be treated lightly by Garrick, for he was the companion and confidant of the future King of England, and his relations with his mother, the Princess, were so intimate as even to rouse scandal. When, therefore, he recommended to Garrick's attention the play, *Douglas*, of the Scotch clergyman John Home, the manager found himself in exactly the position he once feinely described to his friend John Hoadley: "I have a Play with Me, sent to me by My Lord Chesterfield—but it won't do, & yet recommended by his Lordship & patroniz'd by Ladies of Quality: what can I say or do? must I belye my Judgment or run the risque of being thought impertinent, & disobliging ye great Folks?" As the following letter proves for any one who knows the play of *Douglas*, Garrick refused it on good grounds, and courageously; yet there were no charges too mean to be made as to the reasons for the refusal. John Forster, who seemed to feel that he could not exalt Goldsmith without decrying Garrick, repeated with relish the gossip of the hour—which the letter here printed goes far to refute. *Douglas*, Forster wrote, "was not acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, because Garrick, who shortly afterwards so complacently exhibited himself in *Agis*, & in the *Siege of Aquileia*, & other ineffable dullness from the same hand (wherein his quick suspicious glance detected no Lady Randolphs), would have nothing to do with the character of Douglas. What would come with danger from the full strength of Mrs. Cibber, he knew might be safely left to

the enfeebled powers of Mrs. Woffington: whose Lady Randolph would leave him no one to fear but Barry, at the rival house. But despairing also of Covent-garden when refused by Drury-lane, & crying plague on both their houses, to the north had good parson Home returned, and, though not till eight months were gone, sent back his play endorsed by the Scottish capital. *There* it had been acted; and from the beginning of the world, from the beginning of Edinburgh, the like of that play had not been known — Even puffery of Home must have languished, but for that resolve of the presbytery to eject from his pulpit a parson who had written a play. It carried *Douglas* to London; secured a nine nights' reasonable wonder; and the noise of the carriages on their way to Covent-garden to see the Norval of silver-tongued Barry was now giving sudden headaches to David Garrick." Had John Forster read *Douglas*? If he had, must he not have seen that it had no qualities to warrant expectation of the success it attained, and that its initial success could have come only from special conditions in Edinburgh? That Garrick should have acted other plays of Home, even though poor, is not surprising. It is one thing to refuse a play from an unknown dramatist; it is something wholly different to insist on one's own judgment of a play by the same person when he has become famous and the public demands a chance to see whatever he has written. What manager could withstand that demand and hold his public? The following letter proves that no such petty and silly reason as fear that Mrs. Cibber as Lady Randolph might overshadow him as Douglas determined his decision against a play at the time probably even more faulty than it now appears, for changes lay between its submission to Garrick and its final production.

July ye 10th. 1756.

MY LORD.

It is with ye Greatest Uneasiness that I trouble Your Lordship with my Senti-

ments of Mr. Hume's Tragedy — The little Knowledge I had of him, gave me the warmest inclination to Serve him, which I should have done most sincerely, had the Means been put into my hands — but upon my Word & credit it is not in my Power to introduce *Douglas* upon ye Stage with ye least advantage to the Author, & the Managers — the Tragedy (if possible) is in its present Situation, As unfit for representation as it was before, & Your Lordship must be sensible, that it wanted all ye requisites of ye Drama to carry it ev'n through ye two first Acts — Mr. Hume is certainly a Gentleman of Learning & Parts, but I am (as certain) that Either his Genius is not adapted to Dramatic Compositions or that he wants the proper Exercise & Experience to shew it to advantage:

I am oblig'd My Lord to be free in ye Delivery of my opinion upon this Subject, as I think, both Mr. Hume's & my Reputation concern'd in it: I should have had ye highest Pleasure in forwarding any Peformance which Yr. Lordship should please to recommend; but Nobody knows as well as You do, that all ye Endeavors of a Patron & the Skill of a Manager, will avail Nothing, if the dramatic Requisites & Tragic Force are Wanting — I am so strongly convinc'd that this is the case of ye Tragedy in Question, that I durst not upon any Acct. venture it upon ye Stage of Drury Lane, & I would stake all my credit, that the Author would sorely repent it, if Ever it should be Exhibited upon any Theatre — As I ought to Second these strong Assertions with some few Reasons, I will Endeavor, for Yr. Lordship's & Mr. Hume's Satisfaction, to point out the (what I think) insurmountable Objections to the Tragedy.

The Story is radically defective & most improbable in those Circumstances which produce the dramatic Action — for instance — Lady Barnet continuing Seven Years togeather in that melancholly miserable State, just as if it had happen'd ye Week before, without discovering ye

real Cause; & on a Sudden opening ye Whole Affair to Anna without any stronger reason, than what might have happen'd at any other Time since the Day of her Misfortunes — this I think, wch. is ye foundation of ye Whole, Weak & unaccountable — The two first Acts pass in tedious Narratives, without anything of Moment being plan'd or done — the introducing *Douglas* is ye Chief Circumstance, & yet, as it is manag'd, it has no Effect; It is romantic for want of those probable Strokes of Art, wch. ye first Poets make use of to reconcile strange Events to ye Minds of an Audience — *Lady Barnet's* speaking to *Glenalvon* immediately in behalf of *Randolph*, forgetting her own indelible Sorrows, & *Glenalvon's* Suspicions & Jealousy upon it (without saying anything of his violent Love for ye Lady, who cannot be of a Love-inspiring Age) are premature and unnatural — But these and many other Defects, wch. I will not trouble Yr. Lordp. with, might be palliated & alter'd perhaps; but the Unaffecting conduct of ye Whole & which will always be ye Case, when the Story is rather told, than represented; when the Characters do not talk or behave suitably to ye Passions imputed to them, & the Situation in Which they are plac'd; when the Events are such as cannot naturally be suppos'd to rise; & the Languge too often below the most familiar Dialogue: these are the insurmountable Objections, which in my Opinion, will Ever make *Douglas* unfit for ye Stage, — In short there is no one Character or Passion which is strongly interesting & supported through ye five Acts —

Glenalvon is a Villain without plan or Force; He raises our Expectation in a Soliloquy at ye first, but sinks Ever after — Ld. *Barnet* is unaccountably work'd upon by *Glenalvn.* to believe his Lady fond of *Randolph*, & the Youth is as unaccountably attack'd by Ld. *Barnet*, & looses his Life for a suppos'd Injury which he has done to him, whose Life he just before preserv'd — & what is this Injury?

Why Love for a Lady, who is old Enough to be [h]is Mother, Whom he has scarcely seen, & wth. whom it was impossible to indulge any Passion, there not being Time, from his Entrance to his Death, ev'n to conceive one. these I think My Lord, are ye Chief Objections to the Tragedy — & these I flatter Mysel Your Lordp. was sensible of before You sent ye Play to Me.

I have consider'd ye Performance by Myself, I have read it to a Friend or Two with all the Energy & Spirit I was Master of but without the wish'd for Effect — The Scenes are long without Action, the Characters want strength & Pathos, and the Catastrophe is brought about without ye necessary & interesting preparations for so great an Event —

A Friend of Mine has made some Slight Remarks upon ye Margin with his pencil, some of Which I agreed to but dissented from him in others — had I thought yt. the Tragedy could possibly have appear'd, I would have submitted some Alterations to ye Author; But upon my Word & honor, I think ye Tragedy radically defective, & in Every Act incapable of raising the Passions, or commanding Attention. I must now Ask Your Lordships Pardon for detaining you so long. I have submitted my Opinion to yr Lordp. without Method or reserve — I am conscious that I have repeated my Thoughts, but as I intended to convince Mr. Hume more of my Sincerity & Friendship than my critical Abilities, I have written with ye Same openness & Freedom, that I would have convers'd.

I could wish that yr. Lordship would oblige me so far to permit this Letter to be sent with ye Tragedy into Scotland; I have Undertaken this office of Critic & Manager, with great Reluctance, being well convinc'd that Mr. Hume (for whom I have the highest Veneration) has a fatherly fondness for his *Douglas* — If I am so happy to agree with Lord Bute in opinion, it would be a less Grievance to Mr. Hume to find my Sentiments of his Play, not contradicted by so well-

known a Judge of Theatrical Compositions.

I am
My Lord
Yr. Lordship's
Most humble
&
Most Obedt.
Servant
D. GARRICK.

Was Samuel Johnson, by any chance, one of the "friends" to whom *Douglas* was read by Garrick? When most of London was acclaiming it, Johnson declared that there were not "ten good lines in the whole play."

Garrick, Bonnel Thornton, and George Colman, were shareholders in the *St. James Chronicle*, and made it the most successful of such sheets as a retailer of literary contests, anecdotes, and humorous and witty articles. For it Colman wrote indefatigably essays and occasional articles, on every subject. One set, begun June 11, 1761, *The Genius*, was perhaps the most successful. The letter to Colman here printed shows another frequent harassment of Garrick, certain journalists of the time,— if such pirates of Grub Street deserve so worthy a title.

Deer. 17th. 1761.

DEAR COLMAN.

I rejoice that you are arriv'd safe at Bath, but most sincerely wish you as little pleasure there as possible, and You may guess the Reason — Fitzherbert being with you will, I fear, most powerfully counteract my Wishes, however, I have some small hopes from his not being under ye same Roof with you —

I have this Moment seen our Friend Churchill & told him a fine Scheme of Vaughn's in conjunction with the Gang of Pottinger — they are going to publish a Set of Papers call'd the *Genius*, in order to forestall yrs & deceive the Public It is a most infamous design, & I desir'd Churchill would Let Thornton know of it, which he will do immediately,

& prevent their Scoundrillity by some humourous Paragraph — If you wd have anything done, write directly & You shall be obeyed most minutely.

I have read yr. last & think it a fine Plan a little too hastily finish'd — there is Strength, & good Sense, but I would more laugh & pleasantry — our new Tragedy creeps on: We might steal it on to Six Nights with much loss, but I hope, that the Author will be reasonable, & satisfy'd with what We have already done, without insisting upon our losing more to force a Reputation — this Entre Nous — You have heard I suppose of a *Col^l Barry* who has taken ye Lyon by the Beard in ye Parliament house; P—— made no Reply to it, & lost his Question — the Town in general think that ye *Col^l*. was rather too rough — there will be fine work anon! — Whitehead's play has been once read, & has a great deal of Merit —

Pray let me see you soon with yr. Bundle of Excellencies — Mr. Murphy has at last declar'd off with us, & in a Letter to Oliver, says, that he has been so great a loser by ye Managers of Drury Lane that he can never more have any dealings with us — Wish me joy my dear Friend, but keep this to yr. Self for Many Weighty reasons —

My Love to Fitzherbert & believe me most

Affectionately Yours
D GARRICK.

Mrs Garrick

prests her Compts. to you —

On few subjects have the biographers of Garrick been surer than on his insincerity in talking, after his return from the Continent in April 1765, as if he thought seriously of not returning to the stage. Even the least prejudiced of the biographers, Joseph Knight, says, "When Garrick came back, his announced purpose was not to act. He purposed living in retirement at Hampton House, now known as Garrick Villa. . . . In the arrangement of his new books and curios, and in the continued exercise of hospital-

ity, he would find employment enough, and the 'loathed stage' should see him no more. Some there were whom these protestations took in, and Hoadley congratulated Garrick on his resolution. An ingenuous nature was necessary to accept such declarations. The wires were being dexterously pulled, and a royal puppet at length removed all Garrick's scruples. Mr. Garrick must not retire, said George the Third. Would he not re-appear at royal command? What could so loyal a subject as Garrick do?" But Dr. Hoadley had good ground for believing that Garrick was seriously in doubt about his return to the stage, for the following letter of Garrick told him this in so many words.

London
May 4th / 65

You see my dear Dr. that I am not behind hand with You in friendly promptness, & that my retort cordial is upon the heels of your affectionate Congratulations — Madam & I are arriv'd from Abroad (as the Papers say) and as I say, safe & sound; which are bold Words considering Where we have been; . . .

If by ye word *Sound* you include a general state of health I cannot so well answer your question — I am somewhat ye worse for Wear, a terrible malignant fever in Germany has a little blited me, & tho I get better daily, yet I am not able to answer the question which is so often put to Me, whether *I shall strut & fret my hour upon ye Stage again*: my fire is abated, tho my Spirits are all alive & merry — a Month or Six Weeks will make great discoveries — Your Account of Madam & You rejoices me Much & Madam & I take great part in yr. happiness —

My poor Girl was most vilely us'd by a terrible Neapolitan — Sciatica — I would willingly have compounded that she shd. have been a Cripple all her Life, to be rid of her pains: She underwent, like any of her own papistical Martyresses various violent operations, & was at last

cur'd by an Old Woman's recipe — blush physic blush —

We both send our Warmest love to You both — ten thousand thanks for yr. information about Dodd — I must intreat you to see them again & again, & let me know their qualities a little more minutely — they are to be with us but I shd. be glad of so good a guide, to set out the particulars — take care that you [re] not deceiv'd by Comparison.

You must not let them know what we write about, it will add to their importance, wch. with the Gentleman's double japan, will be death & ye Devil — I Detest a Coxcomb, & in my legacy to future Managers & Players (a posthumous work) I have laid it down as an invariable Maxim that no Coxcomb can be a theatrical Genius —

Yours Ever

& most affecty

D. GARRICK

I shall be proud to be acquainted with *Cromwell* in his new Cloaths — pray give me some hints about the *Dodds* — it is of great Consequence to yr. friend — I need say no more — if you speak wth. Quin — don't forget my respects to him & Madam's Love.

Stronger evidence still that Garrick really seriously considered retiring is part of a letter to his brother George in November, 1765, only five days before he reappeared in *Much Ado about Nothing*. Why should he wish to deceive this brother, who had always been so devoted to the actor that Garrick was constantly wanting him for this or that? Indeed, when George Garrick died shortly after David, the mot of the town was that the cause of his death was "David wanted him."

This letter of November 9, 1765 begins *Dear Brother*, and after some business details continues:

"His Majesty has desir'd me to appear again to Oblige him & the Queen I shall Obey their Commands, but only

for a few Nights; my resolution is to draw my Neck as well as I can out of ye Collar, & sit quietly with my Wife & books by my fire-side — if I could receive any great Pleasure from the Eager desire of all Sorts of People to see Me again, I might have it at present; for indeed their violent call for Me is as general, as it is particular — thinking People afraid of Mischief the first Night, & I wish from my Soul that it was well over” —

What lends color to Garrick's statement about “a few Nights” is the fact that during the season of 1765–66 he appeared but ten times, in contrast to seventy times as the lowest number of appearances in any previous whole season. In the second season of his return to the stage he acted but nineteen times, and till the last season of all he never again passed thirty-three performances in any one theatrical year. Clearly, though he yielded to pressure from friends, and even perhaps to the glamour of his work, he did in part withdraw after 1765.

Frances Brooke, the *Biographia Dramatica* declares, was “as remarkable for gentleness and suavity of manners, as for her literary talents.” Posterity has not remembered the talents, and “suavity,” “gentleness,” seem odd words to apply to her in the light of her virulent, and, as Garrick declares in a letter to Miss Cadogan, wholly ungrounded, attack on the manager in her novel, *The Excursion*. The heroine, Miss Villiers, has written a tragedy, and, encouraged by the hearty approval of it by Hammond, a poet of renown, submits it through him to the Manager of Drury Lane. The dialogue between Mr. Hammond and the Manager is worth quoting as an amusing if exaggerated picture of an harassed manager, too good-natured to dispose of the matter summarily and too busy to have considered carefully a play he does not need. The words of Hammond, however, in their unsparing directness, read rather like what one wishes one had said than what one says. After allowing the man-

ager but a very short time for reading the play, Hammond calls on him at eleven in the morning.

“As he loves to keep on good terms with all authors of reputation who have the complaisance not to write for the theatre, as he has measures to keep with me on account of some of my connexions, and as he knows enough of my temper to be assured it is not calculated for attendance, I was admitted the moment I sent up my name. I found him surrounded by a train of anxious expectants, for some of whom I felt the strongest compassion. . . .

“The train which compose this great man's levee all retired on my entrance, when the following conversation took place: —

[Manager] My good sir, I am happy anything procures me the pleasure of seeing you — I was talking of you only last week —

[Hammond] I am much obliged to you, sir, but the business on which I attend you —

[Manager] Why — a — um — true — this play of your friend's — You look amazingly well, my dear sir — In short — this play — I should be charmed to oblige you — but we are so terribly overstocked —

[Hammond] I am not to learn that you have many applications, and therefore am determined to wait on your time — You have read the play, I take for granted —

[Manager] Why — a — um — no — not absolutely read it — Such a multiplicity of affairs — Just skimmed the surface — I — a — Will you take any chocolate, my dear friend ?

[Hammond] I have only this moment breakfasted, sir. But to our play.

[Manager] True — this play — the writing seems not bad, — something tender — something like sentiment — but not an atom of *vis comica*.

[Hammond] In a tragedy, my good sir?

[Manager] I beg pardon: I protest I had forgot — I was thinking of Mr. What-d' ye-call-um's comedy, which he left me last Tuesday. But why tragedy? why not write comedy? There are real sorrows enough in life without going to seek them at the theatre — Tragedy does not please as it used to do, I assure you, Sir.

You see I scarce ever play tragedy now. The public taste is quite changed within these three or four years.

Yet *Braganza* — [a recent marked success in tragedy, in which Mrs. Yates, the intimate friend of Mrs. Brooke, added greatly to her reputation as an actress] a lucky hit, I confess — something well in the last scene — But as I was saying, sir — your friend's play — there are good lines — But — the fable — the manners — the conduct — people imagine — if authors would be directed — but they are an incorrigible race —

Ah, Mr. Hammond! we have no writers now — there was a time — your Shakespeares & old Bens — If your friend would call on me, I could propose a piece for him to *alter*, which perhaps —

[Hammond] My commission, sir, does not extend beyond the tragedy in question, therefore we will, if you please, return to that.

[Manager] Be so good, my dear sir, as to reach me the gentleman's play: it lies under the right hand pillow of the sofa.

"He took the play, which was still in the cover in which I had sent it, & it was easy to see had never been opened. He turned over the leaves with an air of the most stoical inattention, and proceeded:

"There is a kind of a — sort of a — smattering of genius in this production, which convinces me the writer, with proper advice, might come to something in time.

"But these authors — and after all, what do they do? They bring the meat indeed, but who instructs them how to cook it? Who points out the proper seasoning for the dramatic ragoût? Who

furnishes the savoury ingredients to make the dish palatable? Who brings the Attic salt? — the Cayenne pepper? — the — the — a — 'T is amazing the pains I am forced to take with these people, in order to give relish to their insipid productions.'

[Hammond] I have no doubt of all this, sir, but the morning is wearing away.

You have many avocations, and I would not take up your time, I have only one word to add to what I have said: I know we are too late for the present season; but you will oblige me infinitely if you will make room for this piece in the course of the next.

[Manager] The next season, my dear sir! — Why — a — it is absolutely impossible — I have six-and-twenty new tragedies on my promise-list — besides I have not read it. — That is — if — if — a — your friend will send it me in July — if I approve it in July, I will endeavour — let me see — what year is this? — O, I remember — 't is seventy-five — Yes — if I think it will do, I will endeavour to bring it out in the winter of — the winter of — eighty-two. That is, if my partner — if Mr. — should have made no engagement, unknown to me, for that year, which may put it out of my power.

"I wished him a good morning, madam, and have brought back your tragedy. . . .

"The incoherent jumble of words without ideas, which I have been repeating to you, madam," pursued he, "is, I am told, the general answer to dramatic writers, who are intended to be disgusted by this unworthy treatment, which the managers honour with the name of policy, from thinking of any future applications.

"That vulgar, unenlightened minds should act with this wretched imitation of craft (for even craft is here too respectable an appellation), I should naturally expect, but that a man of excellent understanding, of the most distinguished talents, the idol of the public; with as much

fame as his most ardent wishes can aspire to, and more riches than he knows how to enjoy; should descend to such contemptible arts, with no nobler a view than that of robbing the Dramatic Muse, to whom he owes that fame and those riches, of her little share of the reward, is a truth almost too improbable to be believed.

"Would it not have been wiser, as well as more manly, to have said in the clearest and most unambiguous terms, 'Sir, we have no occasion for new pieces while there are only two English theatres in a city so extensive and opulent as London; a city which, in the time of Elizabeth, when the frequenters of the theatre were not a tenth part of the present, supported seventeen.'

"We will therefore never receive any new production but when we are compelled to it by recommendations which we dare not refuse: nor will I read the tragedy you bring, lest its merits should make me ashamed to reject it.

"This would have been indeed the language of a thankless son of the drama, the language of a man having no object in view but his own emolument, and wanting gratitude to that publick, and to the beautiful art, to which he was so much indebted; but it would have been the language of a man, and a man possessed of sufficient courage to avow his principle of action.

"Indulge me a moment longer. The person, of whom I have been speaking, deserves, in his profession, all the praise we can bestow: he has thrown new lights on the science of action, and has, perhaps, reached the summit of theatrical perfection.

"I say *perhaps*, because there is no limiting the powers of the human mind, or saying where it will stop.

"It is possible he may be excelled, though that he may be equalled is rather to be wished than expected, whenever (if that time ever comes) his retiring shall leave the field open to that emulation which both his merit and his management have contributed to extinguish.

"I repeat, that, as an actor, the publick have scarce more to wish than to see him equalled; as an author, he is not devoid of merit; as a manager, he has, I am afraid, ever seen the dawn of excellence, both in those who aspired to write for, or to tread, the theatre, with a reluctant eye; and has made it too much his object, if common sense, aided by impartial observation, is not deceived, 'To blast each rising literary blossom, and plant thorns round the pillow of genius.'"

Not content with this remarkably inclusive restatement of nearly all the current cavilings against Garrick, Mrs. Brooke added that when Miss Villiers told Hammond he should have urged that the piece was the work of a "young and amiable woman, and of family and unblemished character, and that the part of the heroine exactly fitted the abilities of the leading actress at Drury Lane, Hammond smiled sarcastically, because he 'thought them both extremely unfavorable to the cause.'"

Of course, some play declined lay back of all this, but, if Johnson is to be trusted, Mrs. Brooke's plays deserved their fate. She had repeatedly urged him to look over her *Siege of Sinope* before it was acted, but he always found means to evade her. At last she pressed him so hard that he flatly refused, telling her that by carefully looking it over, she should herself be as well able as he to see if anything were amiss. "But, sir," she said, "I have no time. I have already so many irons in the fire."—"Why, then, madam," said Johnson, "the best thing I can advise you to do is to put your tragedy along with your irons."

It shows the sensitiveness of Garrick that such evident exaggeration should have troubled him seriously, but evidently it did.

July 17. [1777]

Why should not I say a Word to my dear Miss Cadogan? When shall we see

& laugh with you at this sweet place? I long to hear you idolize Shakespeare & yr. father unimmortalize him: We shall be here till Wednesday next & return again from London on Friday Evening after — will you & yrs. come before Wednesday or *after Friday* take Your Choice? — I hope you have seen how much I am abus'd in yr. Friend Mrs. Brooke's new Novel? — She is pleas'd to insinuate that [I am] an Excellent Actor, a So So Author, an Execrable Manager & a worse Man — thank you good Madam Brookes — If my heart was not better than my head, I would not give a farthing for the Carcass, but let it dangle, as it would deserve, with It's brethren at ye End of Oxford Road — She has invented a Tale about a Tragedy, which is all a Lie, from beginning to ye End — she Even says, that I should reject a Play, if it should be a Woman's — there's brutal Malignity for you — have not ye Ladies — Mesdames Griffith, Cowley, & Cilesia spoke of me before their Plays with an Over-Enthusiastick Encomium? — What says divine Hannah More? — & more than all what says the more divine Miss Cadogan? — Love to yr father

Yours Ever most affecty
D. GARRICK

I never saw Madam Brooks —

What a Couple of wretches are ye Yateses Brooke's partners — I work'd with Zeal for their Patent — wrote a 100 Letters, & they were Stimulating Crumpling all ye While to Mischief & they deferr'd ye publication till this time, that I might not cool in their Cause — there are Devils for you — If you send me a Line, let it go to ye Adelphi any day before 12—

Miss Cadogan, in a charmingly friendly reply to this letter, printed by Boaden, thus sums up the situation: "She is not of consequence enough to excite your anger, . . . While you will continue to be good and great, you must expect your

share of abuse. . . . Let them analyse you as much as they can, they can neither diminish your value nor destroy your lustre." But Garrick would never have played St. Sebastian well.

In the midst of all these harassments, — by actors, partners, dramatists, and what not, — Garrick got much pleasure from writing occasional verse, most of which, but by no means all, is printed in his *Poetical Works*. Besides copies of three or four of the verses already known, — notably a copy of the well-known lines to Peg Woffington which has a stanza not before known and other verbal differences, — the Leigh Collection contains five poems not before printed.

In the *Poetical Works* are two sets of verses, one by Chatham inviting Garrick as the

immortal spirit of the stage,
Great nature's proxy, glass of every age,
to visit him at his country seat in Devonshire, Mt. Edgecumbe; the other, wrongly entitled *Garrick's Answer*. Garrick's lines were, however, written first; then, apparently, Chatham's; and finally, it would seem, the verses now printed for the first time.

TO LORD CHATHAM COMING INTO DEVONSHIRE

Pass to Mount Edgecumbe, Chatham, there
you 'll find,
A Place well suited to yr. Mighty Mind!
O'er Hills & Vales & Seas, the lordly Land,
With boundless View exerts supreme Com-
mand,
Whether in stormy Majesty It tow'r's!
Or charms the Soul wth. Pleasure's calmer
Pow'r's,
All from below to its Superior Heights,
Look up with Awe, with Wonder, & delight!

On the same sheet are four lines of epigram contrasting this visit to Mount Edgecumbe with a visit of Garrick to Warwick Castle in 1768. He had been pressed to pass a week *en famille* at the Castle, but when he went he was "shown the curiosities like a common traveller, treated with chocolate, and dismissed directly."

'T is true, as they say, that to Death from our birth
Good, & Evil are ballanc'd to Mortals on Earth,
For the debt that was due from ye Castle of Warwick
With Int'rest is paid by Mount Edgecumbe to Garrick.

Garrick seems to have been given to writing lines on pictures of himself. One set is to Lord Mansfield, who was among the earliest of his distinguished friends.

UPON LORD MANSFIELD DESIRING MY PICTURE

My greedy Ear when vain, & young,
Devour'd the plaudits of ye throng :
When the Same Coin to those was paid,
Whom Nature's Journeymen had made,
My Judgment rip'ning with my Years,
My heart gave way to doubts, & fears,
Till He who asking grants a favor,
Mansfield, has fix'd me Vain for Ever!
Mansfield, whose censure or whose praise,
That of whole Theatres outweighs:
By ev'ry mark of favor grac'd,
I, in Fame's temple shall be plac'd !
Superior Minds from Death retrieve
A favor'd Name, & bid it live ;
Great Merit stands alone, but small
Will with its Patron rise or fall.
'T is not a proof of Tully's power,
That *Roscius* has surviv'd this hour,
The Play'r tho not to Tully known,
Had liv'd by Merits of his own ;
But what must be *our* Tully's claim,
Whose favor gives to *Garrick* Fame ?

In the autumn of 1766, apparently, Garrick sent M. Favart, of the Théâtre Français, his picture, for on the ninth of January, 1777, Favart acknowledged the gift, writing, in part, as follows:—

“ A propos, si je ne vous savoys pas indulgent, je croirois que vous êtes fâché contre moi, pour ne vous avoir pas encore remercié du présent que vous m'avez fait; c'est un des plus agréables que j'aye jamais reçus. Voici l'épigraphe que j'ai mise au bas du portrait de notre cher Garrick.

“ PLURES IN UNO

“ Les vers suivans expriment ma pensée.
En lui seul on voit plusieurs hommes.
Lui seul nous offre les tableaux
De mille et mille originaux,

Tant des siècles passés que du siècle où nous sommes.

Les ridicules, les erreurs
Sont tracés d'après eux par ce peintre fidèle,
Mais pour représenter l'honnête homme et ses mœurs,
Il n'a pas besoin de modèle.

En recevant ce charmant portrait, je vous avouerai qu'il m'a fallu quelques momens pour en démêler la ressemblance, et mon incertitude a donné lieu à ces autres vers.

“ Est-ce toi, cher Garrick ? et l'art de la peinture
Offre-t'il à mes yeux le Roscius Anglois ?
Tu changes à ton gré de forme et de figure :
Mais ton cœur ne change jamais.
Si l'artiste eût pu rendre avec des traits de flamme
L'amitié, la franchise, et l'amour du bien-fait,
Esprit, goût, sentimens, genie . . . enfin ton âme,
J'aurois reconnu ton portrait.”

Some verses in the Leigh Collection are evidently Garrick's reply to these compliments from Favart.

VOILÀ MES VERS

The Picture Friendship sent, to Friendship due,
May not the critick Eye, with rapture strike ;
But this, FAVART, thy partial fondness drew,
Not vanity will whisper it is like.

But why for *Me* thy choicest Colours blend ?
The first of Actors, best of Mortals paint ?
Let Fancy sleep, & Judgment place thy friend,
Far from a Genius, further from a Saint.

I feel the danger of thy Syren Art,
Struck with a Pride till now I never knew ;
Sooth not the folly of a Mind and Heart,
Which boast no Merit but the Love of you.

The reverse of the sheet containing these lines shows the following French version signed D. G., with this postscript, “ N. B. Votre ami La Place peut vous donner une traduction excellente. Faite-lui mille Complimens pour moi.”

Si dans mon Portrait cher Favart
Ton Esprit suspendu chercha la ressemblance,
Penses-tu que celui qu'a dessiné ton Art,
Doit, pour l'exactitude avoir la preference.

Ton aveugle amitié, des plus belles couleurs
 Peint le Meilleur des Cœurs, le premier des
 Acteurs,
 Chasse une Illusion qui m'est trop favorable,
 Vois ton Ami d'un Oeil plus sain :
 Il est loin d'etre un genie admirable,
 Plus loin encore d'etre un Saint.

Je sens trop le danger de ton Art Enchanteur,
 Tu portes dans mon Ame un Orgeuil seducteur,
 Mais ma Vanité raisonnable
 Me montre le seul point en quoy Je suis louable,
 C'est d'aimer tes talents et d'estimer ton Cœur.

On the last page of the sheets containing the next set of verses is this message to the Duc de Nivernois, who was on very friendly terms with Garrick when he was Ambassador Plenipotentiary to England in 1763 to negotiate conditions of peace after the Seven Years' War: "If the Duke of Nivernois has the pleasure of knowing Mr. Horace Walpole, Mr. Garrick will take it as a great favour, if his Grace would shew the Ode to Him, as he promis'd a friend of Mr. Walpole to send it to him at Paris."

The verses are in behalf of Alexander Schomberg, brother of the life-long friend of Garrick, Dr. Schomberg. He seems to have been a somewhat devil-may-care person. The lines were written before September, 1767, for on the fourth of that month Charles Townshend died.

DAVID GARRICK

TO

THE RIGHT HONBLE. CHARLES TOWNSHEND IN BEHALF OF CAPTAIN SCHOMBERG.

1.

If true that as the Wit is great,
 The Mem'ry's in proportion small ;
 Ask Him, or Her, the first You meet,
 They'll swear that You have none at all.

2.

This fact premis'd — shall I once doubt,
 Again to urge my former suit ?

A thousand Grains are blown about,
 For one that happily takes root.

3.

Imagination like the Wind,
 Lets not the seeds of kindness rest ;
 But tho they're scatter'd from your mind,
 They fall, & settle in your breast.

4.

To humble tasks your heart will bend,
 To feel neglected Worth submit,
 And there will Schomberg find a friend,
 Benevolent, in spite of Wit.

5.

But how for one so wild provide,
 For one so helpless what relief ?
 O sooth his Mis'ry thro' his pride,
 And raise him to an Indian Chief !

6.

Send Him where oft he fought, & bled,
 Again to cross th' Atlantic Sea ;
 To Tomahawk, and Wampum bred,
 He's more than half a Cherokee !

7.

Make him the Tyrant of a fort ;
 He'll Ask no more of You, & fate ; —
 Surrounded by his Scalping Court,
 What Monarch would be half so great !

8.

'T is there his Genius will surprise,
 Create Love, awe, & Veneration !
 In England lost, He there may rise,
 The Townshend of a savage Nation !

It is certainly remarkable that a collection made originally solely for purposes of extra-illustrating should contain so little of unimportance, and even more remarkable that so small a collection as that of Mr. Leigh — some seventy-five MSS. — should set right the date of the death of Garrick's mother; rectify certain impressions about his relations with Lady Burlington; throw light on the earlier part of his friendship with John Hoadley; reveal a friendship of his last days the closeness of which has hitherto been unsuspected — that with Miss Cadogan; go far to justify his treatment of Home's *Douglas*; prove that he was really thinking seriously in 1765 of withdrawing

from the stage; and in more than one instance so fill gaps in the *Private Correspondence* as to make letters printed therein much clearer and more significant. Above all, as a set, the Leigh Collection shows how perfectly the lines ap-

ply to Garrick of the "god of his idolatry," Shakespeare, —

I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
tur'd,
But Spleen would spell him backward.

IN THE FENS

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

FROM the point of view of beauty, — I will not say picturesqueness, because that might appear perversely paradoxical, — there is no part of England that has been more dully and foolishly despised than the fen-country. The fenland has some of the most beautiful qualities that it is possible for landscape to have. It has space, richness of color, economy of effect, and something of the grandeur of the sea; but its beauty is so simple and large in character, that it is almost invariably overlooked. I believe myself to be as sensitive to the beauty of landscape as other people, and since I have gone to live in the fens,—because I have been so far true to my principles,—I can only say that I have daily come to enjoy the fen views with an increasing delight.

The Isle of Ely lies in the centre of one of the largest tracts of the fenland; it is shaped, roughly, like an outstretched hand. Ely itself lies in the palm of the hand, near the wrist; and the fingers stretch westward, with little inlets of fen between them. My own house is near the western point of one of the fingers, which are composed of low gravel hills, rising about a hundred feet above the plain. The result of this rise is that one gets views of prodigious extent. From the crest of the hill I can see the towers and steeples of Cambridge to the south, where the smoke goes up on a still day like a faint mist. To the west I see that great level which runs to Chatteris and St. Ives, and down to

Huntingdon; to the east, over one of the inner valleys, the great towers of Ely rise, with a vast tract of open fen behind, bounded by the shadowy hills of Suffolk and Norfolk. There can be hardly any place in England where one can see so large a piece of the world. The villages of the Isle, pleasantly wooded, sit astride of the ridges, each with an ancient church.

But the real beauty of the view lies in the illimitable stretch of rich color, with the little clumps of dark trees dotting the plains, and vast fields of ripening wheat and meadow-grass, intersected only by the peaceful lines of grassy dykes. It is beautiful in every condition of air and weather: beautiful on still, hazy days, when the horizon is ringed with soft mist; beautiful beyond telling when the air is clear after rain, and when one can see the very tree-clumps on distant wolds; beautiful in moonlit nights, when the great level looks like some prodigious sea of delicate blue; beautiful when the vast clouds roll up from the southwest, miles upon miles of high-hung vapors; perhaps most beautiful of all in a winter twilight, when the sunset smoulders leagues away, and the plain seems haunted by some incommunicable mystery of tranquil mournfulness.

To-day I struck down into the plain eastward, along one of the turf lanes, fringed with high hedgerow trees, alders, ashes, and gray willows. These drift-roads, as they are called, are nearly im-

passable in winter; but in summer they are ideal places to walk in, full of still ditches covered with big water-plants, and thorn-thickets where the yellow-hammer pipes his resonant note. Here grow great flowering rushes, yellow flags, the arrow-head with its round, white, purple-hearted flowers, the homely comfrey, the aromatic meadowsweet, the tall and delicate cow-parsley. *Coelum, non animum, mutant*, says the old poet of the wandering feet. "The sky changes, not the mind." Well, in the fen-country even the sky does not change. You may walk half the day, and the distant clump, with the spire rising from it, will still be hull-down on the horizon; and as for the mind, — one torments one's self everywhere, I suppose, with petty dreams and sad retrospects; could one but achieve this hope! could one but have acted differently! Yet here, in the wide plain, there seems to settle on the soul a sort of vague peace and tranquillity. The world moves so slowly, so calmly here, hour by hour, that it seems difficult to fret or strive.

I have often walked in far different scenes, where the weather-stained crag rises above the lake, with the feathery woodlands at its foot, the trees struggling up crack and gully and ledge, where the bleak heads of great mountains look out across the moorland. That is beautiful, too, but it is a finer, sharper, more insistent beauty, that leaves the mind restless and unsatisfied. Here there rather falls on the spirit a sort of mild content, among the simple lines of dyke and field, a sense of remoteness and calm, while the eye feeds upon the exquisite vignettes of plant and tree and pool, without distraction, in a meditative stillness. Here is a sedge-thatched cattle-byre, with wooden supports and whitened walls, just such a place as is depicted in an old Tuscan picture as the scene of the Nativity. Here is a red-brick bridge, with yellow stone-crop growing thickly on the ledge, and the mallow rioting luxuriantly in its shadow.

VOL. 98 - NO. 6

I came to-day to a dyke which had been recently heightened, to guard against the winter floods. They had dug out the blue galt for the purpose, and I could see the pale line of it run for miles over the level. I picked up one of the spadefuls idly; it was dried and laminated like slate; I broke it across, and there in the clay lay a sprinkling of tiny fossils, — small water-shells crushed flat, creatures that looked like great woodlice, with armored carapaces, things like stalks of water-weed. Wherever I broke the block it was the same. How many thousand years ago, I wondered, had these shells and insects lived out their lives in the great lagoon! They had lived and died; they had sunk to the bottom of the lake; the ooze had covered them year by year. Every spade-full of the clay along the dyke-bank was full of the same creatures, each a monument of a tiny individual life. What an inscrutable and illimitable prospect it opened to the mind! What was the purpose, the meaning of it all? Each of these tiny creatures had had his taste of life; they had been all in all to themselves, even as I am to-day to myself, conscious of their own minute existence, and perhaps dimly aware of a vast world of shadowy existences outside of them. They had loved life; they had hated death and darkness. And yet, with all our inventiveness and sagacity and complacent wisdom, we are no nearer knowing the why and wherefore of it all, — what it is that thrusts us into being, and why that being is withdrawn.

Somehow, in the thought of this immensity of life, unrolling itself so patiently through the ages, I felt a strange sense of unreality about my own little hopes and fears, so terribly urgent and significant to me, so hopelessly minute in the eye of the Father of all living. One can learn more from that little cube of clay than from all the sermons of the divines. Not a hopeful lesson, perhaps, not stimulating, or what is called inspiring; but the truth of it, which at first sight seems ghastly and insupportable,

brings in its wake a thought of intense significance; it hints at an enormous patience, an unceasing energy; it makes the dreams of man pale and unsubstantial; it assures one that, strive and fret as one may, there is something to be apprehended which man cannot teach; it brings with it an intense resignation, a tranquil determination to wait and see what God is doing for us.

And now in my slow ramble I came to where a tiny rising ground shows itself above the level of the fen. The pasture here is older and more settled. It goes, this inconspicuous little space of ground, by the name of Honey Hill; a natural name enough to-day, when the hum of the bees rose musical among the flowers, when the elder showed her white cakes of honied flower, and the wild-rose covered the hedge with pale blooms.

But there is an ancient story, over a thousand years old, that haunts this place. There is a little mound among the pastures, and farther out on the edge of the fen there are the traces of some crumbling and ill-built walls. Ten miles away you can see the great towers of Ely across the flat.

Now the patron saint of Ely is Saint Etheldreda; she was the daughter of a king of the East Angles, and she was herself a queen, being the wife of Tondberct, king of the Girvii, the hardy tribe of fen-men. The Isle of Ely was her dowry; after Tondberct's death she married a great earl of Northumbria, Elfried by name; but she kept in her heart the devotion to the monastic life, and, indeed, her virginity too, under a vow respected by both her husbands. She it was who founded the monastery of Ely in the seventh century, though pursued in vain by her rough husband; for six years she was Abbess, and then died; and her body was laid to rest in a great sarcophagus of white marble, a Roman work found among the ruins of Grantchester, close to Cambridge.

There are many pretty tales of the old saint. I cannot tell them here; but the

sweetest of all is that which is linked with this place. She had a chaplain called Huna, a young, wise, sad, and handsome man, who loved her well, with a love that perhaps kept unconsciously, pent-up in its passionate purity, some nearer touch of human desire; when she was buried, he said the accustomed prayers over her grave, with many tears; but, after that, he could abide no longer in the desolate place, when the joy of his life was extinguished; and so he took boat one summer day, and rowed himself alone over the huge lagoon, among the reed-beds and water-channels, scaring the wild-fowl from their pools, and the poising fish from the shallows over which his rude boat sped. What were his thoughts on that bright day, as he passed westward over the lake? Love, no doubt, and grief, and bewildered hope; and perhaps some sense of beauty at the sight of the vast expanse of clear water and crisped reed. Alone he set foot on the tiny island, for the name Honey Hill embalms his own name, Huna's Isle; he built with his own hands a little chapel, and a cabin of wattled reeds; and he waited here in prayer and contemplation for his own call, which was not long in coming.

It was pleasant enough, perhaps, in summer, to tend his garden and to wander about upon the fringe of the vast lake. The country people came to him sometimes, with little gifts; he could hear the creak of the rowlocks for miles over the lagoon. But in winter, with the screaming wildfowl, and the northern gale wringing the sharp rain from the edge of the low-hung cloud, and the marsh-lights twinkling, as they were seen not fifty years ago to twinkle over the undrained morass,—what wonder if he thought himself beset by fiends and goblins, as he shivered and flushed in bouts of ague and marsh-fever! When he died he was laid to rest by the country-folk in his own chapel; but the miracles wrought at the humble shrine were so frequent and prodigious, that the monks of Thorney rowed down, and took up the mouldering

bones, and carried back the silent shape to their own island, where he now lies, unknown.

It is a strange and sad old story, but all touched with human pathos and tears. No doubt it was a very useless and fantastic life to adopt, and Huna would have been better employed, perhaps, if he had taught the Gospel, and served his kind in some more populous place; but I hardly know! A reward of fame beyond the dreams of poets was given to the frail woman of the Gospel story, who broke the vase of perfume over the sacred feet; much was forgiven her, *because she loved much*; and Huna perhaps had the secret, which may be denied to the busiest and most volatile parish priest, with all his clubs and classes. Who shall discern the value of our deeds?

I only know that to-day, as I stood by the lonely mound on Huna's Isle, he seemed to me to have done a very sweet and beautiful thing, for which I was

thankful. We Protestants may not pray for the dead, I believe, but I sent out my heart in search of Huna, if in glory he still remembers his grassy island, and the low dark winter days of pain. Perhaps he and Etheldreda sing *Magnificat* together, or a new song, in language which man may not utter, and know what their pure love meant.

I am strangely moved to think of him, standing with his hand over his eyes, looking out across the lagoon at sundown, to see if he could discern the low Saxon church, which stood then where the great towers stand now, thinking of what lay buried there, and of the beautiful days that were gone. I do not think that his instinct was a false or an unmanly one, though it is strangely removed from our ideals; and it has a freshness and a fragrance about it that we somehow miss in these dustier days, when the great freight-trains go clanking over the flat, in a cloud of steam, in sight of Huna's Isle.

ONWARD

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THANK God a man can grow!

He is not bound

With earthward gaze to creep along the ground:

Though his beginnings be but poor and low,

Thank God a man can grow!

The fire upon his altars may burn dim,

The torch he lighted may in darkness fail,—

And nothing to rekindle it avail,—

But high beyond his dull horizon's rim,

Arcturus and the Pleiads beckon him!

THE MAN WHO WAS OBSTINATE

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE was once a man who, in his youth, had several beautiful friendships. They were all covered with buds and blossoms, and he thought he had never seen any with such hardy roots. By and by, as he grew older, some of them withered a little, and one even died down entirely, so that he was on the point of throwing it away. But he was very fond of things that grow, and it hurt him to destroy anything that had ever had one green leaf; so he watered the earth where the root was, and kept on watering it, and made sure it was in the sun whenever there was a ray to be seen.

"Why do you keep that unsightly thing?" people would say to him. "It's as dead as a door nail. Did n't you know that?"

"Is it, do you think?" the man would ask; for he not only loved to make things grow, but he had something many of us call obstinacy. "Well, perhaps it is. But it has n't rained much lately. I think I'll keep on watering it."

As time went on, he found he had other newer friendships, because he seemed to be a great man to accumulate that kind of thing. Some of them turned out well, great, strong, hardy growing plants, and some turned out ill.

"Do you like the color of that?" people would say to him, when one put out an ugly bloom.

Then the man would look at it thoughtfully, but he would never express his mind. There was something about friendships that kept him from telling exactly what he thought of them, even to himself. And it cannot be denied that he was better at guarding than at selecting, and that, in the beginning, almost any thrifty-looking plant could impose upon him.

836

"Well," said he, "maybe it will look better to you if I put it in this light." And then he would turn it about until the sun fell on it at exactly the right slant, and sometimes, for a minute or two, he could actually make you believe you were looking at the most beautiful blossom in the world. Still it was true that many of his friendships gave him only trouble, and that, in his moments of heavy-heartedness, he was sure somebody else could have taken care of them far better than he.

After a good many years the man died, and immediately he was taken into a pleasant place where it was all growth and bloom.

"What is this?" he asked. "Is it heaven?"

The one who had met him when he came smiled a little.

"That is what they always ask," said he.

"But is it?" said the man.

"Well," said the other, "that is one name for it. You can call it what you like."

"I never saw so much color," said the man. He delighted in color. "And certainly I never smelled anything so sweet."

"Look about you," said the other. "Don't you see what the color and the sweetness come from?"

There were his friendships all about him, and they were so full of bud and blossom, their leaves were so shiny, and they nodded their heads so in the sun, and rustled so in the breeze, that he would never have known them. And the one that had seemed to be dead was the tallest and most beautiful of all.

"Why," said he, "they never looked like that before!"

"No," said the other, "they never were quite like that. And they never would have been, if you had n't taken such care of them."

"Well," said the man, "then perhaps it pays to be obstinate."

"Obstinate?" said the other. "Is that what you call it?"

"Why, don't you call it so?" asked the man.

"Well, you can call it that if you like. We have a different name for it here."

THE KEEPSAKE

BY GELETT BURGESS

THERE is a major and a minor quality to every good gift, qualities that may well be termed altruistic and egoistic elements. We give from two motives: first, to confer happiness by the possession of an object, and second, to be remembered by that gift. We may have one reason or the other, or both, for giving; but it is the keepsake quality in presents that the lover or the friend has most need to study if he would play the game aright.

There are gifts enough that are purely altruistic, the gifts of unselfish love, from our mother's first milk to the last friendly offices of the grave. Such gifts need little art, for the want speaks loudly and must be heard. We give, indeed, in such cases, only what we owe to friendship, as we give food to the hungry or clothes to the naked. We cannot satisfy every want, but what we do give is a symbol of our willingness to give all. Through our so doing the presentation becomes not so much an event as a part of the necessary course of friendship. The father's allowance, the uncle's jackknife, and such Christmas presents as come only because the time calls for the ceremony, forge no new links in the chain of relationship. They are debts due us upon the mutual account of love. And so we, in the giving, expect nothing more than that the recipient should be pleased,—the "oh!" and the "ah!" are all our payment.

As in the old rhyme:

"When the Christmas morning came,
Both the children bounced from bed —
'Whe-ew! Whe-ew!'
That was all the children said!"

and forthwith, the present, which had never been a part of us, becomes a part of our friend. We are not attempting, in satisfying such desires, to confer upon ourselves a vicarious immortality.

But the lover or the friend has other requirements to fulfill. He desires to present a true keepsake, a permanent and live thing, not a dead one, an instrument whose mainspring is memory, that, like a clock, shall ring out his hour with musical chimes of recollection whenever its time comes. It may be called egoistic to wish this, but it is not necessarily selfish, for what better gift can he give than a part of himself? What, then, can he find to give that will serve him loyally during his absence? He is paying no debt, now, remember; he has to do with rites, not rights,—not with demands, but delights. He is planting a seed whose flower shall be remembrance.

First, then, a true keepsake must come as a surprise, not as the answer to a long-felt desire. For, with an object too much wished for, associated thoughts cluster so closely that the memory of the giver has no place to stick. One has wanted it for so long that, its possession obtained, what one will think of is of that old, envious desire, and not of how it was satisfied. One must necessarily unconsciously recall

one's first vivid admiration or one's need, and then, perhaps, consciously and shamefully, the donor to whom one owes the gift. And so the giver loses in this psychological competition. The gift has still its intrinsic worth, but none of that extrinsic charm with which, as a true keepsake, it should be gilded.

So you may buy that particular piece of blue Canton she likes and has admired if you will: but if you do, you sacrifice your memory upon the altar of friendship. What will she remember first and best? Only that particular shelf in the cupboard of the curiosity shop where it used to sit, and the old silver teapot that stood beside it! She will have in her nostrils, as she handles it, now, not the perfume of your friendship, but the dusty, mouldy odor of antiques. She will not see it illumined by the color of your love, so much as by that vagrant shaft of sunshine that came through the window to play upon the old mirror. It is not her fault, but yours. She is at the mercy of the subconscious self. Oh, you have done well to please her! It was kind and generous,—but, in love's service, that is not enough. You might have given her a keepsake; you have but made a present. She will try,—oh, how she will try!—to be grateful every time she looks at it; but you could have made it so easy that it would have required no conscious attempt of her will.

So memory plays queer pranks with us. She never brings back the important, crucial event first; she loves better the minor episodes of life, and especially the little trivial, meaningless accidents, details, and curiosities of the commonplace. We forget how Caruso sang, but we remember how a cat walked absurdly across the stage. May we not, therefore, take advantage of the quirks of such unreasoning recollections, and twist them to our own ends?

For see! The opposite method, the reversal of the picture, shows how easily we may play upon the familiar and the wonted thought, how we may appeal to the

subconscious. You have but to reach to the plate-shelf of your own dining-room and hand down the piece of blue Canton and give it her, when, marvelously, you have given not it, but yourself, into her keeping! There's a gift that will last, a constant, delightful memory of you forever. Why, it is fairly soaked in you, and all her envy can but make it the more highly prized. Have her eyes turned lingeringly upon its beauty? You have turned that longing into satisfied pleasure when she thinks how she has used it at your board so many, many times. There's a color that will never wear off. There's memory that will not crack or chip. There's the true psychology of the keepsake. It has become as much a part of you, in her thought, as a lock of your hair. Of all gifts, those that have been owned and loved by the giver are the true memorabilia, and most to be prized, most to be swayed by and sweetly spelled.

There's much difference, too, in the giving of gifts, between the satisfying of a want and the gratification of a wish. To surprise your friend with the answering of a need that was unconscious is a victory that ensures remembrance. There was a man who slept for a year on a bed without realizing that it was hard and full of lumps. A friend slept with him, once, and complained of the discomfort; the owner never lay in the bed again without misery. There was a case for a gift that would have endured. Had the friend but replaced the old mattress by a new one, he would have been remembered every night. So it is with less humorous cases. The keepsake is meant usually not to feed an old hunger, but to help one to acquire a new taste. What your friend wished he has so coated with desire that he will never remember you who gave it unless you present him with your own possession. What he wants he may not know that he wants, or, in other words, he may not yet desire. You must study him with a friendly eye, you must scientifically examine his temperament, his

taste, his moods; and it will go hard if, whether by paraphrasing an expressed desire, or by taking the hint from some unconscious admiration, you do not find the loadstone that shall attract his magnet. Put not your faith in a mere whim,—for of nothing does one grow so tired and resentful as of the passed fancy,—but try him again and again till the test is sure.

Gifts of one's own handiwork are, of course, true keepsakes. But the object must be a desirable one, it must have some place in the economy of your life, and not be a mere superfluity, or else it gathers pity rather than remembrance. The most delicate and exquisite present, though it expresses the loving care of your friend, does not fulfill its purpose as a remembrancer, unless it ministers to some need other than an æsthetic one; and the poorest, crudest bit of handwork, if it is usable, will be lovingly preserved,—use will gild its worth and color its homely tones. The thing that is a mere object of

but, though you pick a pebble from the shore upon the very day of days, you cannot make a gem of it, and it will lose lustre and fade.

So, though you cannot arbitrarily assign an extrinsic interest by the mere mandate of the will, there are still ways of tricking the memory. There is craft in the manner of giving, of which a true psychologist can avail himself. To give impulsively, dramatically, picturesquely often ensures remembrance of the presentation by the same appeal to the subconscious reflexes of thought. Tear the chain from your neck in a mood of magnanimity and give it with a divine impulse, and you thread it with jewels brighter than the stars. Hide the ring under her pillow so that she shall find it, when, languid and susceptible, she prepares for dreams, and you give her a living poem she cannot forget. Does all this seem cold-blooded and premeditated? Perhaps; and yet so are memories coerced.—so are the links riveted upon the lovely fet-

consideration, a monotonous temperature of love that does not pique and kindle the emotions, but keeps the coals of friendship at the smouldering point. Our friend's memory is apt to become jaded by our very excess, and then he is at the mercy of the first little, solitary gift from another, which makes its own appeal the more insistently from the contrast with our own generosity. The one thing is treasured ardently, and all the rest accepted as a matter of course. The multiplicity of gifts deadens the sense of relationship; the things themselves are no longer hypnotically suggestive. Of course this cannot rob them of their altruistic quality, but the lover loses on the investment.

And so, as there is an art in giving, there should be a metaphysic as well, to counteract the effect of mere accumulations. If one's gifts are consistently original and individual, they may, by this quality, defeat the cloying effect of quantity. Such gifts should point all to one purpose, like Cupid's little arrows, flying in different directions, all aimed at the same heart. The goal is secret, a mysterious truth, undefinable, perhaps; but the object should be felt, even if not understood. This unity of aim should correlate all one's gift-giving. Happy is he of whom it can be said, "Why has n't he given me this? It would be so like him!" or, "No one could possibly have given me this but he, for it is himself!" Some presents must, of course, be given altruistically

from the sheer delight of giving unselfishly, to satisfy a felt want, and with no ulterior motive; but these will not matter if the main trend of one's giving be toward that end,—the creating in our friend's mind of an image of us that will endure, an image toward which each gift has an adjvant and a cumulative meaning, all pointing to the ideal of our friendship.

And so, in this game of love, we try to kill two birds with one stone. This is the true economy of friendship and of mutual happiness. There is room enough besides for self-sacrifice, for unrequited devotion, for unrewarded service,—we do all that gladly. But may we not, if we can, be happy too in being remembered? We must, willy-nilly, build our own little egoistic altar, praise-bedecked. The circle of selfishness has often been traced through the emotions, and one can prove any renunciation, any sacrifice, to be due to motives concerned with our own pleasure. Love, of all emotions, is most complex; it baffles analysis. In its highest form is it most selfish or unselfish? Is service or happiness its greatest reward? No one can tell.

We know, too, that "not to be doing, but to be" wins love, wherefore such games as giving of gifts seem futile and of no avail to preserve remembrance. But none the less, if we love we must give, and, giving, is it not best to give with thought, with meaning, and with purpose, that best gift of all—ourselves?

MY GODCHILD

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

*Rosemary ! could we give you
“Remembrance,” with your name,
Ere long you’d tell us something
Of Heaven whence you came, —
Of those enchanted meadows
Where, through the ceaseless day,
The children waiting to be born
Wonder, and sing, and play,
And where you wandered carolling
Until the angel’s hand
Closed down your eyes — then opened them
To light this earthly Land, —
This Land whereto they’ve sent you
To share its joy, its strife,
Its love, and learn through Womanhood
How rich, how deep, is Life.*

A NEW VOICE IN FRENCH FICTION

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

What voice is this I hear,
Buoyant as morning, and as morning clear ?
Say, has some wet bird-haunted English lawn
Lent it the music of its trees at dawn ?
Or was it from some sun-fleck’d mountain-
brook
That the sweet voice its upland clearness took ?

M. EDOUARD ROD, the accomplished French critic, commenting in the *Figaro* on a novel by Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, says, “It is one of the most perfect, most delightful stories that I know.” So emphatic an utterance from a man of eminence in literature, a novelist himself, arrests the most casual attention to hear what he may say about the novel and its author.

Mademoiselle Marcelle Chateau — I take this account from M. Rod — was, when she married M. Julien Tinayre, but sixteen years old, and so much of a girl that she shed tears at not being allowed to wear her wedding dress upon the wedding journey. The couple went to Brittany for their honey-moon, and stayed while their purse, which had no great endurance, held out. Reduced to a few francs, they spent half on a stone hatchet as a memento, either of their trip, according to the natural inference from M. Rod’s words, or (as I think) of those prehistoric men whose mute incapacity to express themselves otherwise than in stone hatchets has always seemed peculiarly pathetic to lovers.

On their way back to Paris, while changing cars, they left their lunch-basket behind; in fact there were various indications of a complete readiness to neglect all that was neither love nor art. One infers from Mme. Tinayre's novels that on her return to Paris she frequented an intellectual society interested in social questions and not unsuccessful in divesting itself of sundry traditional opinions.

M. Tinayre was an engraver in wood, and not long after their marriage, by some chance cause, his art lost much of its pecuniary value, and as the five-franc bits decreased their family increased. Mme. Tinayre was obliged to make mercantile proof of those gifts which, as her friends must always have known, confronted the experiences of life in a markedly exceptional manner. Slight of figure, with large, handsome black eyes, a clear voice, and a pleasant readiness of speech, Mme. Tinayre was endowed with energy and courage. She resolved to contribute to the family purse, and wrote a novel. The manuscript was accepted by the *Nouvelle Revue*; and though the book did not attract general attention, it made its way among that group of people in Paris to whom a novel is an affair of importance. A second novel soon followed; the third was crowned by the Academy, and Mme. Tinayre was escorted by the critics amid general applause to the front rank of contemporary novelists. Since then she has written steadily, and also, for a time, edited a *féméniste* review, *La Fronde*.

Besides the compliment I quoted to begin with, M. Rod pays her many others; he says, "The desire to be seen, to be talked of (*le désir de paraître*), most treacherous of the temptations that lie in wait for artists at the moment when their names emerge from obscurity, does not hurry her work." And he adds, "She goes her own way tranquilly, like an artist more concerned to perfect her art than to make gain from it, — like a laborer who loves labor for the pleasure

that comes as the work gains in delicacy and advances to completion."

In this country, the immense forces that discourage reticence — our unfortunate belief in the virtue of publicity, our disgust with the diffidence that does not warm itself in the public gaze, our indignation with the pride that is careless of our notice — create a social duty to "paraître" with all its attendant ceremonies; they bring reporters to the door, put photographs in the Sunday newspapers, reckon the tally of copies sold and royalties received, and reiterate demands for the novelist's opinion upon any and all matters. Mme. Tinayre, however, according to M. Rod, does not assent to our practice, — "She stubbornly resists the temptations of popularity, and has the courage to remain herself."

This courage to disregard popular currents of admiration and set a course by those stars which for the steersman shine fixed in the firmament, is the quality that most excites M. Rod's admiration; for even in Paris the currents, tides, and eddies of literary fashions are very strong. But he does not stop there; he brings us to a matter of much more intimate concern. He says, "I do not think that there is any novelist among our contemporaries who knows so well how to study, how to handle, how to take apart and put together *love in itself*, without finding it necessary to follow the prescribed practice of ancient traditions (in other ways most excellent) and contrast love with duty, — as a painter contrasts light with shade. I am not sure that any novelist has ever done this so well."

II

Our interest in "love in itself," the greatest of all matters that concern our lives, is so elementary, and a right conception of it is of such intimate and permeating consequence to us, that the fact of the divergence between our ideas and French ideas in regard to it is a source of disquiet, even of dismay, to those who

think that all ideas, and particularly inherited ideas, should be subject to the criticism of reason. We know that the French, at least when free from excitement, are an eminently reasonable people; they have considered this subject in the light of reason, and they believe that they have shaped their conduct by rational reflection, so far at least as such matters are plastic to the conclusions of reason; their achievements in other matters of human conduct give weight to their conclusions in this. Even those who are most resolute to adhere to our Puritan traditions, most satisfied with our solution of the problem, most averse to a discussion concerning the basis of their connubial prosperity,—which discussion they find, as prosperous people are wont to do, both unpleasant and unnecessary,—can hardly, in view of the immense number of persons who are not successful, refuse to lend their earnest attention to any arguments on the other side, or, at least, to learn whether the French view is really what, in our hasty way, we perhaps too readily assume it to be. If, then, Mme. Tinayre, more than any of her contemporaries, knows the real nature of "love in itself" and commands the ear of Paris, she is eminently a person to whom we should listen.

So difficult is it, however, to listen with impartiality to arguments from the other side, that it is but prudent to prepare ourselves by taking our station upon some common ground where both sides agree. Such common ground we find in two matters that border upon our subject. The first concerns the value of delicacy; the second, the value of passion.

That the French possess delicacy is obvious from their cultivation of manners; from the importance they assign to the outward concerns of physical life,—streets, trees, flowers,—and to the familiar pettinesses of existence,—dinners, café-au-lait, dressmaking; from their appreciation of a new play by Rostand, of a new statue by Rodin, of a new experiment in color by Besnard; from the prose

in their newspapers; and from a score of other matters that greet the American traveler with freshness, charm, and grace.

Nor is the divergence due to any failure on our part to appreciate the value of passion. On the contrary, whatever our own deficiencies, personal or national, may be, we acknowledge passion to be the noblest and most desirable motive power in the world. In religion, in art, in literature, whether embodied in the fullness of freedom or in the still more effective methods of restraint, passion is the material of greatness; and passion is necessary in life itself not less than in the arts. We accept Milton's saying concerning poetry as equally true of life. Life should be "simple, sensuous, and passionate." The most exalted lives, those in which the possibilities of human nature are most completely achieved, are simple, their contours rise high and bold; they are sensuous, receiving in the ripening imagination all the images that the ministering senses gather from the vast variety of the world; they are passionate, using the heat of emotion to forge the temper of genius or of character.

Why, then, if we agree so well with the French on the worth of delicacy and passion, do we differ so widely in the relation of delicacy and passion to this matter before us?

A certain weight must be attached to their imputation of hypocrisy to us,—hypocrisy, in the sense that our literature does not reflect our life. Some earlier and also some modern English writers write plainly enough, but on the whole English literature does not profess to mirror certain parts of our behavior, which, if unemphasized, we think may perhaps thrive less vigorously. Another cause is that the French, guided by reason as they would say, regard the institution of matrimony as a rational regulation of the fact of sex, as a compromise between the rights of the individual and the rights of society. The man obeys, but under protest; he is willing to sacrifice his liberty so far, but, beyond that point, he regards

self-abnegation as fanatical asceticism. Marriage, under French usage, is a partnership, in which such matters as character, tastes, education, birth, and property are to be considered; contracting families scrutinize the proposed bride and groom as if coming up for admittance into a club. This system purposely excludes any provision for passion, and that neglected force is left to shift for itself. They look at our custom of marrying for love with amazement, as we should look at a grocer's cart that started on its rounds at twenty miles an hour. Our system confines its view to the romantic dreams of youth and regards matrimony rather as a holiday cruise than a voyage for life, and hopes to bring passion into harness by compelling it to concentrate itself in a single sentiment, instead of dissipating its strength here and there. We may err in our endeavor to regard men and women as disembodied spirits; and yet we cannot but think that the French err in their resolution to be sensible and regard men and women as animals taken in the toils of society. Our theory may look too far into the future; theirs lingers too far in the brutal past.

These are superficial explanations or rather manifestations of differences that lie deep in national character, but they serve to remind us that both nations have approached the subject before us from different historical experiences; and we must take that fact into account in any judgment upon the difference between the two systems. Under our system English novelists concern themselves with love that leads to the altar; under the other, French novelists concern themselves with love (if that be the proper translation of *amour*) outside the marital relations, "because," as M. Rod says, "it is impossible to write a love-story except about love of that extra-matrimonial sort, for the other love has no story."

Mme. Tinayre, hedged in by her national system, is forced to write her love stories without the English goal of the church wedding; she is obliged to take

the setting of social life as she finds it; and the careless reader, who lightly skips through her pages, might for a moment imagine that she had adopted the conventional attitude of the French novelist. But this apparent coincidence of point of view is confined to the setting of the story. As to the matter within the setting, "love in itself," Mme. Tinayre is a passionate idealist. She believes, with the strength and freshness of maidenhood, that the great bond of love does incorporate man and woman and make them one, and is the most sacred thing in life. She looks down on the city of Paris, with its charm, its gayety, its beauty, its wayward men and women, like Saint Genevieve, troubled in spirit, and longs with a mother's yearning to persuade them that blessed are the true in heart.

The seeming contradiction between this ideal and the career of her heroines is the contradiction between the course of true love in a well-ordered world and the course of true love deflected and impeded by the faulty and vulgar conceptions (a heritage of our animal origin) that have obtained acceptance in the social world with which she is familiar. Her passionate desire for the union of man and woman in a garden of Eden has a most romantic freshness; and the American reader will find her a more militant adherent to the cause of ideal innocence and more of a preacher than any English or American novelist now living.

III

Hellé — the novel takes its title from the name of the heroine — was the third or fourth of Mme. Tinayre's novels. It is one of those convenient, comfortable, polite little yellow-covered books that satisfy the physical requirements of hand and eye; and in the centre of the cover, under the title, is printed the patent of literary nobility, *Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie française*. This is the only coronet now granted in France, and survives to show that democracy, however

strong in other matters, does not control French literature. With us democracy has been more triumphant and emblazons its coronet of 500,000 copies sold (or 1,000,000, — whatever it may be), on the frontispiece. We feel a comfortable security in accepting the *vox populi* as the chosen oracle of the Divine Taste in literature; but in France, where older ideas linger, a small company of gentlemen, the most distinguished for their excellence in various matters, principally in literature, take upon themselves the task of pronouncing that a book is good without waiting for the guidance of a *plébiscite*. Such an approbation is eagerly coveted, seriously sought, and exerts a widespread influence on literary standards; incidentally, it is of great comfort to readers. Not to speak irreverently, the phrase *ouvrage couronné* is like the double asterisk with which Baedeker marks those objects deemed most worthy of the tourist's economical attention.

Hellé expressed Mme. Tinayré's first feeling of reaction against that class of novels which we generically call French. It sounded a challenge and put forward, under the form of our own love stories, Mme. Tinayre's theory of a successful solution of the great problem that confronts us all. It displayed a boldness, a directness, a freshness of personal utterance, rare in the present homogeneous flow of French novels. The heroine, an orphan, is brought up in the country by her uncle, a Greek scholar, who teaches her his own Greek-tinged approbations and disapprobations concerning life and literature, and his aversion to the mediæval and Christian influences, which still, in his opinion, regulate too much of modern life. Hellé, bred a pagan, and free from the ignorances, reticences, insipidities, and also the infiltrated sophistications of a *jeune fille*, grows up, as her name implies, a young Hellene. She is indeed charming, and the scenery in which her girlhood is passed — the old French country-house, dignified and serious, the garden, the woods and walks

beyond, the French sky overhead, the south wind blowing — is very simply and charmingly done. The uncle himself suggests the type, now become classical, embodied in Emile Souvestre's *Un philosophe sous les toits*.

When Hellé is grown up, her uncle, very proud of his handsome, high-minded, intellectual young pagan, takes her to Paris to introduce her to society, or more truly, to look for a husband. He wishes for a man to whom he may, with quiet mind and happy heart, bequeath her; the girl, herself, is possessed with the idea of a Greek demi-god, whom she shall adore. Two lovers of different types present themselves, one a young poet, handsome, clever, admired of women, a frequenter of salons, a professing worshiper of Greece; the other, a social reformer, a serious, almost sombre, enthusiast, who has given away his fortune in order to devote himself to the task of diminishing the huge sum of social injustice. The latter wins the uncle's esteem, frequents the house, persuades Hellé to interest herself in the concerns of justice and charity, and declares his love for her. The poet, fresh from the Isles of Greece, reciting alcaics to a silver lyre, also admires Hellé's beauty, her divergence from the common type, and makes love to her very prettily. On the occasion of the first representation of his Greek masque, in the midst of applause and excitement, stirred by music and poetry, she imagines that he is her demi-god and the two become betrothed. The uncle is already dead, and so a cousin of the bridegroom, a lady of fashionable interests and aptitudes, undertakes to lead the bride-to-be into the green pastures of her social world. In the course of this pilgrimage a critical situation arises in which the poet reveals a mean nature. The poetic spell is broken; Hellé realizes that she has let herself be deceived by the romantic dreams of inexperience; she turns, with a hungry soul, to the rejected suitor who is wholly and truly possessed by the great enthusiasms, — love, loyalty, jus-

tice, truth. The two are married; and if one is tempted to add "lived together happily ever afterwards," the addition springs from a complete and childlike sympathy.

The freshness, the innocence (not of ignorance but of aspiration), the romance of the story, ring a chime like memories of youth; the simple proportions of the plot, the unaffected presentation of the characters, the light that illuminates the book, like the first flush of an heroic morning, persuade the reader's judgment to confirm the decision of his sentiment. No wonder that the Academy, breathing in the fresh air of ardent hope and noble belief, was eager to bestow the well-deserved coronet.

The *Storm-bird* (*l'Oiseau d'orage*), written a year earlier than *Hellé*, was not published, I believe, until a year later. This is the novel M. Rod judged "most delightful," "most perfect." The plot is of the simplest and most conventional nature. There are three characters, the plain, affectionate, unsuspicious husband, the delicate, over-sensitive wife, and the *jeune premier*. The culmination of the plot is reached about the middle of the book; the *jeune premier* flits away, leaving the wife to the bitterness of disillusion. It is impossible for an ordinary American to imagine that a wife of refined mind and manners could subordinate so readily her affection for her husband to what from the first presents itself as a very bald temptation. M. Rod, however, in the freedom of his larger experience, is not troubled, and finds the story "délicieux." And for us also the narrative of the heroine's disillusion and repentance is admirable. Its truthfulness and impetuous emotion show tender sympathy, sweet womanliness, and a loving heart, and go far to support M. Rod's verdict, "most perfect."

La Rebelle, written in the years 1904-05, displays enlarged experience of life, close study of that experience, strength and ease in making use of it, and an unshaken, unshakable optimism. The heroine, the

rebel, has an odious husband; she cooks for him, tends him, physics him, endures his "Balzacian" humors, and fulfills all the obligations that she recognizes. Life with him is literally unendurable; she obtains strength to support it in the love of another. The husband dies; the lover passes on, abandoning the heroine and their little boy. It is then that the hero, Noël Delysle, comes upon the scene. He is a man of strong and deep feelings, full of high discontent with social injustice, young and sensitive; he entertains a proud disdain for the vulgarity of the ordinary ways of social life, but he sips with some frequency the fly-blown honey which that social life offers. The heroine, on her part, is refined, delicate, and womanly. The friendship between the two, which starts with strictly Platonic intentions, slowly ripens into love. But there is one obstacle to their complete intermingling of soul. The more Delysle loves her, the more jealous he becomes of her first lover. With a man's longing for complete proprietorship he insists upon knowing all her past, and she cloaks nothing. He wishes her to say that her feeling for her first lover was a caprice; but she rejects any disguise of the truth; love alone justified her conduct, and she would not do herself the wrong to deny its genuineness and intensity. Delysle professes to believe in a full charter of liberty for a woman; but this claim upon her past held by another man and embodied in their child is more than he can bear. Possessed by the instinct of personal dignity, she continues to accept and justify her past, and thinks him unreasonable. Their union trembles on the brink of disruption. But as her love grows and comes to dominate her wholly, she begins to hate that past, which is not his, and renounces it passionately. More, however, is necessary; he must be able to accept that renunciation as fully as she offers it. Her child falls ill and very nearly dies. In his sympathy for her agony, love triumphs over jealousy; he longs for the life of her child, his rival's

child, as if it were his own. The child recovers; but her past has been blotted out, his love has quenched all jealousy, and the lovers are bound each to each by a love "strong as death, deep as the grave," built upon trust, loyalty, and truth.

IV

Mme. Tinayre's novels are didactic, they express decided opinions; but her fresh, maidenly personality, unshaken, undisturbed by contact with the intellectual life of Paris, shines brilliantly in them all; and though we are reminded of the old editor of *La Fronde*, who has forsaken the *féministe revue* for the larger scope of the novel, that is merely because she is still absorbed in the enfranchisement of woman. Mme. Tinayre approaches her subject from a distinctly feminine point of view; she is wholly dominated by a poetic sense of the worth of romantic love. For her the highest attainment of man and woman is true love. All cannot attain it; for true love is the prize of the noblest capacity for love, — as the achievements of genius are the prizes of genius, — and cannot be won by any who are not strong in truth, loyalty, purity of heart, and deep desire.

Dalle più alte stelle
Discende uno splendore
Che'l desir tira a quelle,
E quel si chiama amore.

Nevertheless, when this splendor that mortals call love comes down from the highest stars, it reveals not merely to the lovers themselves but to all the world a perfect human ideal. It is a grace emanating from the nature of the universe that descends upon the elect, and through them blesses all men. Man and woman, by it incorporate, become one complete being; and from their union springs a nobler race. Mme. Tinayre finds the chief obstacle to the realization of this Platonic ideal in the social restraints that shut women out of the freedom accorded to men. Checked and thwarted by lack of freedom, a woman cannot forsake all

else and follow the ideal of her heart; nor will a man, for the sake of a being less free, less amply grown than himself, exert his full capacity for love. The aim of Mme. Tinayre and her fellow chartists is to secure for women the full stature of womanhood that Nature grants, by releasing them from the peculiar burdens, economic, social, ethical, that past centuries have put upon them. This is reasonable. *Freedom*, not *Equality*, is their cry. The taunt of the partisans of "masculine superiority," that Nature has established inequality between man and woman, is irrelevant and ill-bred. There is no *equality* in the universe except among isosceles triangles; Nature has a mad passion for differences. The *féministes* wish not to thwart Nature but to return to her.

Mme. Tinayre boldly confronts the most difficult and delicate part of this proposed enfranchisement of woman. She has a profound, a devout belief in the holiness of Nature; if men and women will love one another with all their power of love, the regeneration of the world will be secure. In *Hélène*, true love was attained in conformity with a social system such as we have here in America. In *L'Oiseau d'orage* illusion put on the form of reality — false Duessa appeared in the guise of Una — and the offense brought its own punishment. In *La Rebelle* the road was encompassed by false paths and the heroine went astray, but, keeping her eyes fixed on her guiding star, she found her right road and attained.

Where such poetic beliefs obtain, conformity with the conventions of social expediency is of secondary importance. Ecclesiastical rites, if they are the public proclamation of a true marriage, are touched by the nobility and by the religious character of the inward love, but depend wholly for their sacredness upon that love. A *mariage de convenance*, which almost inevitably bars the wife from all chance of true love, becomes not merely inexpedient but wicked; and ought not in reason to debar a woman

from her spiritual right to give and receive love, honor, and respect. Most clearly, a legal union that does not bind the husband does not bind the wife. In all her doctrines, Mme. Tinayre expresses the cause of the individual soul as against the claims of society.

Her consideration of this cornerstone of human society is the main substance of her novels; yet they are interesting in themselves merely as stories. Mme. Tinayre is a rarely gifted woman; and she has the charming art of depicting her own personality most clearly at the very time when she is most taken up with her subject. Her theme indeed possesses her, using her thought and hand to express itself. Not her least attraction for us foreigners is her marked French flavor. For though she differs from contemporary French novelists in almost every way, she is eminently French. She is wholly free from cynicism, and yet she is not blind to the things that make men cynics; she is wholly free from artificial sentimentality, and yet she has great sentiment; she is a free thinker, and yet a devout believer in the religion of the heart; she is a Parisian, and yet finds her interest, not in the shadows and sunny glimmerings of Parisian life, but in the human hunger for love.

She has not yet, indeed, acquired that delightful French accomplishment of rendering her thought buoyant by the mere grace and ease of her language, such as marks many a writer on the *Figaro*; nevertheless, she traces her literary descent from the great masters. Like a honey-bee she has sipped honey from the flowers that please her. She has the frank self-expression, both premeditated and unconscious, the *c'est moi que je peins* of Montaigne; the optimistic trust in nature of Rousseau; the almost girlish romanticism of Victor Hugo; the fresh womanliness of George Sand; and far deeper and more formative than these is the old spirit of Celtic poetry that burned in the pleasant land of France before the Teuton invaders or even the Romans

came. The Celtic idea of love is embodied in *Tristram and Iseult*, — a legend indeed of the Celts of Cornwall, yet its inheritance fell not to England but to France. M. Gaston Paris says, "The note that dominates this Celtic poetry is that of love. *Tristram*, among all the great poems of humanity, is the poem of love. To the poetry of Greece love is almost unknown; in the noble Teuton poetry love is severe and pure, it knows no passion but the vague aspiration of the youth for his betrothed, or the profound, chaste faithfulness of the wife for her husband. But Celtic poetry sings of love, free from all ties, from all restraints, from all duty other than to itself, — a love, born of fate, passionate, lawless, that carries all before it, — difficulty, danger, death, even honor." This Celtic passion burns in Mme. Tinayre's veins, but she has also inherited, either from her remote Frankish ancestry or some nearer German strain, the pure and severe idea of love that is inseparable from faith and truth —

"Hang there, my soul, like fruit, till the tree die."

She insists upon this spirit of love as the magic that can lift men and women above the vulgarity of life, above the grossness of their animal origin, that can open their eyes to the radiance of God, which is obscured by the curtains of existence without love. The very fierceness of passion is proof of its permanence; it is master by right because its rule is long as life. It is profoundly ethical, because it is the foundation of all aspiration. It dominates the body, because it possesses the soul, and, with the soul, possesses all that belongs to the soul. No disciple of Browning is more a believer than she in, "Nor soul helps flesh more now, than flesh helps soul."

This deep informing Celtic inheritance and the various influences of French literature do not in any way obscure Mme. Tinayre's fresh, delightful personality; they but serve to bring out its full color.

In enumerating her French traits, one must not omit a certain frankness of

thought and of speech, far more common in France than with us, which, indeed, until we learn to know her, half threatens to erect a barrier between her and our sympathies. At times the American reader feels that Mme. Tinayre's frankness is excessive, that it is not needed to make her point, that it in fact goes so far as to suggest a disregard for the safety of those dikes which civilization has set up against the spring floods of the great river of animal life; such an inference would be wholly wrong. This frankness is French; it is honest; it is serious; and, we are persuaded, it is necessary.

The argument that persuades one to this surrender of American doctrine is the trait that distinguishes Mme. Tinayre

among other writers, even more than her romanticism and her advocacy of the feminine cause, which indeed are rather themes than qualities;—her maidenliness, I mean, that is innate in the conviction that love comes but once into a life, that it has a right to our absolute loyalty, and that nothing but death may gainsay it. This maidenliness, so rare in French literature,—“fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky,”—makes not only the secret of her charm but also the persuasiveness of her advocacy; it lights up her books with that purity of purpose, which (when, for instance, we lean over the bow of a ship and stare at the moonlight on the inscrutable darkness of the ocean) we feel to be our most profound human need.

THE SPELL OF WHITMAN

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

WHAT is it in Walt Whitman, the writer and the man, which will not permit people to stop writing and publishing books about him? When his unique star first rose above the horizon of letters, more than fifty years ago, it would have taken something beyond even his own confidence in himself to foresee the present extent of “Whitman literature.” Year by year its growth has continued; and now at a bound it is enlarged, in a single year, by four volumes which are far from negligible. Two of these books¹ are formal lives; a third² embodies the per-

¹ *A Life of Walt Whitman.* By HENRY BRYAN BINNS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

Walt Whitman: His Life and Work. By BLISS PERRY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

² *Days with Walt Whitman. With Some Notes on his Life and Work.* By EDWARD CARPENTER. New York: The Macmillan Co. London: George Allen. 1906.

sonal and general observations of an ardent admirer; the fourth³—most ardent of all, because it assumes most—preserves the daily words of Whitman during four months of his old age. If anywhere, then in these four volumes, one should be able to get at something of the spell which Whitman casts over those who feel his spell at all.

First of all it is to be recognized that the spell is not, and cannot be, universal. Multitudes have shown themselves, and other multitudes will remain, immune to it. Vaccine of a uniform strength and purity cannot be made to “take” in every inoculation. We know what happened, before the days of modern science, to seed that fell upon stony ground. The sower of the parable, however, might have made a shrewd guess about the

³ *With Walt Whitman in Camden (March 28-July 14, 1888).* By HORACE TRAUBEL. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1906.

chances of the seed which he distributed with so liberal a hand. Herein he differed radically from Whitman. The planting to which Whitman looked especially for his crop has come practically to naught. The ground which at the first he would have regarded as stony has borne fruit abundantly. The average American, working with his hands, unschooled, flannel-shirted, has displayed a perverse preference for Longfellow and the traditional forms. What Whitman seems to have expected is stated in his own words: "The woodman that takes his axe and jug with him shall take me with him all day, The farm-boy, ploughing in the field, feels good at the sound of my voice."

In the lines that follow he expresses an equal confidence that fishermen, seamen, and soldiers will find him indispensable. On the contrary, it is from the highly civilized, the ultra-sophisticated, that the response to Whitman has chiefly come. Most of all — and to Whitman's frank astonishment — it came during his lifetime from English scholars and critics. "It is very odd to me," said Whitman to Mr. Traubel, "that such men on the other side — Symonds, Dowden, Gosse, Carpenter — such men — should take such a shine to me — should show themselves to be so friendly to my work — yes, should seem so truly to understand me. The same sort of men on this side are opposed — the essay, critical, scholar, class is dead against me — the whole clan with scarcely an exception." To Edward Carpenter he said in 1877, "I had hardly realized that there was so much interest in me in England. I confess I am surprised that America, to whom I have especially addressed myself, is so utterly silent." The untutored and the tutored American alike have fallen short of Whitman's expectations of their interest in him and his work. The hook that was baited for one kind of fish has landed quite another on the bank. It is not for the fisherman or the spectator to complain, but merely to observe the phenomenon, and, looking from the waters

to the sky, to reflect that arrows shot into the air may sometimes be found in the most unforeseen of oaks.

There are, indeed, certain hearts in which the song of Whitman is sure not to be found. Just as surely its lodgment is made in others. Many radicals, of whom Edward Carpenter is a typical representative, turn instinctively to Whitman as their peculiar prophet. For all of Lowell's early following of strange gods, however, one is prepared to hear Whitman say of him, "I have always been told by the New England fellows close to Lowell that his feeling toward me is one of radical aversion." To this he joins a naïve illustration of his own critical scope: "My own feeling towards him is a feeling of indifference: I don't seem impressed by him either way: I have no interest in him — when I look about in my world he is not in sight." To Emerson on the other hand Whitman could hardly have failed at one time to look as to his master; and the master would not have been quite true to his own colors had he withheld his "well done," however he may have come to repent the warmth of its first expression.

The bewilderment to which Emerson's prompt acceptance of Whitman gave rise, the failure of his followers to follow him into the precincts of the Whitman spell, are admirably set forth by Mr. Carpenter: "Here was Emerson, the imperial one, whose finger laid on a book was like a lighthouse beam to all the coteries of Boston, actually recommending some new poems to the whole world in terms of unstinted praise. The whole world, of course, went to buy them. A hundred parlors of mildly literary folk or primly polite Unitarian and Congregational circles beheld scenes over which kind history has drawn a veil! — the good husband or head of the house, after tea or supper, settling down in his chair. 'Now for the new book, so warmly spoken of!' the ladies taking their knitting and sewing, their dresses rustling slightly as they arrange themselves to listen, the general

atmosphere of propriety and selectness; and then the reading! Oh, the reading! The odd words, the unusual phrases, the jumbled sequences, the stumbling uncertainty of the reader, the wonderment on the faces of the listeners, and finally — confusion and the pit! the book closed, and hasty flight and dispersion of the meeting. Then, later, timid glances again at the dreadful volume, only to find, amid quagmires and swamps, the reptilian author addressing the beloved Emerson as ‘Master,’ and saying, ‘these shores *you* found!’ Was it a nightmare? Had the emperor gone mad? or was his printed letter merely a fraud and a forgery?”

Even outside the “coteries of Boston” there have always been plenty of readers demanding much more than the endorsement of Emerson to make Whitman durable. But it is rather to those who have accepted him than to those who have not that our present concern directs itself. Mr. Binns’s compendious volume is the significant expression of a man who begins by asserting that he is not a literary critic. He feels, moreover, that the final interpretation of Whitman must come from an American. What he undertakes is to “offer a biographical study from the point of view of an Englishman.” In the course of his abundant biographical record he provides also his personal estimates of the quality in Whitman which has attracted and held him. He asks himself, for instance, “Does *Leaves of Grass* awake some quality of the soul which answers neither to the words of Tennyson nor Browning, Emerson nor Carlyle?” In answer he says, “The proof of emotional reaction requires some skill in self-observation and more impartiality; but, on the whole, I think those who have tried it fairly seem to take my part, and to answer emphatically in the affirmative.” For the quality of the distinctive emotion which Whitman evokes in him he proceeds to say: “Briefly, it is the complex but harmonious emotion which possesses a sane full-blooded man of fully awakened soul, when he realizes the presence of the

Eternal and Universal incarnate in some ‘spear of summer grass.’”

Here is a fairly definite statement of the definite impression which Whitman has made upon one whose book gives every reasonable token that he himself is “a sane full-blooded man of fully awakened soul.” It may be regarded as a typical declaration from such a man, of the class not immune by nature to the Whitman spell.

The shining example of acceptance in what Whitman called “the essay, critical, scholar, class” is of course John Addington Symonds. His declaration has become almost a classic bit in “Whitman literature:” “*Leaves of Grass*, which I first read at the age of twenty-five, influenced me more perhaps than any other book has done, except the Bible; more than Plato, more than Goethe.” A more elaborate statement of his debt to Whitman is made at the end of his admirable “Study.” He describes himself as having received the ordinary English gentleman’s education — Harrow and Oxford — yet with physical disabilities which had made him “decidedly academical, and in danger of becoming a prig.” At first his aesthetic, rather than his moral, sensibilities were repelled by what he found in *Leaves of Grass*. “My academical prejudices,” he says, “the literary instincts trained by two decades of Greek and Latin studies, the refinements of culture revolted against the uncouthness, roughness, irregularity, coarseness, of the poet and his style. But, in course of a short time, Whitman delivered my soul of these debilities. As I have said elsewhere in print, he taught me to comprehend the harmony between the democratic spirit, science, and that larger religion to which the modern world is being led by the conception of human brotherhood, and by the spirituality inherent in any really scientific view of the universe. He gave body, concrete vitality, to the religious creed which I had been already forming for myself upon the study of Goethe, Greek and Roman Stoics, Giordano Bruno, and the found-

ers of the evolutionary doctrine. He inspired me with faith, and made me feel that optimism was not unreasonable. This gave me great cheer in those evil years of enforced idleness and intellectual torpor which my health imposed upon me. Moreover, he helped to free me from many conceits and pettinesses to which academical culture is liable. He opened my eyes to the beauty, goodness, and greatness which may be found in all worthy human beings, the humblest and the highest. He made me respect personality more than attainments or position in the world. Through him, I stripped my soul of social prejudices. Through him, I have been able to fraternize in comradeship with men of all classes and several races, irrespective of their class, creed, occupation, and special training. To him I owe some of the best friends I now can claim, — sons of the soil, hard-workers, ‘natural and nonchalant,’ ‘powerful uneducated’ persons.”

Though “the deliverance from foibles besetting invalids and pedants” gave Symonds his special occasion for gratitude, this surely is an extraordinary acknowledgment of “value received.” As perhaps the most important statement from a man of the scholarly type which Symonds brilliantly represented, it has seemed worth reproducing at length. The testimony of many others, expected and unexpected disciples, might be cited to swell the list. John Burroughs, the lover and interpreter of nature, belongs by every right to the band of admirers. Mrs. Gilchrist, the Englishwoman of cultivation and sensitiveness, forgave in her enthusiasm even the ignoring of our “instinct of silence about some things.” Stevenson, though subsequently “saying yes with reservations,” and winning Whitman’s opprobrium thereby, found *Leaves of Grass* at first “a book which tumbled the world upside down” for him. Tributes like these came, and still come, just as frequently from those who had not encountered Whitman in the flesh, as from those who had.

Undoubtedly Whitman’s physical presence made a strong appeal to many observers. Not only his bus-drivers and ferry-boat hands, the chance laborers with whom he exchanged greetings on the street, the wounded soldiers he nursed with all the feminine tenderness of his nature, but also the critical visitors who came to see the man because they knew his work, found in him something memorable. The early gray hair, the brow and eyes, the positive attribute of cleanliness, like that of some freshly rain-washed object in nature, all were tokens of a distinctive essence of personality. The insight and sympathy revealed in much of his talk, the impression of democracy personified, the largeness and individuality of his attitude towards life, the attitude of a prophet whose guidance was entirely his own — all these things impressed the visitor. And now that Whitman is gone some recognition of the force of the personal Whitman tradition in maintaining his peculiar spell must be made.

It cannot be said that the close acquaintance with all the aspects of Whitman’s life, acquired through the biographical portions of the new books, strengthens the force of his personal appeal. All the familiar good and lovable qualities of the man are set forth afresh. Nothing in his life was finer than his service in the military hospitals, and that receives the full acknowledgment which is its due. But Mr. Binns, Mr. Carpenter, and Mr. Perry all tell the story, not hitherto made known to the uninitiated, of his paternity of six children for whom there is no evidence that either in life or in death he made provision. The extenuations for his course in this matter are urged with all consideration for his fame; yet one can hardly get away from the truth underlying a sentence (quite without reference to Whitman) in Mr. Owen Wister’s latest work of fiction: “And you’ll generally observe that the more nobly a Socialist vaporizes about the rights of humanity, the more wives and children he has abandoned penniless along the trail of his life.” Nor

can one reconcile the nearly simultaneous deeds and words which illustrate Whitman's conduct and theory in this most personal of concerns. The "episode," as Mr. Perry truly says, "might indeed be passed over with a reluctant phrase or two by his biographers, if it were not for the part it played in the origins of *Leaves of Grass*." Conduct, for one who put himself into his writings as the great composite representative of the new democracy, is manifestly inseparable from the theory he was expounding.

From Mr. Traubel's book, moreover, one gains a larger conception than any hitherto possible of the extent of Whitman's egotism. Again we remember the defenses of the egotism proper to the great democratic individual typified in the ever-present ego of *Leaves of Grass*. One is prepared to forgive in an imaginary giant qualities positively repellent in a flesh-and-blood contemporary. It is disquieting therefore to find in Whitman the person the precise quality and degree of egotism represented, by himself, in Whitman the type. It may fairly be said that Mr. Traubel undertook a dangerous service for his master when he determined to give forth the daily talk of an old man, with all its "hells and damns," to say nothing of all the kisses the old and the young man interchanged, all the trivialities of thought and speech uttered by the master, all the revelations of a critical faculty with horizons quite too obviously determined by the opinions of him entertained by the persons criticised. It is hardly enough to say he was an old man enfeebled by sickness, and, towards the end of the four months which Mr. Traubel's four hundred and sixty-eight ample pages record, cruelly shattered by shocks of paralysis. Many of us have known old men, some of them distinguished for achievement of one sort or another. Yet their fading days have not been shot with anxious consideration of what others have thought and will think of them, with repeated weighings of the merits of all the photographs and paintings for which they

have ever sat, with fishing out of the litter which strewed an amazing floor the flattering letters — it was always these which magnetized the crook of Whitman's cane — and handing them over to be read aloud for the recipient's present pleasure, and printed for his future glory. Had our elderly friends made these revelations of themselves, it would have been the part of friendship to suppress them. Mr. Traubel, in his somewhat explosive preface, declares, "I do not come to conclusions. I provide that which may lead to conclusions. I provoke conclusions." The pity is that this unrestrained Boswell did not provoke different conclusions; for, without any unwarrantable *suppressio veri* he might have done so. In all the mass of chaff there is quite enough of true grain — of sage and admirable thoughts and sayings — to have made a smaller book which would have done the fame of Whitman a laudable service. Whitman has sorely needed discreeter friends. Their zeal and loyalty as champions have been equaled only by the disciples of Mrs. Eddy.

All the more, therefore, it was high time for an American of the despised "essay, critical, scholar, class," yet one whose spirit was not immune to the Whitman virus, to produce an ample critical biography. A Symonds in England could apprehend and appraise, as Symonds so generously did, the spirit and significance of Whitman's message and its medium. But an American, with an academic breeding as typically American as Symonds's was English, approaches the biographical task with a palpable advantage. If his native endowment places him, moreover, amongst "the born disciples of Whitman," he may be expected to arrive at conclusions at once sane and sympathetic. Without this native fitness, all the scholarly training in the world will profit him nothing. With it the fortunate biographer may write a judicial book about Whitman, and that without any lack of

warmth where warmth is due. He may tell the story of Whitman's life with fullness, giving him cordial credit for all its distinctions and sincerities, yet not permitting an admiration for those qualities to blind him to what was merely cheap and insincere. He will subject the work of Whitman to the careful critical tests which can be made only by a scholar of wide reading and an enthusiast for the best in letters. In short, he will give us at last the true Whitman.

In a happy phrase about the pulse of the Whitman machine — "that unlucky machine of the 'official democrat' which sometimes kept on revolving when the poet was loafing" — Mr. Perry has accounted for much that encumbers the most hopeless pages of Whitman. When he writes as one of "the born disciples" he states their case — his own case — in words upon which it would be hard to improve: "It is plain that to such readers Whitman is more than a mere writer. To them the question whether he wrote poetry or prose counts for nothing compared with the fundamental question whether this was or was not a man with something glorious to say. To vex his message with academic inquiries about the type of literature to which it belongs is like badgering St. Paul about the syntax of his epistle to the Romans. Whitman has become to them no longer a rhapsodist to be read, enjoyed and quoted: he is an ethical force, a regenerator, a spiritual discoverer who has brought them into a new world." If this be a true ascription of power then Whitman deserves the place Mr. Perry gives him, — "upon the whole the most original and suggestive poetic figure since Wordsworth." Under the same proviso, the final venture into prophecy is warranted: "No American poet now seems more sure to be read, by the fit persons, after one hundred or five hundred years." Whether this fit audience is to be qualified like Milton's — "though few" — the coming centuries, in their dealing with the tentative prophecy, will tell. In

the very present, one may assert with confidence that Mr. Perry has done more for Whitman than his most vociferous followers have accomplished. He acknowledges, even repeats, the worst that may be said of Whitman, writer and man, and then shows how triumphantly the best of him shines out above it all. This is an achievement for which the true friends of Whitman, whatever some of them may think at first, must come in time to be devoutly thankful.

There is one point in the consideration of Whitman upon which Mr. Perry touches but lightly, — his influence upon his successors. It is shown that his imitators "have not thus far been able to bend his bow." But what of those whose torches he has helped to light, whose spirit has caught something from his, even though they have made no attempt to follow his outward forms? Should the unwritten chapter on these persons have been headed "The Snakes in Ireland"?

A contributor to a recent *Atlantic* would have us think so. "Where are the spiritual descendants of Walt Whitman?" is the question with which this writer embarks upon the praise of three younger Americans joined together for their resemblance in the single quality of being unlike Whitman. A cardinal point in this unlikeness is their regard for form. Yet it is possible to imagine another critic undertaking to point out the debts of one or more of those singers to Whitman, — and proving his case. The statistics of spiritual indebtedness can be made to prove many things. But by good chance there is in another magazine for the same month as that in which the *Atlantic* article appeared a poem which in itself makes some reply to the critic's query. This is the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem, *The Soul's Inheritance*, by Mr. George Cabot Lodge. The line emphasized by repetition — "Let us report and celebrate the soul" — speaks for something deeper than the superficial kinship with Whitman betrayed in the very sound of the words. Not only in this line, but in the

whole production, an essential spiritual kinship with Whitman expresses itself. The poem is not in any sense the work of an imitator. Such an one need not have troubled himself to translate Whitman into the terms of the schools. It is rather the utterance through a medium which has all the advantages of proved endurance, of the spirit which Whitman uttered. Mr. Lodge is not the sole voice of this spirit among his contemporaries. The spirit may have come to him and his fellows through channels with which Whitman has had little to do. Yet the resemblances are striking enough to fix a standing place of solid ground beneath those who believe that Whitman's "spiritual descendants" are many and widely distributed. To expect to find them all adopting Whitman's metrical methods would be like looking to-day for all the sympathy with the nineteenth-century revolt against Calvinism among those who wear the garb of the first insurgents.

But the writers who show the influence of Whitman must always, and happily, be outnumbered, a hundred to one, by the readers who feel it. What, after all, has he meant to them? Certainly he has not stocked their vocabularies with familiar phrases. This poet who confessed that he could not quote himself has done virtually nothing to enrich the currency of daily speech. Beyond the line, "I loaf and invite my soul,"—which, by the way, is pretty sure to be spoken with half a smile,—what phrase of Whitman has acquired anything like that place in the language which makes a dozen phrases of Longfellow and Emerson instantly recognizable in any circle above the most il-

literate? To make such phrases, the true Whitmanite will tell you, was not in Whitman's province; and he is right. It is not the letter, but the spirit of Whitman which gives him his power over those to whom he means either something or everything. He will mean nothing to those who have in their own souls nothing of the "born disciple." Even this elect reader may have to overcome obstacles. "One thing is certain," said Stevenson, "that no one can appreciate Whitman's excellences until he has grown accustomed to his faults." In this preliminary of acceptance may surely be included the discounting of all the unfortunate impressions which are likely to come from knowing too much of Whitman's personal history and characteristics. It is the triumph of Whitman that after all this clearing of the ground so much remains. For all who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear what Whitman has to bring, these things, in the end, seem to be his bountiful offerings: to open new vistas of thought and feeling, new appreciations of beauty; to set free our understandings and sympathies; to help us to realize ourselves as individuals and — at the same time — to take our true places in a democratic world; to apprehend, as Americans, the bigness and significance of "these States," and, as human beings, the unity of mankind. All this is to place us in what is often a new and uplifting relation to the scheme of things. It matters not much by precisely what means it is accomplished. To accomplish it in any way is to work a spell beyond the power of all but a few of the greatest single forces that have influenced mankind.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A CHILDISH CHAGRIN

THAT the sorrows of childhood, which are so droll to adults, are unspeakably keen to the child has often been remarked, and it is with amusement and a sigh that I recall a silly little experience which came somewhere about my seventh year. I had grown with such ill-judged rapidity as to injure my health, and was sent to recuperate at Cutler, a charming nook far down on the Maine coast, now not unknown to the summer visitor. There I was given over to the care of a kindly old lady, a patient of my father's. She offended my pride on my arrival by declaring in homely phrase that I had "grown up like a weed in the shadow of the pigsty;" but no one could have resisted the good-humor that radiated from her abundant person.

I had no playmates. If children of my tender age existed in Cutler I did not come in contact with them. I was so completely the victim of the kindness of my hostess, at least, that this obliterates all other memories. She was anxious that when my father returned to take me home he should find me greatly improved, and to this end she spared no pains. She gave me cream to drink, and of this I approved greatly; but alas! she had somewhere heard that raw eggs were excellent for delicate children, and from some association of eggs with milk warm from the cow, had added the refinement that the egg should be warm from the hen. This egg was the bane of my existence. I thought of it the first thing when I woke, and I had no appetite for breakfast because I could not help thinking of that ghastly potion, tepid and glutinous, which was sure to come in the middle of the forenoon. The hour varied a little according to the caprices of the hens, but sometime about ten was sure to arise the

shrill cackling which announced that my medicine was ready. One plump black bantam in particular had a *cut-cut-kadark-cut* which to my excited ears seemed fairly to split the welkin with its hateful din. She was especially approved by her mistress as the producer of big brown eggs, half as large again, it seemed to me, as any laid by the rest of the flock, and my wrath was proportionately furious against her. The air of conscious and officious superiority with which that fat black bantam strutted about after she had given to the world in general and to me in particular one of those famous brown eggs, the rasping discord of her raucous cackle, were enough to drive a nervous child to the verge of distraction.

The anguish I suffered over those doses is beyond telling, and as ludicrous now as it was grievous then. I used on the sly to throw stones at the hens, and especially at that obnoxious black pullet, in the vain hope that I might frighten them out of their infernal fertility, and escape for lack of eggs. I was aware at breakfast that not to eat was to render only doubly certain the coming of that stickily warm abomination, even then being carried about the farmyard by some officious fowl with eyes that shut up from the bottom. Morning after morning I fairly choked in the attempt to eat so much breakfast that I might be spared the dose. I even on one unlucky day tried to conceal a square of corn-cake in my pocket, with the view of throwing it away afterward and cheating my solicitously kind landlady into the notion that I had eaten it. In my tremulous eagerness — I was absurdly nervous — I succeeded only in dropping it to the floor, and in being told, with a beaming smile on her part, that the floor was a poor place "for the Lord's good bread." I could not speak out, for the one or two attempts I made were over-

whelmed by assurances that I did n't know what was good for me, and that at least I wished "to get chunked up" so that my father would be proud of me when he came to take me home.

When once the egg was safely transferred from the body of the hen to my own, Mrs. Stamen used to lead me to the outer door, put my cap firmly on my head, and say with a smile as beaming as that of Mrs. Fezziwig, "Now go and skip on the hills for an hour." This form of address I think I resented more than I did the raw egg. That was at worst a physical injury, and, however misjudged, it was well meant; but this direction to go and skip involved what appeared to my excited imagination a misconception of my dignity which was little less than a deliberate insult. I pondered much and darkly over the matter, and at last evolved the idea that the proper retort was: "I'm not a calf, Mrs. Stamen; and I don't skip." Day after day I tried to screw my courage up to utter this remarkable phrase; but day after day I went out for my solitary recreation with the brilliant repartee unsaid. I hugged myself in secret over the exquisite felicity of the retort, and whenever I saw a calf kick up his heels I chuckled to think how taken aback the old lady would be when I actually spoke. Morning after morning I considered the wit of what I was to say until at times I could almost forget the egg which was warming for me in the bosom of some frumpy fowl. Yet when I had strengthened my soul to produce my jewel of facetiousness, morning after morning I allowed myself to be led tamely to the door and dismissed with the customary instruction to go and skip, without finding courage to speak.

It was not until in the fullness of time father came to take me home that I got the words out. Holding his hand at the moment when we were saying good-by, I suddenly felt that now at last I dared say anything; and looking up boldly into the kindly, plump face above me, I declared firmly: "I am not a calf, Mrs. Stamen."

"What, deary?" she asked in perplexity.

My father looked down on me with quizzical eyes. It was evident that he appreciated the fact that something lay behind the irrelevant words, though he could not guess what. It came over me with a sickening sense of chagrin that neither of them knew in the least what I was talking about. Mrs. Stamen murmured that I was a queer, old-fashioned child; and I felt in a flash the impossibility of attempting anything in the way of explanation. I had shot my bolt, and it had failed of the mark. The exquisitely droll repartee over which I had secretly so rejoiced had fallen absolutely flat. My vanity, which had gloated over the certainty of seeing the quiet smile which could light my father's eyes and just touch the corners of his lips, was stabbed to the quick. I had expected to triumph, and I had simply seemed silly.

It is a trivial bit of the past to come floating up as it does now and again, and of course to-day one could not recall it without a smile; but when my fancy sees again the corpulent benevolence of Mrs. Stamen's figure, the gold beads floating like gilded driftwood on the billows of her neck, and the frail small boy before her flushed with mortification for his own failure, under the smile comes too the current of a sigh for the foolish and sorrowful chagrins of childhood.

MOUNT VERNON REVISITED

AMERICA is a country with many thousands of institutions and only one shrine; only one place in all this big country to which our smart, successful, self-complacent, self-indulgent folk resort from motives of piety purely; not even hoping, in this case, to get the burden of their own sins lightened thereby; abashed, even the most frivolous and vulgar of them, from the moment they enter the sacred precinct, by the commanding presence of a mighty shade: a great and grave Ideal.

I had not seen Mount Vernon for exactly twenty years, when, on the day before Easter, Holy Saturday, I went there with a sympathetic younger friend, much elbowed and put about, but never seriously offended, by a perfect mob of holiday "trippers" and school-children *en vacances*.

We went down from Washington by the train, rather than by the Potomac boat, that we might the more conveniently stop off at shabby, sleepy old Alexandria. It was one of the first days of April, the first really mild and vernal morning of a cold, late spring. The river, under the long bridge, ran brown with Virginian soil; the attenuated sprays of the weeping willows along its banks, fledged lightly with their earliest foliage, waved in the soft, strong wind, like tresses of yellow hair.

The plain colonial church of St. John at Alexandria,—a square structure of red brick with a white wooden belfry,—to which about half our crowd went trooping down an ill-paved side-street, stood with clear glass windows wide open to the spring morning, and the green encompassing churchyard, where a feathered choir was practicing its Easter anthems among the shady pines, or on the still barren boughs of secular oaks.

The parishioners of St. John, having happily recovered—about a generation ago—some portion of the aesthetic senses which had been effectually scattered by our great war of independence, brought down from their dusty attic, and restored to its former position, all the beautiful old white woodwork of the church interior,—the high panelled wainscoting, and the pulpit upborne upon its one tall column, like a lily on a slender stem. Young girls of the parish, on that sacred Saturday morning of suspended hope, were lovingly dusting pew and desk and wall-panel, and bringing in the first crocuses of the season, to trim the altar for the morrow's festa. What we saw was exactly what the Father of his Country used to see in his last years,

when he said his prayers weekly in the prim, high-backed pew,—only a little more spacious than its neighbors,—standing up for the General Confession (we have it on the authority of his favorite Nelly Custis that he did not kneel), and getting counsel and comfort *from somewhere*, with courage to live on.

The tablet which records his passing, exactly at the close of the century that his name adorns, is in the centre of the white wall-space facing the Washington pew. It is an extremely modest memorial, without one word of pompous eulogy, and in the corresponding space upon the other side of the altar is inserted, with a curious effect of style and symmetry, another tablet, the only other one the church contains, to the memory of Robert Lee.

"Out of the same clay . . . one vessel to honour, and one"—not to dishonor surely, but to irremediable and most sorrowful defeat. Two brave sons of Virginia, baptized in the same faith, reared in the same tradition; "One port methought, alike they sought;" and it was easy, on that clear vigil of the Resurrection, to divine their union with full understanding there.

Some such simple morning-service as ours at Alexandria ought always, I think, to be first attended by the good American who proposes making his act of faith at Mount Vernon. It prepares the mind for what is to follow, and strikes the true chord of a dignified austerity. Let us faithfully keep the pitch of those two notes,—the one just as essential as the other to a right perception of the *genius loci*: the silent admonition offered to a scampering, squandering generation by that beautiful old seat on the Potomac.

Beautiful for situation it certainly is. The eastern coast of the North American Continent can lay no great claim to distinction in scenery,—as the glories of this world's landscape go. It is nowhere in the great style. But there are spots among its rugged hills, or along its

wooded river-banks and winding estuaries which have a very real and beguiling, if not overpowering, charm. Pre-eminent among these is that commanding slope upon the large bend of a noble stream, which was chosen with unerring if unconscious taste, by the man who built Mount Vernon: while the house he planned, both in its original form and as judiciously enlarged to meet the requirements of the retired generalissimo and chief magistrate, is worthy of the ground it stands on, and exactly adapted to it.

Coming back after so long an absence, and after having seen quite a number of the more sumptuous habitations of men, I find Mount Vernon, more than ever, the ideal country home of the republican gentleman. It is exactly the sort of place which would have been dear to the heart of a Roman of the *vieille roche*, moved, by the reckless extravagances of a pair of comparatively new men like the Cicero brothers, to a certain fastidious disdain.

It has, indeed, now I come to think of it, not a little of the rustic nobility, the pure atmosphere of a homely religion, with which Pater, in his *Marius*, contrived to invest Whitenights, — the ancestral home of his "naturally Christian" epicurean. How white the plenilunar nights must be, by the way, upon that spacious lawn at Mount Vernon, when surveyed from the long portico upon the river-front, the one rather stately architectural feature of the otherwise rigidly plain white mansion!

Here, where there is nothing for arrogant assumption or vain display, there is everything for personal refinement, an ordered leisure, the simple though ample entertainment of guests of any grade and in almost any number, the decent distinction of a manly retirement at the fitting hour into life's reserves, of one who has borne ungrudgingly the burden and heat of the day. "This modest estate is henceforth my throne. Bid kings come bow to it." And they came.

One cannot help fancying upon the

marble lips of the well-known bust, whose firm line it must always have been a little formidable to confront, a distinct rebuke to the meaningless luxury, the profuse and ill-assorted splendors, the insensate emulations — we will say of Dupont Circle!

I have always thought the ground-plan of the Mount Vernon house very attractive, and I wonder that it has not been oftener copied. The carriage-drive and entrance at the back, between the old-fashioned garden with its prim box borders, and the kitchens and comfortable servants' quarters; the wide, airy hall running through the house to the door opening upon the great portico; the four moderate-sized living rooms, two on either side of the hall, — all with their graceful, ample fireplaces economically built across the inner angle; the slightly more elaborate but still simple "banqueting room," added in the final years, and balancing upon one side of the house the wing on the other with the spacious but severely plain library, — a room with something about it of the solemnity of a chapel, made, if ever a room was made, for sober work, untroubled thought, and unspoken prayer, — all these go to make up an interior as unassuming as it is convenient.

The principal guest-rooms are on the first floor, in the main body of the house, while above the library is the quiet chamber, at whose door the most disreputable hat comes off, the shrillest accents are hushed in unaffected awe. For here, under the antique tester, the discharged warrior, the unwillingly released statesman, the happy farmer, lay down for the last time, after a hard day's ride over his beloved acres, through winter wind and sleet. "My lady" — as certain folks of that day to whom their old-world habits clung were fond of calling her — would never allow this room to be occupied again. One seemed to see her — a small and still erect, though rapidly aging figure, climbing o' winter nights, as we did on that April day, the narrow creak-

ing stair that leads to the room above the General's chamber. It is a decent place enough, but still a species of attic, and according to the universally accepted legend, the widow chose it for her own occupancy, because its western window commanded the narrow path down which her lord's coffin had been carried through the snows of December to the old brick family tomb under trees that overhang the river. In our very mixed company of visitors there was a plain, solitary, elderly woman, in a black veil and white cap, who paused and leaned her forehead, for a moment, against the frame of that west window, — while her round shoulders heaved with a silent sob.

Good-by, Mount Vernon! But let us not go without one gracious word of thanks and praise for the devoted women to whose civic piety, untiring zeal, and unerring taste, we owe the rescue from decay, and the restoration of Mount Vernon to its fine — though ever plain — old semblance. All that the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association have done has been done skillfully and reverently. They have made no mistakes. There is not a discordant note, nor a touch of false color, nor a sensible anachronism anywhere.

Good-by again to the pleasant and revered old place. And if for another twenty years, good-by forever!

A NEW PROFESSION

I FANCY some surprise would be created if the advertising columns of our best newspapers printed the following:—

EXPERT KENDALL, Ph.D

GENERAL INFORMER

Literary, Historical, Artistic, Political and Miscellaneous Questions answered by correspondence, from two dollars upwards:

Address 593 Fredonia Street: no dealings by Telephone.

Yet there seems to be need of just such a professor. No one who has not been the victim of seekers after miscellaneous truth knows the annoyance to which some men are subjected. The "To Correspondents" column of some newspapers gives a fair notion of the variety and muddle generally of these queries. But many for one reason or another disdain newspapers and hurl their doubts at some person, who they think is well equipped with general lore, in somewhat this style.

"Should we say to-morrow is Tuesday, or to-morrow will be Tuesday?" Question generally received on a Friday, increasing the difficulty.

"Where do the lines come from under Guido's Aurora?"

"Who first said 'Consistency, thou art a jewel'?"

"I am to take part in a class debate at Niobrara University, on the question, 'Should the U. S. tariff be revised?' Please send me any speeches or other documents you may have on the affirmative."

"An Englishman asserted to me that George Washington was born in that country." [Which country?] "Is there any foundation for this claim?"

"Do you think Horace or Whittier the greater bard?"

"I send you a poem on the Battle of San Juan. Please give me your advice as to the best way of publishing it."

Some of the questions so sent are absurd; some have no answer; some may be answered by the commonest books of reference; not a few would require great labor to answer properly. But to send any reply at all requires some expenditure in time, labor, and stationery, and breaks in on one's ordinary vocations. There is not the excuse of friendship; these questions come from absolute strangers, "knowing your scholarship."

Now here is my contention: If these same people had an important question which only a physician, a lawyer, an architect, an artist could solve, they would consult an expert and expect to pay for

his opinion backed by authority. That authority has cost time, labor, and money to acquire. His bills are not by any means always paid; but they are expected. The student of literature, history, and art,—the man who knows Veronese from Velasquez, and George Washington from William Washington, spent time, money, and labor to acquire that knowledge. Why should not he be paid too? Yet the very suggestion of accompanying an answer with a charge of two dollars for "information rendered" would raise a horse laugh, or a hysterical giggle. Sometimes has the querist had the grace to send a stamp, or perhaps a stamped envelope. Yet, as Dr. Holmes somewhere says, enclosing a stamp does not necessarily entitle the writer to an answer.

Some years ago the late Lord Truro (a lord chancellor's son) fitted up a spacious house in a once fashionable quarter of London with dictionaries, peerages, encyclopædias, guide-books, and the like, and installed an army of clerks there. He made it the headquarters of information, charging suitably for the article.

Nobilissima cura, e che l' imiti
Ben degno alcun magnanimo.

THE PASSING OF THE BOOK-MARK

"What is this in between the leaves of the old book?"

The query came from a small boy who stood by, watching curiously while the choreman and the scrubwoman pursued their reckless path through the peaceful and long untroubled upper shelves in a neglected alcove of the library.

"That is a bookmark, an old-fashioned bookmark," Aunt Tabitha responded, pausing a moment in her task of superintending and admonishing.

The small boy carefully inspected the decorated bit of cardboard, with its faded background of brocaded ribbon fluttering from either end.

"Why don't they have them nowadays?" he questioned; but his aunt had

vanded, to reprimand the choreman for putting back some twenty volumes of the British Essayists upon the shelves, with titles upside down.

The small boy put the bookmark back and shut it up again in the old musty volume, remarking,—"I guess it is because the people nowadays don't read such great big books, or if they do, they have n't time to care about where they leave off, and so it does n't matter where they begin again."

"Little books," — what a multitude of them do yearly make their entry into the reader's universe. And if one puts them down, how very little it does matter just where one takes them up again. When bookmarks were in vogue, there was no rapid distribution of each season's "new books," and the great tidal wave of periodicals had not submerged the reading public. From time to time, grandfather purchased a few new books; he bought them, after careful deliberation and anxious consultation with my grandmother, because they were the *best* and not because they were the *latest* publications. When these books made their entry into grandfather's household, they were received with all the deference due to distinguished and most welcome guests. They were inspected tenderly and critically, and suitable positions assigned them among the other volumes in the library. Then, one by one, they were read with deliberation and thought. They were not skimmed, or tossed aside, to make place for some still more recent comer; they were read slowly and enjoyed; in the calm of those leisure hours which followed the active labors of the day, these literary guests furnished amusement and pleasant recreation. Grandmother read two or three chapters and then put in her bookmark and laid the volume aside.

What did the bookmark indicate? Perchance it marked something besides the place where grandmother stopped reading. Perchance it marked an epoch in which the word "serenity" was widely understood, and in which readers opened

their books with a restful tranquillity. And with the passing of the bookmark, has not the whole attitude towards the book world changed?

ON CERTAIN THINGS TO EAT

I AM often reminded of that friend of Charles Lamb's who held that no man could be pure in heart who did not like apple dumplings. I would not go so far as that; I would not say that a man *may* not harbor an indifference to sassafras-tea and still be a good man. What I do say is that there are many good men who are mainly insensible to the poetry of things.

There are other brews richer, more exhilarating, more delectable. There is none so delicate. Its true name should be "Spring-in-the-Fields." There is the health of the ploughed ground in it, and the dew on the dog-fennel, the field-lark at morning and the whippoorwill at late dusk, and Bob White along the rail-fence, whistling all day long. Its quality, indeed, is very like Bob White's whistle. Of all the bird-notes, each with its own forever inimitable and distinct quality, there is none like his for voicing the thought of the ploughed fields. It is as clear and serene as the thrush's own; but it has not the unearthly beauty, the ethereal detachment, of his. It has, instead, the very opposite charm: a simple, rustic, earth-loving note, for all it is so crystal clear; just the note to ring freshly all day long through man's own woodlands, and across the morning furrow the ploughman leaves behind him. It, too, is "Spring-in-the-Fields." Analyze it, and you have analyzed the flavor of my sassafras-tea.

He who drinks that is drinking primal innocence. And who, the most sophisticated taster of old vintages, will scorn this oldest and freshest of them all? Then there is the beauty of it. Man is an exacting animal; he eats with his eye no less than with his palate. His wine must have a jewel-like light, his coffee a brown spar-

kle, his tea must turn the clinking glass of summer luncheon-time into a chalice of amber. He will find no aesthetic lack in sassafras-tea. He might as well drink dawn: young Aurora's idle finger has stirred it, before the world was awake. If he takes cream in his tea, then he elects to drink rose-petals in solution.

In these degenerate days, one may often buy sassafras at the grocery store in the springtime; but my own conviction is that it will not sparkle with its proper light after it has been listed on the grocer's yellow ticket. The true way to procure it — if one may not dig the roots himself — is to buy it by the "bunch" from a grinning little darkey, who rolls his eyes and rubs one rusty shin against the other as he sheepishly quotes his price. And the time to drink it is at supper; for in the land of sassafras they still have supper, untroubled, for the most part, even by the painful conviction that they ought at least to *call* it dinner. Yes, it must add the final touch of grace to the snowy supper-table, just at that gracious moment newly won by the day from the domain of the night: that time of day in the spring when old people look up over their spectacles with touching, wrinkled smiles, and remark with pleased surprise that "the days are getting longer." And it will be at the time of year, too, when the windows are left open in the dining-room at supper-time, for the first time in some months, — oh, three or four, maybe. That is the time for people in farm-houses and villages and small Southern cities to "thin their blood," as the old folks say, with a cup of sassafras-tea.

Then there is watermelon. I think I am seldom conscious of an acuter pang than when I see watermelon on a restaurant table, or in a dining-car, or on the tray of a white waiter at some Northern hostelry. It is like being reminded of the existence of sweatshops, and stockyards, and colonies of lepers. It reminds me that there must be people in the world who have never eaten watermelons any other way: who have never taken them, cool

and dripping, from the milk-trough, or held in their two hands the great crescent-shaped slices (heart to mouth and shameless chin a-drip), or taken one out of a thousand from a roadside patch in broad daylight (perhaps — if one were sophisticated, and loved the *Travels with a Donkey* — leaving a dime in the smooth earthy hollow where its round green stomach had reposed), and burst it over a "snake-fence," and eaten merely its great rosy heart out, like some barbaric epicure. The watermelon is not poetic like sassafras-tea. It is not the whistle of Bob White, but the rich, mellow singing of the barefooted "buck-nigger" as he hoes his way down the long cotton row through the shimmering summer heat. It is a veritable, edible sun-flower. It is "Summer-in-the-Fields;" and it has something of the cheapening voluptuousness, the tropic lack of reticence and restraint, the exuberance connoting exhaustion, of the Southern summer, flaunting and unashamed. But it has also its generousness, its all but cloying sweetness, its rank primitive joy. It has no flavor: only sugar, juice, and color, — but each to excess. A morning-glory is not more perishable. But it is perfect of its kind; and that is why it is so painful to see it, with its huge bulk, its coarse, wilting texture, its flaring color, looming among the salt-cellars and all the neat, artificial fittings of a restaurant table. Some wild things are in place there: the raspberry glows like a dewy flower among jewels; and the milder cantaloupe, with its rich salmons and its pale yellows, is as much in keeping as a tea-rose. But the watermelon — loud-mouthed, red-cheeked, laughing country wench — why shame her honest country bulk by throwing it into relief against the dainty trappings of the drawing-room? And then, an *eaten* watermelon, — oh horrible! Of all the débris on those fields of carnage, after man's appetite is sated, is there anything so disillusioning? That yawning hole, that withering rim, erstwhile so fresh and overflowing, now like a faded green

doughnut, — carry it out quickly, waiter, and be sure the garbage can is covered!

There is one more of these memory-packed sweets, "Fall-in-the-Fields." Do you know it? — such a brown, weazened, withered, chary little edible, hanging high but very lightly on a leafless tree, — like the desires of man's heart when he is old. If you know them at all, you know that they are not good until "after frost," like — what? The heart of man in the service of his fellows, storing up inner sweets grain after grain, as the frost of grief shrivels and contracts the outer layer of his own personal delights? Like or not, there is no sweet like that of persimmons after frost, as they drop cold at your feet of an autumn evening, from the high bough where they hung aloft in the great refrigerator of the winds. There is no sweet so compact, so frugal, so "grainy" — an esoteric sweet, which one must love as one loves bare trees and brown stubble. There is denial in it, and patience, and pathos, as well as vigor and cheer — in "Fall-in-the-Fields."

OF AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

I ENJOY particularly in the Club the papers in which contributors sing the praises of their hobbies; and I made up my mind long ago that, when my turn came, I would cry up Autobiography, which is often the finest flower of Biography. This is especially true where the man who paints his own portrait interests us by his personality rather than by his participation in historical events. In general, public men have left memoirs of their historical acts and not of their private selves. Metternich, for instance, hurries over the record of his youth, to reach the days when he cut a great figure in European diplomacy, and could tell with undisguised relish of walking on the same level with Napoleon, — or a little above him. To Franklin, on the contrary, his personal development was the most interesting topic: although he too had mixed in great affairs and had

been, as it now appears, hardly less important than Metternich as an agent of destiny. That autobiography of his discloses what he *was*, not what he *did*; and it will live on, from generation to generation, by virtue of its candor. "She proved to me a good and faithful companion," he says, in recording his marriage to Deborah Read, "and contributed essentially to the success of my shop." We hardly need to be told that the man who wrote that kept a cool head through the heats of the American Revolution, and never missed sight of the main chance for his country, whether amid the dust of Colonial Congresses or in the dazzling drawing-rooms of Paris.

Some autobiographies are even more private still, records of intellectual or spiritual unfolding, with the merest suggestion that an external world, peopled with living men and women, exists. We feel this somewhat in John Stuart Mill's remarkable self-revelation, in which we watch the putting together, piece by piece, of an extraordinary intellectual mechanism. But Mill was far more than a thinking machine,—he had a rare emotional equipment besides, as whoever reads his pages sympathetically will see. Among recent autobiographies of the intimate sort, is any more strangely interesting than Richard Jefferies's *Story of my Heart*? For him, too, the great concern was not to narrate mere happenings, but to describe his search for reality, and those few supreme moments when it seemed to him as if he were about to pierce the screen of sense and behold the Cause behind it. He was haunted by the belief that mankind are just on the eve of a revelation more wonderful than all that have been made, and he urges this so sincerely that the suggestion haunts his readers too.

Of Rousseau's *Confessions*, with their ampler range, embracing his adventures, his intimate development, and his opinions, I need not speak: an essay devoted to them alone would be too scant. But contrast their fullness, their concreteness,

with the brief statement which David Hume, Rousseau's most powerful intellectual contemporary in Britain, wrote about himself—barely ten printed pages, reticent, impersonal, or at least impartial, as if he were summing up an historical personage dead and gone long ago. Let me quote a sentence or two:—

"I was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them."

In tone, that reminds us of Hume's brother philosopher and historian, Gibbon, who at his father's bidding broke his engagement,—"sighed like a lover, but obeyed like a son,"—and has left one of the classical English autobiographies; not one, indeed, but six or seven, for he seems to have sketched at least so many versions of his life-story. But Rousseau, the reprobate, had the secret of self-revelation denied to the virtuous Hume and Gibbon: he regarded his book as his confessional, to which without shame he confided all his sins; and, since the world is mostly made up of sinners, it has accepted his confessions as genuine.

Equally frank was Benvenuto Cellini, whose life, however, lay all on the outside. He had nothing to confess, only experiences to narrate. Hating his enemies, he killed them if he could; he committed every crime without remorse and said his prayers fervently, sure that God helped him to slay his victims, and prevented assassins from slaying him. He had passion, almost frenzy, for his art, and to it he would sacrifice fortune or preferment

rather than hurry or skimp. In his moral and spiritual nature, he had scarcely advanced beyond the tiger, but in his artistic nature he belonged among the masters of the Renaissance. His Life contains the stuff of a dozen Dumas romances, written in a manner so off-hand, so racy, so fresh, that age cannot wither it nor custom stale. Incidentally, too, it brings with it — as every external autobiography should — a large fragment of the life of his time, in which we see actual men and women loving and hating; we measure their ambitions, we hear their very words. Pepys, in his Diary, does much the same for Charles the Second's London, but he is rather a reporter taking notes, than an autobiographer writing a romance, with himself as the hero. Goethe, in his *Truth and Fiction*, went to the other extreme from Cellini; and, selecting what he considered the vital facts in his career, he rearranged and embellished them and composed a symmetrical work of art. From this it is but a step to avowed fiction, in which the novelist weaves a part of his own experience into the story of his hero, as Dickens wove his into David Copperfield, or George Eliot hers into Maggie Tulliver.

But autobiography is too rich a theme for a brief paper. The charge which some persons lay to it, of vanity or self-consciousness, need not trouble us. I doubt whether anybody has succeeded in quite disguising his real nature in his memoirs, though he tried to make himself out better than he was, as most readers suspect, or worse than he was, Lord Byron's rôle. Certain it is that we have more excellent autobiographies than biographies, enough to keep one entertained on a desert island through an exile as long as Robinson Crusoe's.

Some wit has said that, "besides biographies and autobiographies, there are ought-not-to-be-oographies." They have abounded especially of late. Any fool can create a sensation who chooses to run naked in the street: but it is his folly more than his nakedness that creates the

VOL. 98 - NO. 6

sensation. And, as folly is prolific and perennial, one manifestation of it cannot long cause a stir.

A SIN OF OMISSION

I HAD the misfortune some time ago to have a little article accepted in the Contributors' Club. Yes, *misfortune*, — I say it deliberately. At the time it seemed extraordinarily good fortune, but circumstances have changed my point of view. I remember that Frances E. Willard in her autobiography naively confesses that the highest ambition of her ambitious girlhood was to get into the *Atlantic*. Other ambitions may have engaged her later; but there were none that could have "appealed," as the expressionists say, more to me. And so when my little article appeared — it had been sent without my knowledge, in the proverbial fashion, by the faithful friend that unconscious and undiscovered genius always keeps on hand for the purpose — my feelings may be readily imagined. The world took on a roseate hue, and my faith in human nature went up several points. Parnassus, wreath-crowned, appeared in the distance, and I tingled for the climb. I always knew just where that particular copy of the *Atlantic* lay, — I do yet! I loved to finger it surreptitiously while talking to some one who did n't know. It carried me over many a valley of humiliation and slough of despondency. It afforded me quite as much moral support as my last silk-lined gown, — which is saying something. The only thing that tempered my joy was the doubt whether being in the Contributors' Club is really being in the *Atlantic*. Would Miss Willard have so regarded it? The Club is, of course, as a vestibule to roomier apartments, — or back-door entrance rather, — but does a foot across the threshold entitle one to regard himself as being on the visiting list? It is a delicate point, and I must leave it to the finer judgment of the habitués.

Of course so delightful an event could

not be wholly kept to ourselves. The faithful friend said it would not be fair, and I was fain to believe it. So just a few of the elect were told, Jack of course first. He was evidently a good deal impressed, and it is one of Jack's limitations — or mine — that he is n't easily impressed. He seemed surprised, too, — most unflatteringly so, and I was divided between my desire to appear nonchalant, and my impulse to let him see how surprised I was myself. I don't know yet whether he thought more of me or less of the *Atlantic*. I suspect it was the latter. Then I was lunching with a couple of old friends one day, when my host suddenly turned to me, and asked if I had read that capital little bit in the current Contributors' Club, mentioning my own production. He miscalled the title, but that did n't matter, — nothing did just then. His chuckle of reminiscent enjoyment was music in mine ears, and unable to resist the temptation, I divulged myself on the spot. They took it very nicely, and handsomely said that the *Atlantic* was to be congratulated; but they did n't seem as much impressed as I had expected, — which I know is inconsistent of me after what I said about Jack. I asked them not to say anything about it to our common friends, — not just then at any rate.

But a few months later the lady shouted to me through the din of an afternoon tea, "My husband has been looking for your things in the *Atlantic*. He enjoys them so much. Edith says she would recognize your style anywhere, — that you write just like yourself."

I was mightily taken aback. *Edith!* How many more had they told, and how many articles had they found in the style that Edith would know anywhere?

Then one blue Monday morning Jack (whom I had left sitting up over a pile of magazines the night before) remarked to me, "I see you have another bright little article in the Contributors' Club. I quite enjoyed it. It was fully up to the standard of the last, — indeed, I thought it even a little better."

Now could anything be more provoking? It was bad enough *not* to have another article in the *Atlantic*, without the humiliation of having to affirm the fact; and when I did, Jack looked first incredulous, then disconcerted. (It is always hard for Jack to believe his own judgment can be in error.) I felt myself something of a culprit under his astonished gaze, as if I were somehow disappointing family expectations. Besides it was n't at all flattering to think I wrote so much like the rest of the world that nobody could tell the difference.

But that was n't the worst. I had a letter the other day from one of the elect, a very particular friend, of literary leanings, who lives far enough away to be enveloped in the enchantment which distance lends, and who wrote out of turn for the express purpose of congratulating me as follows:—

"Where do you find all those deliciously absurd things to say? The contributor is undoubtedly yourself and in your very best style. Don't tell me you *did n't* write it. Have you a double? I even heard Jack in some of the remarks adroitly smothered out of print. Are there others I have n't seen? and how many and when? The president of our club who has exceptionally fine literary taste and discrimination read it to me. We laughed over it together. She remembers your contribution to a Christmas number some time ago and discovered this herself, — was n't it clever of her? She says whenever anything especially bright appears in the Club she at once attributes it to you. Confess now to the number of your sins. I want to see them all."

I don't suppose it is necessary to describe my sensations. Besides, they are too poignant. I should be so happy to confess to sins of that order if only I had committed any. Mine are sins of omission. My friends discredit the fact now; but when they find their mistake they will discredit me. It is time I answered that letter, — and long past; but what am I going to say?

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CONTENTS

INDEX BY TITLES.

	<small>PAGE</small>		<small>PAGE</small>
Alien Country, The, <i>Harry James Smith</i>	617	Foreign Privilege in China, <i>Hosea B. Morse</i>	626
American Grub Street, The, <i>James H. Collins</i>	634	Forerunner, The, <i>M. E. M. Davis</i>	273
American Poets of To-day, Three, <i>May Sinclair</i>	325	France, The Year in, <i>Stoddard Dewey</i>	182
American View of British Railways, An, <i>Ray Morris</i>	65	French Fiction, A New Voice in, <i>Henry Dwight Sedgwick</i>	841
Arden, In: an Idyl of the Hunting Field, <i>Arthur Grant</i>	131	Further Adventures of a Yachtsman's Wife, <i>Mary Heaton Vorse</i>	240
Autobiography of a Southerner, The, "Nicholas Worth"	1, 157, 311, 474	Garrick, David, Some Unpublished Correspondence of, <i>George P. Baker</i>	598, 813
Bible Poetry, The Power of, <i>J. H. Gardiner</i>	384	Germany, The Year in, <i>William C. Dreher</i>	663
Books New and Old, <i>H. W. Boynton</i>	276	Grading of Sinners, The, <i>Edward Alsworth Ross</i>	106
Brag, <i>Wilbur Larremore</i>	405	Grub Street, The American, <i>James H. Collins</i>	634
Brown, Alice, The Short Stories of, <i>Charles Miner Thompson</i>	55	Hardy, Thomas, The Novels of, <i>Mary Moss</i>	354
Captain Christy, <i>Henry Rideout</i>	452	Henry Koehler, Misogynist, <i>Elsie Singmaster</i>	657
China, Foreign Privilege in, <i>Hosea B. Morse</i>	626	His Comrade, <i>Clare Benedict</i>	551
China, The Missionary Enterprise in, <i>Chester Holcombe</i>	348	His Reader's Friend, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	644
Christmas and the Literature of Disillusion, <i>Samuel McChord Crothers</i>	721	House of Lords, The, <i>William Everett</i>	790
Churchill, Lord Randolph, <i>A. Lawrence Lowell</i>	247	House, The, <i>Anna McClure Sholl</i>	693
City Water and City Waste, <i>Hollis Godfrey</i>	375	Hull House Play, A, <i>Madge C. Jenison</i>	83
Commercial Panics, Past and Future, <i>Alexander D. Noyes</i>	433	Humor of the Colored Supplement, The, <i>Ralph Bergengren</i>	269
Confessions of an Obscure Teacher	368	Hyacinthe and Honorine, <i>Eden Phillpotts</i>	296
Conrad, Joseph, <i>John Albert Macy</i>	697	Ibsen, Edmund Gosse	30
"Dere ees no God," <i>Ernest Poole</i>	412	Ideal Lawyer, The, <i>David J. Brewer</i>	587
Dissolving View of Punctuation, A, <i>Wendell Phillips Garrison</i>	233	Ignominy of Being Grown Up, The, <i>Samuel McChord Crothers</i>	44
European Painting, The Present State of, <i>Royal Cortissoz</i>	684	In a Sandy Garden, <i>Arthur Colton</i>	342
Eyes of Men, The, <i>Hildegard Brooks</i>	674	In the Fens, <i>A. C. Benson</i>	837
Fall of the House of Johns, The, <i>William John Hopkins</i>	194	International Debts, The Forceable Collection of, <i>John H. Latané</i>	542
Father Taylor, <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	177	Journalism, Some Aspects of, <i>Rollo Ogden</i>	12
Fifty-Ninth Congress, The, <i>Samuel W. McCall</i>	577	Judgment Seat, The, <i>Juliet Wilbor Tompkins</i>	742
Keats, A Relish of, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	534	Keepsake, The, <i>Gelett Burgess</i>	837

Contents

Laboratory in the Hills, The, <i>Elizabeth Foote</i>	775	Romanticism in Music, <i>Daniel Gregory Mason</i>	499
Literature and the Modern Drama, <i>Henry Arthur Jones</i>	796	Ruin of Harry Benbow, The, <i>Henry Rideout</i>	807
Man who was Obstinate, The, <i>Alice Brown</i>	836	Satyr's Children, The, <i>Edith Wyatt</i>	513
Manufacturer's Point of View, A, <i>Jonathan Thayer Lincoln</i>	289	Science, Some Books of, <i>E. P. Brewster</i>	418
Measure of Greatness, The, <i>N. S. Shaler</i>	749	Scientific Historian and our Colonial Period, The, <i>Theodore C. Smith</i>	702
Missionary Enterprise in China, The, <i>Chester Holcombe</i>	348	Shakespeare Progress, My, <i>Martha Baker Dunn</i>	528
More's Shelburne Essays, <i>George McLean Harper</i>	561	Short Stories of Alice Brown, The, <i>Charles Miner Thompson</i>	55
Motor-Flight through France, A, <i>Edith Wharton</i>	733	Sidgwick, Henry, <i>William Everett</i>	93
Music-Makers, The, <i>Elizabeth Foote</i>	74	Socialist Programme, A, <i>John Graham Brooks</i>	651
Napoleon as a Book-Lover, <i>James Westfall Thompson</i>	110	Some Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick, <i>George P. Baker</i>	598, 813
Nature-Student, The, <i>Dallas Lore Sharp</i>	211	Soul of Paris, The, <i>Verner Z. Reed</i>	336
New National Forces and the Old Law, <i>Melville M. Bigelow</i>	726	Spirit of Present-Day Spain, The, <i>Havelock Ellis</i>	757
New York after Paris, <i>Alvan F. Sanborn</i>	489	Tangled Web, A, <i>Margaret Cooper McGiffert</i>	395
Novels of Thomas Hardy, The, <i>Mary Moss</i>	354	Three American Poets of To-day, <i>May Sinclair</i>	325
Novels of Mrs. Wharton, The, <i>Henry Dwight Sedgwick</i>	217	Two Memories of a Childhood, <i>Lafcadio Hearn</i>	445
Our Unelastic Currency, <i>George von L. Meyer</i>	126	Unconventional Mourner, An, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	21
Paris, The Soul of, <i>Verner Z. Reed</i>	336	Up Above the World So High, <i>Arthur Stanwood Pier</i>	96
Peacock, Thomas Love, <i>H. W. Boynton</i>	765	Vulgarity, <i>Arthur C. Benson</i>	229
Pictures for the Tenements, <i>Elizabeth McCracken</i>	519	Wayfarer, The, <i>Norman Duncan</i>	145
Power of Bible Poetry, The, <i>J. H. Gardiner</i>	384	Whale, The, <i>S. Carleton</i>	118
Present State of European Painting, The, <i>Royal Cortissoz</i>	684	Wharton, Mrs., The Novels of, <i>Henry Dwight Sedgwick</i>	217
Relish of Keats, A, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	534	Whitman, The Spell of, <i>M. A. De Wolfe Howe</i>	849
Revival Sermon at Little St. John's, A, <i>John Bennett</i>	256	Year in France, The, <i>Stoddard Dewey</i>	182
		Year in Germany, The, <i>William C. Dreher</i>	663

INDEX BY AUTHORS.

<i>Baker, George P.</i> , Some Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick	598, 813	<i>Boynton, H. W.</i>	
<i>Benedict, Clare</i> , His Comrade	551	Books New and Old	276
<i>Bennett, John</i> , A Revival Sermon at Little St. John's	256	Thomas Love Peacock	765
<i>Benson, Arthur C.</i>		Brewer, David J., The Ideal Lawyer	587
Vulgarity	229	Brewster, E. T., Some Books of Science	418
In the Fens	832	Brooks, Hildegard, The Eyes of Men	674
<i>Bergengren, Ralph</i> , The Humor of the Colored Supplement	269	Brooks, John Graham, A Socialist Programme	651
<i>Bigelow, Melville M.</i> , New National Forces and the Old Law	726	Brown, Alice, The Man who was Obstinate	836
		Bryngess, Gelett, The Keepsake	837

Contents

v

<i>Carleton, S., The Whale</i>	118	<i>Larremore, Wilbur, Brag</i>	405
<i>Coates, Florence Earle, Onward</i>	835	<i>Latane, John H., The Forceable Collection of International Debts</i>	542
<i>Collins, James H., The American Grub Street</i>	634	<i>Lincoln, Jonathan Thayer, A Manufacturer's Point of View</i>	289
<i>Colton, Arthur, In a Sandy Garden</i>	342	<i>Lowell, A. Lawrence, Lord Randolph Churchill</i>	247
<i>Cortissoz, Royal, The Present State of European Painting</i>	684		
<i>Crothers, Samuel McChord</i>			
<i>The Ignominy of Being Grown Up</i>	44	<i>McCall, Samuel W., The Fifty-Ninth Congress</i>	577
<i>Christmas and the Literature of Disillusion</i>	721	<i>McCracken, Elizabeth, Pictures for the Tenements</i>	519
<i>Davis, Fannie Stearns, To Other Small Verse-Makers</i>	92	<i>McGiffert, Margaret Cooper, A Tangled Web</i>	395
<i>Davis, M. E. M., The Forerunner</i>	273	<i>McNeal-Sweeney, Mildred I., Past the Dull Roofs—the Sky</i>	268
<i>Dewey, Stoddard, The Year in France</i>	182	<i>Macy, John Albert, Joseph Conrad</i>	697
<i>Dodd, Lee Wilson, Confession</i>	125	<i>Mason, Daniel Gregory, Romanticism in Music</i>	499
<i>Dreher, William C., The Year in Germany</i>	663	<i>Meyer, George von L., Our Unelastic Currency</i>	126
<i>Duncan, Norman, The Wayfarer</i>	145	<i>Morris, Ray, An American View of British Railways</i>	65
<i>Dunn, Martha Baker, My Shakespeare Progress</i>	528	<i>Morse, Hosea B., Foreign Privilege in China</i>	626
<i>Earle, Mabel, Aler Seelen</i>	625	<i>Moss, Mary, The Novels of Thomas Hardy</i>	354
<i>Ellis, Havelock, The Spirit of Present-Day Spain</i>	757		
<i>Emerson, Ralph Waldo, Father Taylor Everett, William</i>	177	<i>Noyes, Alexander D., Commercial Panics, Past and Future</i>	433
<i>Henry Sidgwick</i>	93		
<i>The House of Lords</i>	790		
<i>Foote, Elizabeth</i>		<i>Ogden, Rollo, Some Aspects of Journalism</i>	12
<i>The Music-Makers</i>	74		
<i>The Laboratory in the Hills</i>	775		
<i>Gardiner, J. H., The Power of Bible Poetry</i>	384	<i>Page, Thomas Nelson, Theocritus on Agradina</i>	181
<i>Garrison, Wendell Phillips, A Dissolving View of Punctuation</i>	233	<i>Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart, Her Shadow</i>	210
<i>Godfrey, Hollis, City Water and City Waste</i>	375	<i>Phillipotts, Eden, Hyacinthe and Honoreine</i>	296
<i>Gosse, Edmund, Ibsen</i>	30	<i>Poole, Ernest, "Dere ees no God"</i>	412
<i>Grant, Arthur, In Arden: an Idyl of the Hunting Field</i>	131	<i>Pier, Arthur Stanwood, Up Above the World so High</i>	96
<i>Guiney, Louise Imogen, Autumn Magic</i>	473		
<i>Harper, George McLean, More's Shelburne Essays</i>	561	<i>Reed, Verner Z., The Soul of Paris</i>	336
<i>Hearn, Lafcadio, Two Memories of a Childhood</i>	445	<i>Reppplier, Agnes</i>	
<i>Holcombe, Chester, The Missionary Enterprise in China</i>	348	<i>An Unconventional Mourner</i>	21
<i>Hopkins, William John, The Fall of the House of Johns</i>	194	<i>His Reader's Friend</i>	644
<i>Howe, M. A. DeWolfe, The Spell of Whitman</i>	849	<i>Rideout, Henry</i>	
<i>Jenison, Madge C., A Hull House Play</i>	83	<i>Captain Christy</i>	452
<i>Jones, Henry Arthur, Literature and the Modern Drama</i>	796	<i>The Ruin of Harry Benbow</i>	807
		<i>Ross, Edward Alsworth, The Grading of Sinners</i>	106
		<i>Sanborn, Alvan F., New York after Paris</i>	489
		<i>Sedgwick, Henry Dwight</i>	
		<i>The Novels of Mrs. Wharton</i>	217
		<i>A New Voice in French Fiction</i>	841
		<i>Shaler, N. S.</i>	
		<i>The Orphan Brigade</i>	570
		<i>The Measure of Greatness</i>	749

Contents

<i>Sharp, Dallas Lore, The Nature Student</i>	211	<i>Thompson, James Westfall, Napoleon as a Book-lover</i>	110
<i>Sherman, Frank Dempster, Life</i>	741	<i>Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor, The Judgment Seat</i>	742
<i>Sholl, Anna McClure, The House</i>	693	<i>Torrey, Bradford, A Relish of Keats</i>	534
<i>Sinclair, May, Three American Poets of To-day</i>	325	<i>Van Dyke, Henry, Keats and Shelley</i>	712
<i>Singmaster, Elsie, Henry Koehler, Miso-gynist</i>	657	<i>Vorse, Mary Heaton, Further Adventures of a Yachtsman's Wife</i>	240
<i>Smith, Harry James, The Alien Country</i>	617		
<i>Smith, Theodore C. The Scientific Historian and our Colonial Period</i>	702	<i>Wharton, Edith, A Motor-Flight through France</i>	733
<i>Stedman, E. C., My Godchild</i>	841	<i>Wildman, Marian Warner, The Moon of Goldenrod</i>	310
<i>Stern, Caroline, To a Child Just Awakened</i>	534	<i>Wilkinson, Florence, When She Came to Glory</i>	29
<i>Tabb, John B., Nightfall</i>	774	"Worth, Nicholas" The Autobiography of a Southerner	1, 157, 311, 474
<i>Thomas, Edith M., The Wander-Call</i>	411	<i>Wyatt, Edith, The Satyr's Children</i>	513
<i>Thompson, Charles Miner, The Short Stories of Alice Brown</i>	55		
 POETRY.			
<i>Aller Seelen, Mabel Earle</i>	625	<i>Onward, Florence Earle Coates</i>	835
<i>Autumn Magic, Louise Imogen Guiney</i>	473	<i>Orphan Brigade, The, N. S. Shaler</i>	570
<i>Confession, Lee Wilson Dodd</i>	125	<i>Past the Dull Roofs—the Sky, Mildred I. McNeal-Sweeney</i>	268
<i>Her Shadow, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i>	210	<i>Theocritus on Agradina, Thomas Nelson Page</i>	181
<i>Keats and Shelley, Two Sonnets, Henry Van Dyke</i>	712	<i>To a Child Just Awakened, Caroline Stern</i>	534
<i>Life, Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	741	<i>To Other Small Verse-Makers, Fannie Stearns Davis</i>	92
<i>Moon of Goldenrod, The, Marian Warner Wildman</i>	310	<i>Wander-Call, The, Edith M. Thomas</i>	411
<i>My Godchild, E. C. Stedman</i>	841	<i>When She Came to Glory, Florence Wilkinson</i>	29
<i>Nightfall, John B. Tabb</i>	774		
 CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.			
<i>Automobile as a Rest-Cure, The</i>	575	<i>New Profession, A</i>	860
<i>Beech Tree, The</i>	717	<i>Newspaper as an Educator, The</i>	573
<i>Childish Chagrin, A</i>	856	<i>Of Autobiographies</i>	863
<i>Concerning Hat-Trees</i>	571	<i>On Certain Things to Eat</i>	862
"Footnote Persons"	143	<i>Passing of the Book-mark, The</i>	861
<i>Growl for the Unpicturesque, A</i>	140	<i>Pernicious Picture Post Card, The</i>	287
<i>Hoosick Junction</i>	427	<i>Seedless Apples</i>	719
<i>Howe, Mrs., and her Commentator</i>	572	<i>Sin of Omission, A</i>	865
<i>Minor Arts</i>	713	<i>Specialist in Ideals, A</i>	429
<i>Mount Vernon Revisited</i>	857	<i>To Peter Mark Roget</i>	432
<i>Nature's Ladies</i>	574	<i>Traveling on the Branch</i>	283
<i>New Departure in Biography, A</i>	139	<i>Tyranny of Timeliness, The</i>	285
		<i>Western Railroad, The</i>	716
		<i>Women and Woman</i>	136